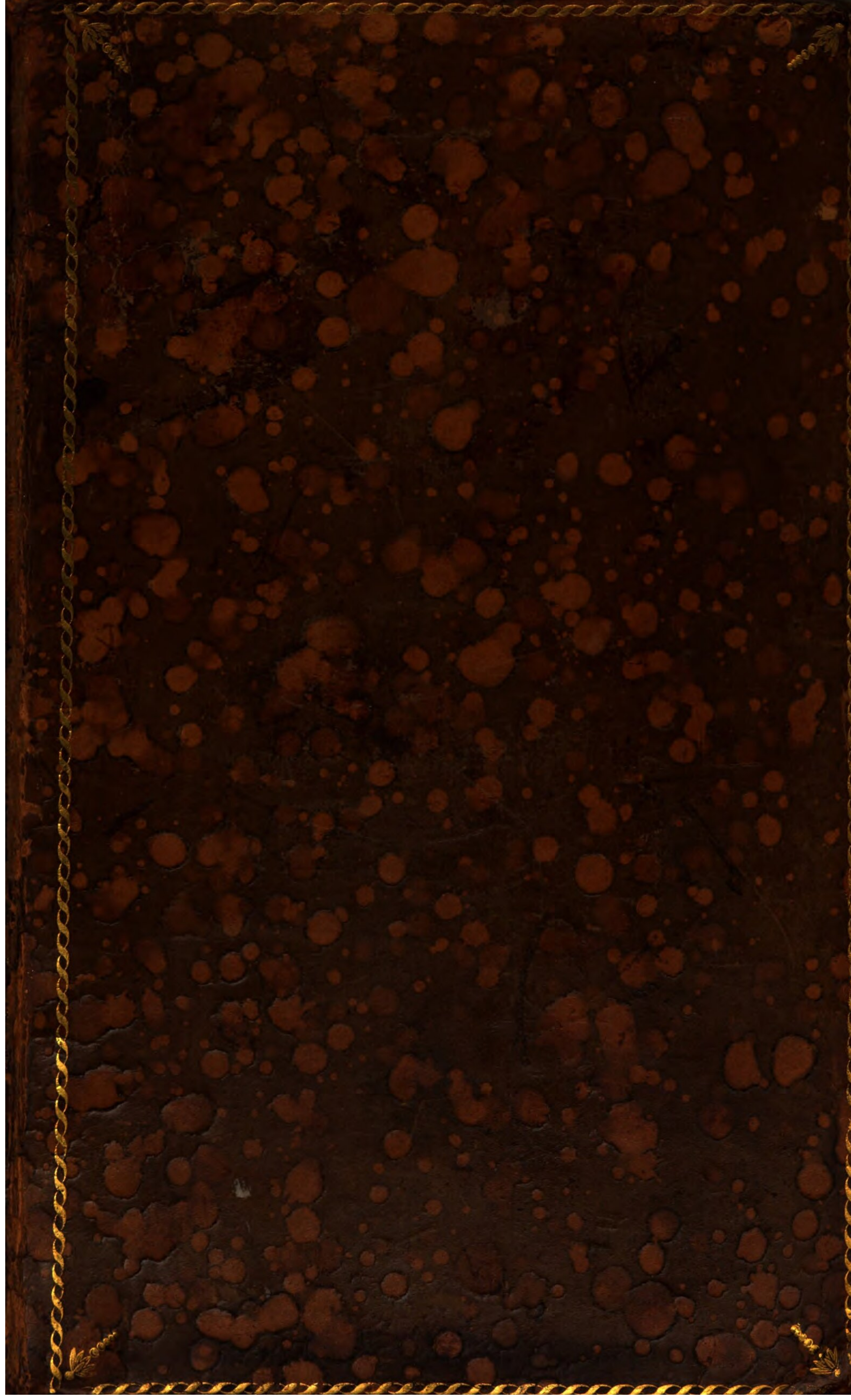








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THE
WORKS
OF
ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

ME TABULA SACER
VOTIVA PARIES INDICAT UVIDA
SUSPENDISSE POTENTI
VESTIMENTA MARIS DEO.

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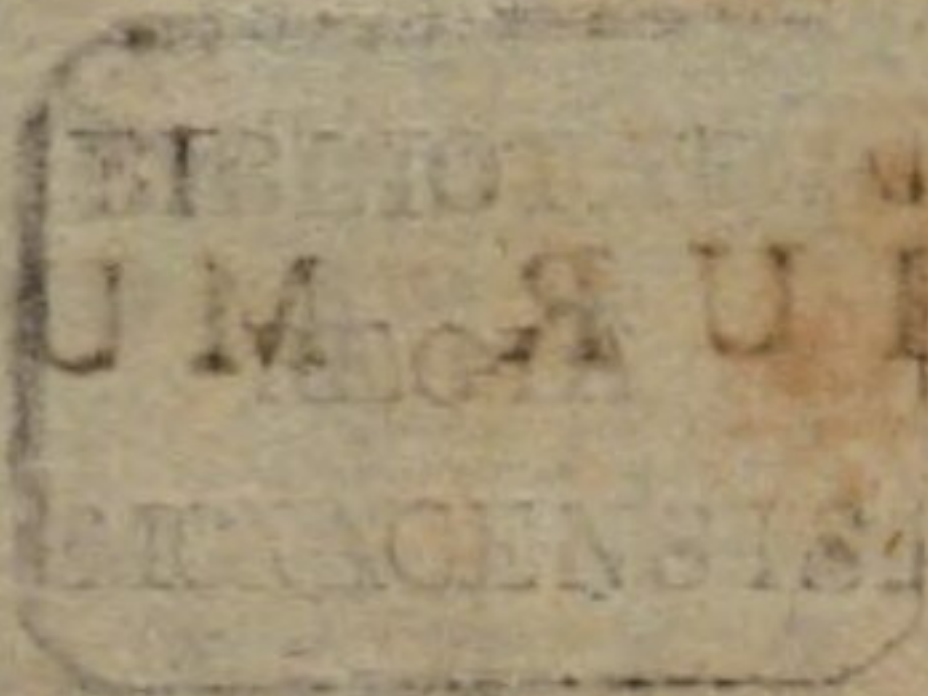
L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR T. CADELL,
IN THE STRAND.
M DCC LXXXVI.

T H F

W O R S

O F

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.



IN SEVEN VOLUMES

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

ME TABULA ACER
TOTIA PARIET INDICAT UVIDA
AC TENDISSE TOTENTI
VESTIMENTA KALLI GEO.

Hor.

L O N D O N
PRINTED FOR T. CADDILL
IN THE STRAND
M DCCCXXV

C O N T E N T S
O F T H E
F I R S T V O L U M E.

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FIRST VOLUME

1840

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P R E F A C E.

IN giving this edition of such pieces as I have written in the course of several years, I hope I may be allowed the liberty of a few preliminary words, even though they relate chiefly to myself. It is not my intention to encroach too far upon the reader's patience, much less to trouble him with answers to the cavils of critics, or vindications of myself or my writings. The works here collected (except the translations, and a new tragedy in the last volume) have been all, at different times, before the public. Their fate has been long ago decided. Nothing, that I now can offer, will extenuate faults, or place the beauties (if any there are) in a more advantageous light. I may, however, be permitted to observe, that the greatest part of what is here offered to the public was finished many years ago. I set out as an author at a very early period of life.

The *Gray's-Inn Journal* was begun, I may say, in a frolic: That it was continued, was owing to the reception it met with. A little temporary success made me fancy that I could write. Since that time, I have often thought, that I was retailing my little stock, when I ought to have endeavoured to add to it: I was writing, when I ought to have been reading. The rest of the several pieces followed in quick succession, and, perhaps, with too much rapidity. *Statius*, as I remember, is the only author of antiquity, who desires to take shelter under the excuse of quickness and dispatch. I may say with him, *Diu multumque dubitavi, an hos libellos, qui subito calore, et quâdam festinandi voluptate fluxerant, cum singuli de sinu meo prodissent, congregatos ipse dimitterem.* That writer adds, and indeed seems to boast, that several of his poems were written in one day, and few in more than two. Being upon the point of publishing an entire collection of his detached pieces, he begins to fear that the celerity, with which they were written, will

2

will be no longer an excuse, when their novelty is lost. *Necesse est multum illis pereat ex veniâ, cum amiserint, quam solam habuerunt, gratiam celeritatis.* Though I cannot pretend to have felt, while I was writing, the vigour and spirit of that celebrated poet; yet now, when my work is over, I may be allowed to sympathize with him in his doubts and fears. The dramatic pieces, here collected together, do not follow one another in order of time, as they were written; for the information, however, of such, as may have that kind of curiosity, at the end of these sheets, the reader will find an arrangement of them in their chronological order.

For the defects, that haste may have occasioned, I have endeavoured, by a careful revival, to make all the atonement in my power. While the pieces lay scattered abroad, like the Sybil's leaves, it was natural that I should wish to see them in a more correct form. In giving this Edition, I hope that I shall not be charged with vanity or presumption. The public, at

various times, have given to these works some degree of sanction; and, if I have laid out a portion of my time in an honest endeavour to render what they approved less inexcusable, the attempt, I hope, may be fairly deemed a mark of respect for those, who have done me so much honour. In the whole Collection there is but one piece, to which a name of high rank is prefixed. The Public have been my only patrons. With a thorough confidence in their justice, I stood forth upon all occasions; no party made, no cabal, no interest to protect me. Though the love of fame was among the instigations, that set me to work, I can boast, with pride, that I used no little artifices to obtain it. I had no share in a Newspaper, though I know those, who thought such an acquisition a step in their road to celebrity. But the praise, which a man gives himself, implies that no one else comes up to his mark; and the abuse, which he throws out against others, will avail but little: he, who would eclipse his rival, has no way of doing it but, by writing better.

In

In the course of my theatrical career, I beg leave to repeat, that I relied upon the Public, and the Public only. During the whole time I had no reason to think that I was in favour with the Manager. Were I inclined to revive the memory of petty disputes, I could state the number of impediments, that were thrown in my way by Mr. *Garrick*; but of that performer I am now willing to remember nothing but his inimitable talents. I regret the loss of so great a genius in his art; and in the idea of the consummate actor my resentments are lost. The misfortune of *Garrick* was, that he never had due confidence in his own talents. His love of fame was unbounded, but it was *tremblingly alive all o'er*. He lived in a whispering gallery, always listening, and anxious about himself. Upon such a disposition they, who lacquied after him, could make what impression they pleased. A word was sufficient. He took fire at the slightest hint; and they, who had sinister purposes to answer, saw the avenues, by which they were to approach him. By the arts of such men,
he,

he, who might always have been at ease, and by his talents deserved to be so, was ever involved in little disputes and jealousies, that made him unhappy through life.

Were I inclined to open wounds, which have long been closed, I could claim some merit with the Public, by stating the difficulties, which I often surmounted, to make my way to their favour. Of the small tribe of wits and critics, who never ceased to nibble at every piece that I offered to the stage, I have but little to say. The truth is, they gave me no disturbance. I sometimes saw their libels, and I made no reply. The task were endless. Men, who cannot think through a dozen connected sentences, can spin out a paragraph, and if it teem with virulence, they think they have performed wonders. To the degree of credit, whatever it be, that I have acquired with the public, they have been enemies, at least, twenty years: but by repeating their efforts, they confess

fess to this hour, that there is still something to be pulled down. I have sometimes the pleasure of hearing that the piece, which is grossly abused in some morning paper, is applauded at the theatre in the evening. While this continues to be the case, have I not reason to smile at the ineffectual efforts of envy, or of malice? A bad critic is generally a bad man: he is out of humour himself, and he wants to communicate his rancour to others.

But I have, perhaps, trespassed too long, and the subject, I know, is uninteresting. I shall only add, that, in this Edition will be found, all that I have written, or would now be answerable for, except an *Essay on the Life and Genius of Henry Fielding*, and a translation of *Marmontel's Belisarius*. Of the political papers, which fell from my pen many years ago, I hope no trace is left. With all the ardour of youth, and the inexperience which belongs to it, I engaged in that field of controversy; but I was soon taught by Sir *Richard Steel* to abandon it for ever. In some part of
his

his works, that lively and agreeable writer relates a story, which determined me to pursue that road of ambition no further. Were the book at hand, I should give it in his own words. It now must lose that grace, with which he could decorate whatever he told. The substance is as follows: Two rival nations were divided from each other by a wide river. At their joint expence they threw a bridge over the current, and preserved a communication. In the councils of one of these neighbouring states, ambition and the rage of conquest were the leading principles. The plan of an invasion was concerted with the profoundest secrecy. Their troops were put in motion: by a forced march they poured down on every side to cross the river, and take their adversary by surprise. A farmer, who lived at the foot of the bridge, resolved to serve his country in the moment of danger. To prevent a sudden inroad, he formed the plan of a barricade across the bridge, and sent off an express to the metropolis. Having called all hands to work, he contrived,
with

with his carts, his waggon, and implements of husbandry, to secure the pass. An army, in the mean time, marched down to the frontier, and the enemy, finding their design counteracted, retired without striking a blow. The parliament met: addresses were voted: the commander of the forces received the thanks of both houses, and the activity of government was painted forth in terms of adulation. A member, however, rose in his place, and, after bluntly observing, that, in the tide of joy, the honest farmer was forgotten, gave notice of a motion in his favour. The minister assured the house, that he intended to take his case into consideration. In two days afterwards, he was as good as his word. He brought in a bill, whereby it was enacted, that *the farmer* and his *posterity* should have the sole privilege of BEGGING UPON THE BRIDGE.

LINCOLN'S-INN,
18th May, 1786.

with his arms his weapons, and in the
means of subsistence, to receive the
an army in the country, and to
to the frontier, and the country
then a few countries, and without
thinking a blow. The parliament
addressed to the country of
the forces received the benefit of both
houses, and the activity of government was
pointed forth in terms of adulation. A
member, however, rose in his place, and
after bluntly observing that in the
of joy the heart of man was for ever
out of a nation in his hands. He
repeatedly stated the house that he
tried to take his case into consideration
in two days afterwards, he was as good as
his word. He brought in a bill which
it was expected that the House and the
House should have the privilege of
appearing even in the House.

THE HISTORY OF THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS
IN THE YEAR 1790

A
L I S T
O F T H E
S E V E R A L P I E C E S
C O N T A I N E D I N T H I S E D I T I O N ,

In order of Time as they were written and acted.

	Written	Acted
THE Apprentice, in 2 Acts, vol. 2 -	1754	1756
The Orphan of China, a Tragedy, vol. 1 -	1756	1759
The Upholsterer, in 2 Acts, vol. 2 - -	1757	1758
The Way to Keep Him, a Comedy, vol. 3	1758	1760
The Desert Island, a Dramatic Poem, vol. 3	1759	1760
The Citizen, in 2 Acts, vol. 2 - -	1761	1761
All in the Wrong, a Comedy, vol. 3 -	1761	1761
The Old Maid, in 2 Acts, vol. 2 - -	1761	1761
Alzuma, a Tragedy, vol. 1 - - -	1763	1773
Know your own Mind, a Comedy, vol. 4	1764	1777
No One's Enemy but his Own, 2 Acts, vol. 2	1764	1764
Three Weeks after Marriage, 2 Acts, vol. 2	1764	1764
The Choice, in 2 Acts, vol. 4 - -	1764	1764
The School for Guardians, in 3 Acts, vol. 4	1766	1767
Zenobia, a Tragedy, vol. 1. - - -	1767	1768
The Grecian Daughter, vol. 1 - -	1769	1772
News from Parnassus, a Prelude, vol. 4 -	1776	1776
The Rival Sisters, a Tragedy, vol. 7 -	1783	—

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In order of Time as they were written and acted.

Year	Written	Title
1753	1753	The Rival Sisters, a Comedy, vol. 1
1754	1754	News from Paris, a Farce, vol. 1
1755	1755	The Grecian Dancer, vol. 1
1756	1756	Xenobia, a Tragedy, vol. 1
1757	1757	The School for Guardians, in 3 Acts, vol. 1
1758	1758	The Choice, in 2 Acts, vol. 1
1759	1759	Three Weeks after Marriage, a Comedy, vol. 1
1760	1760	No One's Enemy but his Own, 2 Acts, vol. 1
1761	1761	Know your own Mind, a Comedy, vol. 1
1762	1762	Alman, a Tragedy, vol. 1
1763	1763	The Old Maid, in 2 Acts, vol. 1
1764	1764	All in the Wrong, a Comedy, vol. 1
1765	1765	The Citizen, in 2 Acts, vol. 1
1766	1766	The Desert Island, a Dramatic Pastoral, vol. 1
1767	1767	The Way to Keep Him, a Comedy, vol. 1
1768	1768	The Upholsterer, in 2 Acts, vol. 1
1769	1769	The Orphan of China, a Tragedy, vol. 1
1770	1770	The Apprentice, in 2 Acts, vol. 1

THE
ORPHAN
OF
CHINA,
A
TRAGEDY.

Performed at the
THEATRE ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE.

Nuncia fama ruit, matrisque allabitur aures;
Evolat infelix, et fæmineo ululatu
Sciffa comam, muros amens atque agmina cursu
Prima petit: non illa virum, non illa Pericli,
Telorumque memor; cælum dehinc questibus implet.

VOL. I.

A

VIRE.

THE
ORPHAN

AND
CHILD

A
TRAGEDY

PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL

IN
DURHAM

Printed by J. W. Smith, at the
Printers Office, in the Strand,
near the Theatre Royal, London.

Price 1s. 6d.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN, Earl of BUTE,
GROOM of the STOLE

TO HIS
Royal Highness the Prince of WALES.

MY LORD,

THE generous concern you were pleased to express, at the first representation of the following scenes, for the anxieties of a young Author, then wholly unknown to your Lordship, and trembling for his first attempt towards “ the gravest, moralest, and most

“profitable of all poems,” as Milton calls a Tragedy, was the distinguishing mark of a mind truly great, and endued with those fine feelings which are the ornaments of even greatness itself. To this your innate partiality for every endeavour in the polite arts I must ascribe it, that the play met with an early approbation from your Lordship; an approbation that was at once the author’s pride, and his strongest assurance of success.

The Public have indeed very far outgone my most sanguine hopes, in their reception of this piece: but now, my Lord, *The Orphan* has another severe trial to go through; he must adventure into the world, unassisted by the advantages of representation: he must enter your Lordship’s closet, and there stand the examination of the most accurate criticism. *In Meti descendat judicis aures.* This cannot but be an alarming circumstance to a writer fully conscious of his own inability; who has not been able entirely to please even his own taste; who despairs of satisfying others of a more exalted relish in the arts, and therefore craves at your
Lord-

DEDICATION.

v

Lordship's hands that protection to his industry, which he is aware cannot be granted to his merit.

I have the honour to remain, with the truest respect, and most grateful acknowledgment,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most obliged,

and most devoted

humble servant,

ARTHUR MURPHY.

Lincoln's Inn,
April 30, 1759.

P R O L O G U E.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;

POET-LAUREAT.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

ENOUGH of Greece and Rome: Th' exhausted store
Of either nation now can charm no more.

Ev'n adventitious helps in vain we try:
Our triumphs languish in the public eye;
And grave processions, musically slow,
Here pass unheeded, as a Lord Mayor's shew.

On eagle wings the poet of to-night
Soars for fresh virtues to the source of light;
To China's eastern realms: and boldly bears
Confucius' morals to Britannia's ears.
Accept th' imported boon; as ecchoing Greece
Receiv'd from wand'ring chiefs her golden fleece;
Nor only richer by the spoils become,
But praise the advent'rous youth, who brings them home.

One dubious character, we own, he draws,
A patriot zealous in a monarch's cause!
Nice is the task the varying hand to guide,
And teach the blending colours to divide;
Where, rainbow-like, th' encroaching tints invade
Each other's bounds, and mingle light with shade.

If

*If then, assiduous to obtain his end,
You find too far the subject's zeal extend;
If undistinguish'd loyalty prevails,
Where nature shrinks, and strong affection fails,
On China's tenets charge the fond mistake,
And spare his error for his Virtue's sake.*

*From nobler motives our allegiance springs,
For Britain knows no Right Divine in Kings:
From Freedom's choice that boasted right arose,
And thro' each line from Freedom's choice it flows.
Justice, with Mercy join'd, the throne maintains;
And in his People's HEARTS OUR MONARCH reigns.*

Dramatis Personæ.

TIMURKAN, Emperor of the Tartars,	} Mr. HAVARD.
ZAMTI, a Mandarine,	Mr. GARRICK.
ETAN, educated as his son,	Mr. MOSSOP.
HAMET, a youthful Captive,	Mr. HOLLAND.
MORAT, a friend of Zamti,	Mr. BURTON.
OCTAR, a Tartar General,	Mr. BRANSBY.
MIRVAN, a Chinese in the Tartar's service, secretly a friend of Zamti,	} Mr. DAVIES.
ORASMING, } Two Conspira-	{ Mr. PACKER.
ZIMVENTI, } tors,	{ Mr. AUSTIN.
MANDANE, Zamti's wife,	Mrs. YATES.

Messenger, Guards, &c.

SCENE, PEKIN, Capital of CHINA.

T H E

ORPHAN of CHINA.

A C T the F I R S T.

Enter ETAN, meeting SELIM.

ETAN.

SELIM, from whence? What station? From
what post?
How stands the fate of China? Whence that tumult,
That mingled burst of horror and despair,
That rose to Heav'n, as if the sound imported
The wreck of Nature?

SELIM.

With too sure presage
It speaks the fall of China: all who rush'd
With eager hope this morning to yon plains,
To learn the earliest tidings of their fate,
Now back recoil; they pour into the city;
Dismay and horror wild in ev'ry face!
Soon as they reach'd the gates, a peal of groans
Burst forth at once!--Then silence deep and vast
Ensued, and sorrow without tongue or utterance
Roams through each street; matrons and hoary fires
All to their sev'ral habitations press,

B

Em-

2 The ORPHAN of CHINA.

Embrace their young ones, and in pensive mood
Await their final doom.

ETAN.

Then Timurkan
Has conquer'd, and that burst, that rent the skies,
Was the last gasp of freedom and of laws,
A dying nation's groan!---This dead repose
Deepens the horror of the dreadful scene.
Where, Selim, is my father? Where is Zamti?

SELIM.

On the high rampart near the Eastern gate
But now I left him: from that post he views
The gen'ral panic; there beholds the ruin,
Th' inevitable ruin that furrounds us.
Amazement for awhile suppress'd his voice;
With folded arms he stood; then with a sigh
His lab'ring bosom heav'd; at length, he cried,
The Tartar has prevail'd, and resignation
Is now the only virtue Fate has left us.

ETAN.

To bow the neck to the fell Tartar's yoke,
Is that the resignation Heav'n demands?
No; let us summon all that's left of valor;
Oppose the Tartar's entry, man the works,
And arm each hand for freedom: Timurkan
Will shrink and look dismay'd, when he beholds
That we have spirits here, who still can mock
His utmost rage, and on the brink of ruin
Snatch the still wav'ring, the unsettled victory
Ev'n from the conqu'ror's sword.

SELIM.

My friend forbear;
This tow'ring spirit, this impetuous ardor

Can

Can nought avail ; can only heap destruction
 On thee, on Zamti, and that best of women,
 Your wretched mother, the forlorn Mandane,
 Whose ev'ry sentiment, whose ev'ry passion
 Big with the image of a much-lov'd son,
 Still turns to thee ; ev'n from her country's cause,
 And our long line of Kings, to thee she turns
 With the strong ardour of maternal love.

ETAN.

Yes, Selim, yes, her tenderness of soul,
 Ever awake, alarm'd, and prone to melt
 For other's good, regardless of herself,
 Starts and turns pale at ev'ry cloud that low'rs ;
 Sees fancied ills, and each sad moment proves
 The strong vicissitude of hope and fear.
 Be it thy care, my friend, to see Mandane ;
 Assuage her troubled spirit : in this hour,
 This crisis of our fate, let her remain
 Safe in her lone retreat : I'll round the walls,
 And seek my father's presence : in his soul
 My voice shall wake the patriot flame, and rouse
 All that is hero in him : Selim, yes ;
 We'll dare for Liberty, or bravely die.

[Exit.

SELIM. (*alone*)

Go, gen'rous youth, go seek thy father's presence ;
 From him thou'lt learn how vain this swelling tide
 Of desp'rate valour.---Ha ! Mandane comes,
 And her looks speak the horror of the time.

Enter MANDANE *and* MIRVAN.

MANDANE.

No, never, Mirvan, never---urge no more ;
 'Tis vain, 'tis ineffectual ; gracious Heav'n !
 Will not this palace drench'd in gore ; the crown

4 The ORPHAN of CHINA.

Of China's Kings fix'd on the Tartar's brow ;
Will not a tract of twenty years in bondage,
Ah ! will not these suffice, without fresh cause
Of bitter anguish in Mandane's breast ?

MIRVAN.

The measure of our woes has long been full.
Our King's dethron'd, our country laid in ruin,
Nought else is worth a pang.

MANDANE.

Yes all, we all
Must feel the kindred touch : each day the cries
Of widows, orphans, father, son and brother
In vain are sent to Heav'n ; the ruthless fury
Of these barbarians, these accurs'd invaders,
Burns with increas'ing fire ; the thunder still
Rolls o'er our heads, engend'ring in its course
New flame, new vengeance, with collected wrath
To burst at once, and bury us in ruin.

MIRVAN.

And quickly fall it must : the hand of Heav'n
Weighs this great empire down.

MANDANE.

No---tax not Heav'n !
Almighty justice never bares its arm
'Gainst innocence and truth : 'tis Timurkan,
That fell barbarian, that insatiate waster,
May curses blast the Tartar !---He---'tis he
Has bore down all, and still his reeking sword,
In yonder field of Death, where Corea's troops
Made their last stand for Liberty and China,
Crimsons the land with blood.---This battle lost---
And is there then no hope ?---The Tartar comes---
In

In triumph said'st thou?---from what quarter,--how,
Whence came the tidings?

SELIM.

From yon lofty tow'r,
As my eye straining toward the distant plain
Sent forth an anxious look, thro' clouds of dust
The savage bands appear'd; the western sun
Gleam'd on their burnish'd helms; and soon a shout
From their glad multitude proclaim'd th' approach
Of Timurkan: once more inflam'd with conquest
The tyrant comes, and soon within our walls
Uprears his conq'ring banner.

MANDANE.

Selim, go;
Again look out; gather the flying news,
And let me know each circumstance of ruin.

[Exit SELIM.]

MIRVAN.

Better suppress those unavailing tears,
That fruitless flood of grief.

MANDANE.

It will not be;
Ev'n midst the horrors of this dismal hour,
When Fate has all transferr'd from lost Cathai,
To vile barbarian hands; yes even now,
In these black moments of despair and ruin,
This heart revolting from the public cause,
Bleeds from a private source; bleeds for the woes
That hang o'er Zamti's house.

MIRVAN.

Each sun that rises,

Brings

Brings some new grief, and where our fate will stop,
Heav'n only knows.

MANDANE.

Ay, there,---there lies the thought
At which imagination starts appall'd
With horror at the scene, her busy workings
Have colour'd to my sight; there lies the thought
That wakens all a mother's fears. Protect,
Ye pow'rs, protect my son!

MIRVAN.

Your son, Mandane!
Have you not check'd his ardor? with your tears,
Your soft authority, restrain'd the hero
From the alarms of war?

MANDANE.

Unconscious man!
Thou little know'st his danger; but that truth
Must never pass these lips.

MIRVAN.

I hope Mandane
Doubts not my honest zeal. Full well you know,
I bear this tyrant deep and mortal hate;
That under him I list, and wear this garb
In hopes that some occasion may arrive,
When I may strike the unexpected blow,
And do my country right.

MANDANE.

Thy loyalty,
Thy truth and honour have been ever spotless.
Besides the wrongs, the countless wrongs, the wounds
He gave your injur'd family and name.---

MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

Alas ! those wounds must still lie bleeding here,
 Untented by the hand of Time. Not all
 His lenient arts, his favours heap'd upon me,
 Shall cool the burning anguish of my soul.
 What he, who slew my father ! dragg'd my sister,
 Blooming in years, to his detested bed !
 Yes, tyrant, yes, thy unextinguish'd foe
 Dwells in this bosom---surely then to me
 Mandane may reveal her griefs---

MANDANE.

No more---

My woes must rest conceal'd---yet should the Tartar
 Learn from the captives of yon vanquish'd host,
 That China's Orphan breathes the vital air,
 And to himself unknown, within his breast
 Unconscious, bears the gen'rous glowing flame
 Of all the virtues of his ancient line ;
 Oh ! should they know that the dear youth survives,
 Their fury then would kindle to a blaze
 Might spread destruction round, and in the ruin
 My blameless son must perish.

MIRVAN.

Seek not thus
 To multiply the ills that hover round you,
 Nor from the stores of busy Fancy add
 New shafts to Fortune's quiver. Zamti's care
 Averts impending danger from his friends,
 And o'er the Mandarin his manners pure,
 And sacred function, have diffus'd an air
 Of venerable awe, which ev'n can teach
 These Northern foes to soften into men.

MAN-

MANDANE.

Yes, Mirvan, yes, Religion wears a mien
In Zamti's person so severely mild,
That the fierce Scythian rests upon his spear,
And wonders what he feels : such is the charm
Of heart-felt Virtue ; such is Nature's force
That speaks abroad, and in rude Northern hearts
Can stamp the image of an awful God !
From that source springs some hope. Wretch that I am !
Hope idly flutters on my trembling tongue,
While Melancholy brooding o'er her wrongs,
Lays waste the mind with anguish and despair.
What noise is that ?

MIRVAN.

Compose this storm of grief ;
In ev'ry sound your fancy hears the Tartar ;
'Tis Zamti this way bends.

MANDANE.

Celestial Pow'rs !

What lab'ring sighs heave in his breast ? what horror
Rolls in the patriot's eye ? Thou, Mirvan, leave me,
Leave me in those lov'd arms to meet our fate.

[Exit MIRVAN.]

Enter ZAMTI.

MANDANE.

Zamti !

ZAMTI.

Mandane !

MAN-

MANDANE.

Ah ! what hast thou seen ?
 What heard ? say, quickly tell---has Fate decreed
 The doom of China ?

ZAMTI.

China is no more ;
 The Eastern world is lost ; the glorious fabric,
 For ages that hath stood, the seat of empire,
 Falls with the Universe beneath the stroke
 Of savage pow'r ; falls from its tow'ring hopes,
 For ever, ever fall'n !

MANDANE.

Yet why, ye pow'rs,
 Why shou'd a tyrant train'd to lust and murder,
 A lawless ravager from barren wilds,
 Where chearful day ne'er dawns, but low'ring Heav'n
 For ever rolls a turbulence of clouds ;
 Why should a monster thus usurp the world,
 And trample fair integrity and truth
 Beneath his ruffian feet ?

ZAMTI.

Far hence, Mandane,
 Those happy days, alas ! are fled, when Peace
 Here nurs'd her blooming olives, and shed round
 Her fostering influence---in vain the plan
 Of sacred laws by hoary elders taught,
 Laws founded on the base of public weal,
 Gave lessons to the world : in vain Confucius
 Unlock'd his radiant stores of moral truth ;
 In vain fair science, and each tender muse
 Beam'd ev'ry elegance on polish'd life ;
 Barbarian pow'r prevails ; whate'er the wise,
 Whate'er the sons of genius could inspire,

10 The ORPHAN of CHINA.

All that bright art could give, must fade away,
And ev'ry virtue wither at the blast
Of Northern domination.

MANDANE.

Fatal hour !
More fatal ev'n than that which first beheld
This race accurst within these palace walls,
Since hope, that balm of wretched minds, is now
Irrevocably lost.

ZAMTI.

Name not the day,
Which saw this city sack'd : fresh stream my eyes,
Fresh bleeds my heart, whene'er the sad idea
Comes o'er my tortur'd mind. Why, cruel pow'rs,
Why in that moment could not Zamti fall ?

MANDANE.

Thy office, and the symbol of thy God,
Made ev'n the conqueror suspend his blow,
And murmur soft humanity. High Heav'n
Protected thee for its own great designs.

ZAMTI.

Yes, my Mandane, in that hour of carnage
For purposes yet in the womb of Time
I was reserv'd : I was ordain'd to save
The royal child, the dear, the precious babe,
The last of all my Kings. Full twenty years
I've hid him from the world, and from himself,
And now I swear---kneel we together here,
While in this dreadful pause our souls renew
Their solemn purpose. Thou all-gracious Being,
Whose tutelary care hath watch'd the fate
Of China's Orphan, who hast taught his steps
The paths of safety, still envelop him

In

A T R A G E D Y.

11

In sev'n-fold night, till your own hour is come,
Till your slow justice see the dread occasion
To rouse his soul, and bid him walk abroad
Vicegerent of your pow'r; and if thy servant,
Or this his soft associate e'er defeat,
By any word or deed, the great design,
Then strait may all your horrible displeasure
Be launch'd upon us from your red right arm,
And in one ruin dash us both together,
The blasted monuments of wrath.

MANDANE.

That here,
Mandane vows ne'er to betray his cause,
Be it enrolled in the records of Heav'n.

[Both rise.]

ZAMTI.

And now my heart more lightly beats; methinks
With strength redoubled I can meet the shock
Of adverse fate.

MANDANE.

And lo! the trial comes.
Etan, why sudden thus---

Enter ETAN.

ETAN.

My honour'd father,
And you, my helpless mother, ah! where now,
Illustrious wretched pair, where will you fly?
Where shall your miseries now find a shelter?

ZAMTI.

In Virtue: I and this dear faithful woman,
We ask no more.

MANDANE.

Oh ! say---what new event
Brings on the work of Fate ?

ZAMTI.

Say, does the Tartar
Return unglutted yet with blood ?

ETAN.

He does ;
Ev'n now his triumph moves within our gates
In dread Barbaric pomp : the iron swarms
Of Hyperborean's troop along the streets
Reeking from slaughter ; while from gazing crowds
Of their dire countrymen an uproar wild
Of joy ferocious through th' astonish'd air
Howls like a Northern tempest. O'er the ranks
Proud in superior eminence of guilt
The tyrant rides sublime ; behind his car
The refuse of his sword, a captive train
Display their honest scars, and gnash their teeth
With rage and desperation.

MANDANE.

Cruel Fate !

ETAN.

With these a youth, distinguish'd from the rest,
Proceeds in fullen march : heroic fire
Glow's in his cheek, and from his ardent eye
Beams amiable horror.

MANDANE.

What of this youth ?---

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Be not alarm'd, Mandane :---what of him ?

ETAN.

On him all eyes are fixed with eager gaze,
As if their spirits struggling to come forth
Would strain each visual nerve; while thro' the crowd
A busy murmur ran ; " If Fame say right,
" Beneath that habit lurks a Prince, the last
" Of China's race."---The murmur spreads abroad
From man to man, and all with one acclaim
Pronounce their vengeance on him.

MANDANE.

Why on him ?
Why on that youth ?

ZAMTI. (*aside*)

Ye groundless terrors hence.---

ETAN.

And yet, my father, this heroic youth,
Oh ! should he be the Prince---

ZAMTI.

Forbear, young man,
Nor yield to vain surmise : withdraw thee hence
To the religious grove, where oft I walk
In pensive solitude : I there will meet thee.

[*Exit* ETAN.]

Heav'ns ! how each black'ning hour in deeper horror
Comes charg'd with woe !---

MANDANE.

Can Hamet be their pris'ner ?

Those

14 The ORPHAN of CHINA.

Those eyes upturn'd to Heav'n, alas ! in vain !
Declare your inward conflict.

ZAMTI.

Lov'd Mandane !
Heed not the workings of a sickly fancy,
Wrought on by ev'ry popular report :
Thou knowst with Morat I convey'd our son
Far as the Eastern point of Corea's realm ;
There, where no human trace is seen ; no sound
Affails the ear, save when the foaming surge
Breaks on the shelving beach, that there your boy
Might mock their busy search, while here the Prince
Train'd as your own, eludes suspicion's eye.
What woulst thou, Etan ?

Enter ETAN.

ETAN.

Eagerly without,
A rev'rend stranger craves access to Zamti.

ZAMTI.

Give him admittance. My Mandane, leave me ;
Retire my love awhile ; I'll come anon,
And fortify thy soul with firm resolve,
Becoming Zamti's wife.

MANDANE.

Yes, Zamti's wife
Shall never act unworthy of her Lord.
Then hence I'll go, and satisfy each doubt
This youthful captive raises in my heart,
Quick panting with its fears. And oh ! ye Pow'rs !
Protect my King, my Husband, and my Son.

[Exit.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI. (*alone*)

My spirits rush tumultuous to my heart.
What may this mean?

Enter MORAT.

MORAT.

Zamti !---

ZAMTI.

Ha !---through the veil
Of age,---that mien, those features---Morat !

MORAT.

Yes ;
Let me once more embrace thee---

ZAMTI.

Good old man !
But wherefore art thou here ? What of my boy ?

MIRVAN.

Ah ! what indeed ?---Ev'n from the ocean's margin,
Parch'd with the sun, and chill'd with midnight damps,
O'er hills and rocks, and dreary continents
In vain I follow'd.

ZAMTI.

Why didst let him forth ?

MORAT.

Think not thy Morat urg'd him to the deed.
His valour was the cause, and soon as Fame
Proclaim'd the Prince alive, the mighty din
Of preparation through all Corea's realm
Alarm'd his breast ; indignant of controul

He

16 The ORPHAN of CHINA.

He burst his covert ; and now, hapless youth !
Alas ! ev'n now he drags the conqu'rors chain.

ZAMTI.

Mandane then may still embrace her son.
My boy survives, and still may live in freedom.

MORAT.

Alas ! the measure of your woes is full.
Unconscious of our frauds, the tyrant thinks
The Prince his pris'ner.

ZAMTI.

Ah ! what say'st thou, Morat ?

MORAT.

Wild through the streets the foe calls out on Zamti.
Thee they pronounce the author of the fraud,
And on your Hamet threaten instant vengeance. !

ZAMTI.

There was but this,---but this last stab to Nature,
And here it pierces,---Was it not enough
To tear my child from his fond mother's arms,
Doom'd for his Prince to wander o'er the world ?
Alas ! what needed more ?---Fond foolish eyes
Stop your unbidden gush---I will not yield ;
Oh ! what a sacrifice must now be made ?

MORAT.

But when the truth is known---

ZAMTI.

Too cruel task,
To conquer Nature while the heart-strings break.

MORAT.

MORAT.

Why heave those sighs ? and why that burst of grief ?

ZAMTI.

My son---his guiltless blood---I cannot speak---

MORAT.

Ha ! wilt thou shed his blood ?

ZAMTI.

Thou wretched father !---

MORAT.

Oh ! had you known the virtues of your son,
His truth, his courage, his enlighten'd mind---

ZAMTI.

I prithee urge no more---Here Nature's voice
Speaks in such pleadings, such reproaches, Morat,
Here in my very heart,---gives woundings here,
Thou canst not know, and only parents feel.

MORAT.

And wilt thou, cruel in thy tears---

ZAMTI.

Forbear,
In pity to a father---Oh ! forbear---
Think of Zamphiri !---

MORAT.

Ah ! how fares the Prince ?

ZAMTI.

He fares, my Morat, like a god on earth,

D

Un-

Unknowing his celestial origin ;
 Yet quick, intense, and bursting into action ;
 His great heart lab'ring with he knows not what
 Prodigious deeds ; deeds, which ere long, shall rouse,
 Astonish, and alarm the world.

MORAT.

What mean
 Those mystic sounds ?

ZAMTI.

Revenge, conquest, and freedom !
 The midnight hour shall call a chosen band
 Of hidden patriots forth, who, when the foe
 Sinks down in drunken revelry, shall pour
 The gather'd rage of twenty years upon him,
 And at one blow redeem the Eastern world.

MORAT.

By Heav'n, the glorious news---

ZAMTI.

And canst thou think
 To save one vulgar life, that Zamti now
 Will mar the vast design ?---no, let him bleed,
 Let my boy bleed---In such a cause as ours,
 I can resign my son, with tears of joy
 Resign him, and one complicated pang
 Shall wrench him from my heart.

[Warlike music is heard.]

The conqueror comes !
 This is no hour for parlying---Morat, hence,
 And leave me to my fix'd resolve.

MORAT.

Yet think,
 Think of some means to save your son---

ZAM-

ZAMTI.

No more ;
 It cannot be : the soul of Timurkan
 Is bold and stirring : when occasion calls,
 He springs aloft like an expanding fire,
 And marks his way with ruin.---Should I try
 By any virtuous fraud to save my son,
 The tyrant claims Zamphiri ; since he knows
 The Prince survives, the thought will make him daring
 Beyond his former crimes ; for joy and riot,
 Which this day's triumph brings, remorseless rage
 And massacre succeed ; and all our hopes
 Are blasted for an unimportant boy.

[*Musick heard again.*]

MORAT.

That nearer sound proclaims his dread approach.
 Yet once more, Zamti, think---

ZAMTI.

Farewell ! I'll send
 Those shall conduct thee where Orasming lives :
 There dwell unseen of all. But, Morat, first
 Seek my Mandane.---How shall I support
 Her strong impetuosity of grief,
 When she shall know my fatal purpose ? Thou
 Prepare her tender spirit : soothe her mind,
 And save, oh ! save me from the dreadful conflict.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T the S E C O N D.

Enter MANDANE and MORAT.

MANDANE.

OH! tell me, Morat, tell me of my son.
 Is he return'd? Does he revisit thus
 His native clime? And does the Tartar deem him
 Of royal race descended? Whence on him
 Could that suspicion glance?

MORAT.

This very morn
 Ere yet the battle join'd, a faithful messenger,
 Who through the friendly gloom of night had held
 His darkling way, and pass'd the Tartar's camp,
 Brought me advices from the Corean chief;
 That soon as Hamet reach'd the tented field,
 His story he explain'd; the gallant leader
 With open arms receiv'd him; knew him for your son,
 Train'd him to arms, and granted his request
 To join the martial train.

MANDANE.

Oh! love of glory,
 Thou fatal foe to a fond mother's peace!
 Source of heroic deeds! how bright thy flame
 Shines in my boy!--

MORAT.

Pleased with his youthful ardour
 The cautious chief-tain knew the son of Zamti,
 In secret knew him, nor reveal'd he aught

That

That touch'd his birth ; but still the busy voice
 Of Fame, increasing as she goes, thro' all the ranks
 Babbled abroad each circumstance ; from thee
 How he was privately convey'd ; sent forth
 A tender infant to be rear'd in solitude,
 A stranger to himself. The soldier saw
 With what a graceful port he mov'd in arms,
 An early hero !---deem'd him far above
 The common lot of life ; deem'd him Zamphiri,
 And all with loyalty, with love beheld him.

MANDANE.

Oh ! I must see him ; midst the tyrants' ranks
 I'll seek my son ; from all his father's virtues
 He could not derogate ; his bosom fraught
 With gen'rous instinct, with each fine incentive
 That prompts the manly deed, he could not loiter
 His days inglorious. Yes I will behold him,
 See him with indignation clank his chains,
 Perhaps provoke his fate, and in that moment
 His mother shall protect him ; in these arms
 Infold him close, and shelter him from Death.

MORAT.

Yet think, Mandane,---with a mother's fondness
 If you too rashly thus proclaim your son,
 Who shall protect the Prince ? Zamphiri then
 By thee is mark'd the victim that must bleed.

MANDANE.

My son shall live :---to save Zamphiri's life
 Is it of course that I must yield my child ?
 Thou didst not mean it : give my son a victim !
 Thou art a stranger to a mother's love ;
 Know'st not how Zamti doats upon his boy.
 His heart will ne'er consent---come, let us seek him ;
 He will instruct thee how a father feels.

[Exit.

Mo-

MORAT.

Yet stay, Mandane---hark!----the Tartar comes---
[*Warlike musick is heard.*
I dread the wildness of those glowing passions,
That violence of virtue : strong affection
Has touch'd her soul, and will not know restraint.
[*Exit.*

Two large folding doors in the back scene are thrown open by the Tartars; TIMURKAN enters, with his Train.

TIMURKAN.

Hail to this regal dome, this gorgeous palace !
Where this inventive race have lavish'd all
Their elegance---ye gay apartments hail !
Beneath your storied roof, where mimic life
Glows to the eye, and at the painter's touch
A new creation lives along the walls,
Once more receive a conqueror, arriv'd
From rougher scenes, where stern rebellion dar'd
Draw forth his phalanx, till this warlike arm
Hurl'd desolation on his falling ranks,
And now the monster in yon field of death
Lies overwhelm'd in ruin.

OCTAR.

From this day
Beneath the victor's feet the Eastern world
Lies bound in adamantine chains.

TIMURKAN.

Henceforth
Shall Timurkan display his conqu'ring banners
From Oriental climes to where the Tanais
Devolves his icy tribute to the sea.

OCTAR.

OCTAR.

But first this captive Prince---

TIMURKAN.

Yes, Octar, first
Zaphimri gluts my rage---bring him before us---
For Zamti,---he, that false, insidious slave,
Shall dearly pay the forfeit of his crimes.

OCTAR.

His guilt 'twere best to pardon: vers'd in wiles
Of sly hypocrisy, he wins the love
Of the deluded multitude: 'twould seem,
Should we inflict the death his frauds deserve,
As if we meant destruction to their faith;
And when the minds of a whole people burn
For their religious rites, the fury kindles
With rage more dreadful, as the source is holy.

TIMURKAN.

Thy policy is just: henceforth my art,
To make this stubborn race receive the yoke,
Shall be by yielding to their softer manners,
Their vesture, laws, and customs; thus to blend,
And make the whole one undistinguish'd people.
Lo! where the boy comes forth! What sullen passions
Swell in his breast in vain!---

Enter HAMET in chains.

TIMURKAN.

Thou art the youth,
Who flesh'd your sword in many a slaughter'd Tartar,
And this day mow'd our battle down.

HAMET.

HAMET.

I am.

TIMURKAN.

Too well I mark'd thy steps, and saw thee open
A wastefull passage thro' th' embattled plain.

HAMET.

Then be thou witness for me, in that hour
I never shunn'd your thickest war; and if
In yonder field, where my poor countrymen
In mangled heaps lie many a rood extended,
Kind Fate had doom'd me to a noble fall,
With this right arm I earn'd it.

TIMURKAN.

Say, what motive
Unsheath'd thy rebel blade, and bade thee seek
These wars?

HAMET.

The love of honourable deeds,
The groans of bleeding China, and the hate
Of tyrants.

TIMURKAN.

Ha!---take heed rash youth---I see
This lesson has been taught thee. Ostar, haste,
Summon the Mandarin. Now, tremble slave;
Thy motive to these wars is fully known.
Thou art Zaphimri.

HAMET.

I Zaphimri!

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Yes;

Thou art Zaphimri! Thou! whom treach'rous guile
Stole from my rage, and sent to distant wilds,
Till years and horrid counsel should mature thee
For war and wild commotion.

HAMET.

I the Prince!

The last of China's race! nay, mock not majesty,
Nor with the borrow'd robes of sacred Kings
Dress up a wretch like me. Were I Zaphimri,
Thinkst thou thy trembling eye could bear the shock
Of a much injur'd King? couldst thou sustain it?
Say, couldst thou bear to view a Royal Orphan,
Whose father, mother, brothers, sisters, all,
Thy murd'rous arm hath long since laid in dust?
Whose native crown on thy ignoble brow
Thou dar'st dishonour? Whose wide wasted country
Thy desolating sword hath made a wilderness?

TIMURKAN.

Thou hast been tutor'd in thy lone retreat
By some sententious pedant; soon these vain,
These turgid maxims shall be all subdued
By thy approaching death.

HAMET.

Let death come on;
Guilt, guilt alone, shrinks back appall'd; the brave,
And honest still defy his dart; the wise
Calmly can eye his frown, and misery
Invokes his friendly aid to end her woes.

E

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Thy woes, presumptuous boy, with all my fears
Shall soon lie buried.

Enter ZAMTI, and OCTAR.

TIMURKAN.

Pious false one say,
For well thou know'st, who is that stubborn youth?

ZAMTI.

His air, his features, and his honest mien
Proclaim all fair within; but, mighty Sir,
I know him not.

TIMURKAN.

Reflect, old man, nor dare
As thou dost dread my pow'r, to practise guile
Beneath a mask of sacerdotal perfidy.
Priestcraft I think, calls it a pious fraud.

ZAMTI.

Priestcraft and sacerdotal perfidy
To me are yet unknown: religion's garb
Here never serves to consecrate a crime;
We have not yet, thank Heav'n, so far imbib'd
The vices of the North.

TIMURKAN.

Thou vile impostor!
Know that the slaves, whom this day saw impal'd,
Have own'd the horrid truth; have own'd they fought
To seat Zaphimri on the throne of China.
Thou stripling, mark my words: dar'st thou be honest,
And answer who thou art?

HAMET.

HAMET.

Dare I be honest?

I dare: a mind grown up in native honour
Dares not be otherwise. If then thy troops
Ask from the lightning of whose blade they fled,
Tell 'em 'twas Hamet's.

ZAMTI.

'Tis; it is my son---
My boy---my Hamet! (*Aside.*)

TIMURKAN.

Where was thy abode?

HAMET.

Far hence remote, in Corea's happy realm;
Where the first beams of day with Orient blushes
Tinge the salt wave; there, on the sea beat shore
A cavern'd rock yielded a lone retreat
To virtuous Morat.

ZAMTI.

Oh! ill fated youth! (*Aside.*)

HAMET.

The pious hermit in that moss-grown dwelling
Found an asylum from heart piercing woes,
From slavery, and that restless din of arms,
With which thy fell ambition shook the world;
There too the sage nurtur'd my greener years;
With him and contemplation have I walk'd
The paths of wisdom; what the great Confucius
Of moral beauty taught; whate'er the wise,
Still wooing knowledge in her secret haunts,
Disclos'd of nature to the sons of men

My wond'ring mind has heard ; but above all
The hermit taught me the most useful science,
The noble science to be brave and good.

ZAMTI.

Hear him immortal pow'rs !---His ev'ry word
Pierces my heart. (*Aside*)

TIMURKAN.

Who said he was your father ?

HAMET.

My birth, the pious sage, I know not why,
Still wrapp'd in silence ; and when urg'd to speak,
He only answer'd that a time might come,
When Hamet should not blush to know his father.

TIMURKAN.

Now then declare, hast thou ne'er heard of Zamti ?

HAMET.

Of Zamti ? oft enraptur'd with his name,
My heart has glow'd within me, as I heard
The praises of that venerable man.

TIMURKAN. (*To ZAMTI.*)

Thou slave ! Each circumstance arraigns thy guilt.

HAMET.

Can that be Zamti ?

TIMURKAN.

Lo !---Behold the traitor !

HAMET.

HAMET.

Oh! let me thus adore that rev'rend form,
Thus on my knees adore.

TIMURKAN.

Pernicious slave!
Confusion has o'erta'en thy subtle frauds,
Thy guilt is manifest. Now own your King,
Or to make vengeance sure, through all the East
Each youth shall die, and carnage thin mankind,
Till in the gen'ral wreck your boasted Orphan
Shall undistinguish'd fall. When treason lurks
Each moment's big with danger. Ootar, thou
Attend my words, and see our will obey'd.
[Talks apart with Ootar.]

ZAMTI.

Now virtuous cruelty repress my tears.
Cease your fond conflict Nature!---hear me, Tartar---
That youth---his air---his look unmans me quite.---

TIMURKAN.

This moment, vile dissembler, speak.---

ZAMTI.

That youth---
I've dealt by him, as ev'ry King would wish,---
In a like case his faithful subjects would.

TIMURKAN.

Do'st thou avow it? triumph, Timurkan,
And in Zaphimri's grave lie hush'd my fears.
Ootar, this moment lead the victim forth
To yonder sacred temple: at the tomb,
Where the long boasted line of China's Kings

Lies

Lies hers'd in death, this very hour shall see
 The victim offer'd to our living Lama,
 For this day's conquest. Thence a golden train
 Of radiant years shall mark my future fway.

[*Exit.*

ZAMTI.

Flow, flow my tears, and ease my bursting heart.

HAMET.

Nay, do not weep for me thou good old man.
 If it will close the wounds of bleeding China,
 That a poor wretch like me must yield his life,
 I give it freely.---If I am a King,
 Though fure it cannot be, what greater blessing
 Can a young Prince enjoy, than to diffuse
 By one great act that happiness on millions,
 For which his life should be a round of care?
 Come lead me to my fate.

[*Exit with Ostar, &c.*

ZAMTI. (*alone*)

Mandane's air,
 His mother's dear resemblance rives my soul.
 Yet let him die: yes, Tartar, wreak thy fury
 Upon a helpless, an inglorious boy.
 If from his death this groaning empire rise
 Once more itself, resplendent, rich in arts
 That humanize the world, he pays a debt
 Due to his King, his Country, and his God.

Enter ETAN.

ETAN.

May I approach my father?---Even now
 I met the captive youth; the gen'ral voice

With

With one consent proclaim him China's Orphan,
And you, Sir, you have own'd th' important truth,

ZAMTI.

Come nearer Etan : thou perceiv'st the toils
That now incircle me.

ETAN.

But wherefore, Sir,
Why thus acknowledge him? Why own the Prince,
And yield him thus to death?

ZAMTI.

Dream not young man
To stand secure, yet blooming into life,
While dangers hover round your father's head.
The stock once fallen, each Scyon must decay.

ETAN.

Then let me perish : witness for me Heav'n,
Could Etan's fall appease the tyrant's wrath,
A willing victim he would yield his life,
And ask no greater boon of Heav'n.

ZAMTI.

This zeal
So fervid in a stranger's cause---

ETAN.

A stranger!
My King a stranger! Sir, you never meant it.
Perhaps you would explore the fiery feeds
Of Etan's temper, ever prompt to blaze
At honour's sacred name. Perish the man,
Who, when his country calls him to defend
The rights of human kind, or bravely die,

Who

Who then to glory dead can shrink aghast,
And hold a council with his abject fears.

ZAMTI.

These tow'rings of the soul alas! are vain.
I know the Tartar well---we must resign.---

ETAN.

Oh! Sir, at your command each honest hand
Will grasp a sword, and midst incircling guards
Reach the usurper's heart;---or should we fail,
Should overwhelming bands obstruct the deed,
We'll greatly dare to die;---better to die
With falling liberty, than basely lead
An ignominious life; Zaphimri lost,
Ne'er shall fair order dawn, but thro' the land
Slav'ry shall clank her chains, and violation
Rapine and murder riot at the will
Of lust and lawless pow'r.

ZAMTI.

Thou, brave young man,
Come to this fond embrace---To ease at once
Thy generous fears,---The Prince Zaphimri's safe,
Safe in my guardian care.

ETAN.

This pris'ner, Sir,
He is not then the Prince?

ZAMTI.

Obscure by birth,
He is no public loss.

ETAN.

And yet his youth,
And his untimely fate plead strongly for him.

And

And then methinks---perhaps 'tis fancy's error,
Methinks he bears a semblance of Mandane.

ZAMTI.

His words transfix my heart. (*Aside*)

ETAN.

And where mean time,
Where is the royal heir? If right I judge,
He will not tamely see a blameless youth
A victim in his cause.

ZAMTI.

Seek not too soon
To know the Prince: now I'll disclose the work,
The work of vengeance, which my lab'ring soul
Has long been fashioning.---This very hour,
Stupendous ruin hovers o'er the heads
Of this accursed race.

ETAN.

Ruin!

ZAMTI.

I'll tell thee.---
When Timurkan led forth his savage bands,
Unpeopling this great city, I then seiz'd
The hour to tamper with a chosen few,
Who have resolv'd, when the barbarians lie
Buried in sleep and wine, and hotly dream
Their havoc o'er again, then, then, my son,
In one collected blow to burst upon 'em,
Like their own northern clouds, whose midnight
horror
Impending o'er the world, at length breaks forth
In the vaunt light'ning's blaze, in storms and thunder
Thro' all the redning air, till frightened Nature

F

Start

Start from her couch, and waken to a scene
Of uproar and destruction.

ETAN.

Oh ! my father,
The glorious enterprize---

ZAMTI.

Mark me, young man.
Seek thou my friends Orafming and Zimventi.
In the dim holy cloyster of yon temple
Thou'lt find them musing ; bid them ne'er abate
Their high, heroic ardour ; let them know
Whate'er shall fall on this old mouldring clay,
The tyrant never shall subdue my mind.

MANDANE, *within*.

Oh ! let me fly, and find the barb'rous man.
Where, where is Zamti ?

ZAMTI.

Ha !---Mandane's voice !---
Go leave me, Etan, and observe my orders.

[*Exit* ETAN.]

Wild as the winds, the mother all alive
In ev'ry heartstring, the forlorn one comes
To claim her boy.

Enter MANDANE.

MANDANE.

And can it then be true ?
Is human nature exil'd from thy breast ?
Art thou indeed so barb'rous ?

ZAMTI.

Lov'd Mandane,

Fix

Fix not your scorpions here---a bearded shaft
Already drinks my spirits up.

MANDANE.

I've seen
Thy trusty Morat---I have heard it all.---

ZAMTI.

I cannot speak to thee---

MANDANE.

Think'st thou those tears,
Those false, those cruel tears will choak the voice
Of a fond mother's love now stung to madness?
Oh! I will rend the air with lamentations,
Root up this hair, and beat this throbbing breast;
Turn all connubial joys to bitterness,
To fell despair, to anguish and remorse,
Unless my son---

ZAMTI.

Thou ever faithfull woman,
Oh! leave me to my woes?

MANDANE.

Give me my child,
Thou worse than Tartar, give me back my son.
Oh! give him to a mother's eager arms,
And let me strain him to my heart.

ZAMTI.

Heav'n knows
How dear my boy is here:---But our first duty
Now claims observance: to our country's love
All other tender fondnesses must yield.
I was a subject, ere I was a father.

MANDANE.

You were a savage bred in Scythian wilds,
 And humanizing pity never reach'd
 Your heart---Was it for this, Oh! thou unkind one!
 Was it for this,---Oh! thou inhuman father!
 For this you wooed me to your nuptial bed?
 For this I clasp'd thee in these circling arms,
 And made this breast your pillow? Cruel say,
 Are these your vows? are these your fond endearments?
 Nay, look upon me; if this wasted form,
 These faded eyes have turn'd your heart against me,
 With grief for you I wither'd in my bloom.

ZAMTI.

Why thus transfix my heart?

MANDANE.

Alas, my son,
 Did I then fold thee in these matron arms,
 To see thee bleed? Thus dost thou then return?
 This could your mother hope, when first she sent
 Her infant exile to a distant clime?
 Ah! could I think thy early love of fame
 Would urge thee to this peril? Thus to fall
 By a stern father's will? By thee to die;
 From thee inhuman to receive his doom!
 Murder'd by thee!--yet hear me, Zamti, hear me;
 Thus on my knees---I threaten now no more---
 'Tis Nature's voice that pleads; Nature alarm'd,
 Quick, trembling, wild, touch'd to her inmost feeling,
 When force would tear her tender young ones from her.

ZANTI.

Oh! seek not with enfeebling fond ideas
 To swell the flood of grief?---it is in vain---
 He must submit to fate.---

MAN-

MANDANE. (*Rising*)

Barbarian, no ;
He shall not die ; rather---I prithee, Zamti,
Urge not a grief-distracted woman ; tremble
At the wild fury of a mother's love.

ZANTI.

I tremble rather at a breach of oaths.
But thou break thine ; bathe your perfidious hands
In this life-blood ; betray the righteous cause
Of all our sacred Kings.

MANDANE.

Our sacred Kings !
What are the scepter'd rulers of the world ?
Form'd of one common clay are they not all,
Doom'd with each subject, with the meanest slave,
To drink the cup of human woe ? alike
All levell'd by affliction ?---Sacred Kings !
'Tis human policy sets up their claim ;
Mine is a mother cause ; yes, mine the cause
Of husband, wife, and child, those first of ties,
Superior to your right divine of Kings.

ZANTI.

Then go, Mandane, thou once faithfull woman,
Dear to this heart in vain ! Forget at once
Those virtuous lessons, which I oft have taught thee,
In fond credulity, while on each word
You hung enamour'd ;---go,---to Timurkan
Reveal the awfull truth ; be thou spectatress
Of murder'd Majesty ;---embrace your son,
And let him lead in shame and servitude
A life ignobly bought.---Then let those eyes,
Those faded eyes, which grief for me hath dimm'd,
With guilty joy reanimate their lustre,

To

38 The ORPHAN of CHINA.

To brighten slavery, and beam their fires
On the fell Scythian murderer.

MANDANE.

And is it thus,
Thus is Mandane known? Come, lead me hence,
Where I may lay down life to save my King,
But save my Hamet too, then, then you'll find
A heart beats here as warm and great as thine.

ZAMTI.

Then make with me one ever-glorious effort,
And rank with those, who from the first of time
In fame's eternal archives stand rever'd,
For conqu'ring all the dearest ties of nature,
To serve the gen'ral weal.

MANDANE.

That savage virtue
Loses with me its horrid charms---I've sworn
To save my King, but should a mother turn
A dire affassin?---Madness at the thought
Shoots through my brain---and look! they seize my
child,
They lead him forth; they fix him on the rack;
His father---see---forbear---his father strikes---
Hold, Zamti, hold;---ah! see---he dies; he dies.
[She faints into his arms.]

ZAMTI.

She faints; she faints; th' impetuous storm of passion
Shakes her weak frame---

[Enter an attendant.]

Quickly, Arface, help,
Support her; lend your aid---soft! wand'ring life
Rekindles in her cheek---conduct her hence---
Propitious

Propitious Heav'n, behold a father's suff'rings;
Support our frailty; kindle in our souls
A ray of your divine enthusiasm,
Such as inflames the patriot's breast, and lifts
Th' impassion'd mind to that sublime of virtue,
That even on the rack it feels the good,
Which in a single hour it works for millions,
And leaves the legacy to times unborn.

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T the T H I R D.

*Scene a Temple: A Tomb in the Middle.**Enter MORAT.*

THIS is the place; these the long-winding isles,
 The solemn arches, whose religious awe
 Attunes the mind to melancholy musing,
 Such as befits freemen reduc'd to bondage.
 Here Zamti meets his friends; amid these tombs,
 Where lie the sacred manes of our Kings,
 They pour their orisons; hold converse here
 With the illustrious shades of murder'd heroes,
 And meditate a great revenge---a groan!---
 The burst of anguish from some care-worn wretch,
 That sorrows o'er his country---ha!---'tis Zamti.

[ZAMTI enters, from the tomb.]

ZAMTI.

Who's he that seeks these mansions of the dead?

MORAT.

The friend of Zamti and of China.

ZAMTI.

Morat!

Come to my arms, thou brave, thou gen'rous man!
 I have been weeping o'er the sacred relicks
 Of a dear murder'd King.---Where are our friends?
 Hast seen Orasming?

MORAT.

Through these vaults of death
 Lonely he wanders, plung'd in deep despair.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Hast thou inform'd him? Hast thou aught reveal'd
Touching Zaphimri?

MORAT.

There I wait thy will.

ZAMTI.

Oh! thou art ever faithful: on thy lips
Sits pensive silence, with her hallow'd finger
Guarding the pure recesses of the mind.
But lo! they come.---

[Enter ORASMING, ZIMVENTI, and others.]

ZAMTI.

Droop ye my gallant friends?

ORASMING.

Oh! Zamti, all is lost: our dreams of liberty
Are vanish'd into air. Ev'n Heav'n combin'd
With lawless might abandons us and virtue.

ZAMTI.

Can your great souls thus shrink within ye? thus
From heroes will you dwindle into slaves?

ZIMVENTI.

Oh! could you give us back the royal Orphan;
Danger would smile, and death lose all its terror.

ZAMTI.

What? would his presence fire you?

G

ORAS-

ORASMING.

Yes, by Heav'n!

This night should free us from the Tartar's yoke.

ZAMTI.

Then mark the care of the all-ruling mind.

This youthful captive, whom in chains they hold,
Is not Zaphimri.ORASMING *and* ZIMVENTI.

Not Zaphimri!

ZAMTI.

No:

Unconscious of himself, and to the world unknown
He walks at large among us.

ORASMING.

Heav'nly pow'rs!

ZAMTI.

This night, my friends, this very night to rise
Refulgent from the blow that frees us all,
From the usurper's fate; the first of men,
Deliv'rer of his country.

ORASMING.

Mighty Gods!

Can this be possible?

ZAMTI.

It is most true.

This very hour shall give you China's heir.

What ho! (*looking at the tomb*) come forth: 'tis
Zamti's voice that calls.

You

You seem transfix'd with wonder; Oh! my friends,
 Watch all the motions of your rising spirit,
 Direct your ardour, when anon you hear
 What fate, long pregnant with the vast event,
 Is lab'ring into birth.

ETAN comes out of the Tomb.

ETAN.

Each step I move,
 A deeper horror sits on all the tombs,
 The shrines look pale around: each altar shakes,
 Conscious of some important crisis.

ZAMTI.

Yes;
 A crisis great indeed is now at hand.
 Heav'n holds it's golden ballance forth, and weighs
 Zaphimri's and the Tartar's destiny,
 While hov'ring angels tremble round the beam.
 Hast thou beheld that picture?

ETAN.

Fix'd attention
 Hath gaz'd on ev'ry part, yet still to me
 It shadows forth the forms of things unknown,
 All imag'ry obscure, and wrapp'd in darkness.

ZAMTI.

That darkness my informing breath shall clear,
 As morn dispells the night---lo! here display'd
 This mighty kingdom's fall.---Behold that child,
 That royal infant, the last sacred relique
 Of China's Kings:---see, where a Mandarin
 Conveys the babe to his wife's fost'ring breast,
 There to be nourish'd in an humble state,
 While their own son is sent to climes remote,
 That should the fell usurper e'er suspect

The Prince alive, he for his King might bleed,
And mock the murd'rer's rage.

ETAN.

Amazement thrills
Through all my frame, and my mind big with wonder
Feels ev'ry pow'r suspended.

ZAMTI.

Rather say,
That strong imagination burns within thee.
Dost thou not feel a more than common ardour?

ETAN.

By Heav'n, some impulse never felt before,
Some strange-inspir'd emotion stirs within me.
A thousand images all rise at once,
And o'er-inform my soul. Oh! that the hour
Of fate were come. This very night I'll sheathe
My dagger's point deep in the Tyrant's heart.

ZAMTI.

Wilt thou?

ETAN.

By ev'ry pow'r, that now beholds me,
By all the mighty dead that round us lie;
By all, who this day groan in chains, I will.

ZAMTI.

And when thou do'st, tell the devoted Tyrant,
It is the Prince that strikes.

ETAN.

The Prince's wrongs
Shall nerve my arm, and urge the blow for freedom
With tenfold vengeance.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Tell the groaning Tartar,
It is Zaphimri---'tis the Prince himself.

ETAN.

What says my father?

ZAMTI.

Thou art China's Orphan;
The last of all our Kings; no longer Etan,
But now Zaphimri.

ZAPHIMRI.

Ha!---

ORASMING.

Myfterious hand
Of wonder-working Heav'n!

ZAPHIMRI.

Can this be true?
A bufy crowd of circumftances rife;
Thy frequent hints obfcure; thy pious care
To train my youth to greatness;---lend your aid
To my astonish'd pow'rs, that feebly bear
This unexpected fhock of royalty.

ZAMTI.

Thou art, thou art my Sov'reign. Oh! my friends,
Morat will tell you all; each circumftance;
Mean time---lo! there, behold---there is your King.

MORAT, ORASMING, ZIMVENTI, *all kneeling.*

Long live the father of the eastern world.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Sole governor of earth !

ZAPHIMRI.

All-ruling pow'rs !

Is then a great revenge for all the wrongs
Of bleeding China, are the fame and fate
Of all posterity included here
Within my bosom ?

ZAMTI.

All ; yes all : the shades
Of your great ancestors now rise before thee,
Heroes and demi gods ! aloud they call
For the fell Tartar's blood.

ZAPHIMRI.

Oh ! Zamti, all
That can alarm the pow'rs of man, now stirs
In this expanding breast.

ZAMTI.

Anon to burst
With hideous ruin on the foe. My gallant heroes,
Are our friends station'd at their posts ?

ORASMING.

They are.

ZAMTI.

Each gate secur'd ?

ORASMING.

All safe.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

The signal fix'd ?

ORASMING.

It is : will Mirvan join us ?

ZAMTI.

Doubt him not ;
He pants for vengeance ;---when the assault begins,
He'll turn his arms upon th' astonish'd foe,
And add new horrors to the wild commotion.

ZAPHIMRI.

Now, bloody spoiler, now thy hour draws nigh,
And ere the dawn thy guilty reign shall end.

ZAMTI.

How my heart burns within me ! oh ! my friends,
Call now to mind the scene of desolation,
Which Timurkan, in one accursed hour
Heap'd on this groaning land.---Ev'n now I see
The savage bands o'er purple heaps of slain
Forcing their rapid way : I see them urge
With rage unhallow'd to the sacred temple,
Where good Osmingtî with his Queen and children
Fatigu'd the gods averse---see where Orphisa
Rending the air with agonizing shrieks
Tears her dishevell'd hair ; then with a look
Fix'd on her babes, grief choaks it's passage up,
And all the feelings of a mother's breast
Throbbing in one mix'd pang, breathless she faints
Within her Monarch's arms ; adown his cheek
In copious streams fast flow'd the manly sorrow,
While clust'ring round his knees his little offspring
In tears all-eloquent, with arms outstretch'd
Sue for parental aid.

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Go on ; the tale
Will fit me for a scene of horror.

ZAMTI.

Oh ! my Prince,
The charge which your great father gave me, still
Sounds in my ear. Ere yet the foe burst in,
“ Zamti” said he, “ preserve my cradled infant,
“ Save him from ruffians; train his youth to virtue;
“ Virtue will rouse him to a great revenge,
“ Or failing, virtue will still make him happy.”
He could no more ; the cruel spoiler seiz’d him,
And dragg’d my King, my ever honour’d King,
The father of his people, basely dragg’d him
By his white rev’rend locks from yonder altar,
Here on the blood stain’d pavement, while the Queen
And her dear fondlings, in one mangled heap,
Died in each other’s arms.

ZAPHIMRI.

Revenge ! revenge !
With more than lyon’s rage I’ll spring upon him,
And at one blow relieve the groaning world.
Let us this moment carry sword and fire
To yon devoted walls, and overwhelm him down
In ruin and dismay.

ZAMTI.

Zaphimri, no ;
By rashness you may mar a noble cause.
To you, my friends, I render up my charge.
To you I give your King !---farewell, my Sov’reign.

ZAPHIMRI.

Zamti,---thou gen’rous man !---a thousand feelings
Of

Of warmest friendship, all the tendencies
Of heart-felt gratitude are struggling here,
And fain would speak to thee, my more than father:
Farewell---sure we shall meet again?

ZAMTI:

We shall:

ZAPHIMRI:

Thou best of friends, farewell.---Orafming, now
The noblest duty calls---let us remember,
We are the men, whom from all human kind
Our fate hath now selected, to stand forth
Assertors of the public weal; to drench our swords
In the oppressor's heart; to do a deed,
Which Heav'n intent on its own holy work
Shall pause with pleasure to behold.

[Exit with conspirators.]

ZAMTI (*alone*)

May the Most High
Pour down his blessings on him, and anon
In the dead waste of night, when awfull justice
Walks with her crimson steel o'er slaughter'd heaps
Of groaning Tartars, may he then direct
His youthful footsteps through the paths of peril;
Oh! may he guide the horrors of the storm,
An angel of your wrath, to point your vengeance
On ev'ry guilty head.---There let him stop,---
When you have broken the oppressor's rod,
Your reign will then be manifest; mankind will see
That truth and virtue still deserve your care.

[A dead march is heard.]

What mean those deathfull sounds? again! they lead
My boy to slaughter.---Fond, parental feelings!
Tear, tear me piece-meal! still you plead in vain.
Ye Host of Heav'n, look down; behold me here

H

Belea-

Beleaguer'd thus with ills : I now must prove
 Perjur'd to you,---or cease to be a father.
 In your own cause support me ; lend me strength
 To triumph o'er that nature which you gave.

A dead March : Enter HAMET.

OCTAR, *Guards, &c.*

OCTAR.

Here let the victim fall, and with his blood
 Wash his forefather's tomb. The hated race
 Shall here lie crush'd, and from this glorious æra
 The eastern world through all her wide domain
 Shall bend submissive to the Scythian yoke.

HAMET (*standing near the Tomb.*)

Where is the tyrant ? I would have him see,
 With envy see th' unconquer'd pow'r of virtue ;
 How it can calmly bleed, smile on the rack,
 And with strong pinion soar above his pow'r,
 To regions of perennial day.

OCTAR.

The conqueror
 Shall mark thee well, when at tomorrow's dawn
 Shall be displayed, thro' the wide city's round,
 Thy breathless corse, a spectacle of horror.
 It now befits thee to prepare for death.

HAMET.

I am prepared : I have no lust or rapine,
 No murders to repent of ; undismay'd
 I can behold all judging Heav'n, whose hand
 Still compassing its wond'rous ends, by means
 Inextricable to all mortal clue,

Hath

Hath now inclos'd me in it's awfull maze.
 Since 'tis by your decree, that thus beset,
 Th' inexorable angel hovers o'er me,
 Be your great bidding done.

OCTAR.

The fabre's edge
 Thirsts for his blood: dispatch and end his being.

Enter MANDANE.

MANDANE.

Off, fet me free,---I must, I will have way.
 Me, me, on me convert your rage; strike here,
 Plunge in this bosom your abhorred steel,
 And spare his precious life.

OCTAR.

Hence quickly bear,
 This wild, this frantic woman---

MANDANE.

Never; never;
 You shall not force me hence; here will I cling,
 Fast to the earth, and rivet here my hands
 In all the fury of the last despair.
 He is my son;---oh! spare him, spare my child.

OCTAR.

How woman! yours! your son!

MANDANE.

Yes, Octar, mine;
 My boy, my Hamet; let me eager love
 Fly all unbounded to him, clasp him thus,
 Thus in his mother's arms---my child! my child!

H 2

OCTAR.

OCTAR.

Suspend the stroke, ye ministers of death,
Till Timurkan hear of this new event.

[Exit.

MANDANE.

Why didst thou dare return? Oh! rather why
Didst thou so long defer with ev'ry grace,
And every growing virtue thus to raise
Your mother's dear delight to rapture?

HAMET.

Loft
In the deep mists of darkling ignorance,
To me my birth's unknown. But sure that look,
Those tears, those shrieks, that animated grief,
Defying danger, all declare th' effect
Of nature's workings in a parent's heart.
Then let me pay my filial duty here,
Kneel to her native dignity, and pour
In tears of joy the transport of a son.

MANDANE.

Thou art, thou art my son; thy father's face,
His ev'ry feature blooming in his boy.
Oh! tell me, tell me all; how hast thou liv'd
With virtuous Morat? how did he support
In dreary solitude thy tender years?
How train thy growing virtue? quickly tell me,
Oh! tell me all, and charm me with thy tongue.

HAMET.

Mysterious pow'rs! have I then liv'd to this,
Thus on the brink of death to find a parent,
In virtue firm, majestic in distress,

At

At length to feel unutterable bliss
In her dear circling arms?

Enter TIMURKAN, OCTAR, &c.

TIMURKAN.

Where is this wild,
This frantic woman, who with headlong grief
Suspends my dread command? tear them asunder---
Send her to some dark cell to rave and shriek,
And dwell with madness; and let instant death
Leave that rash youth a headless trunk before me.

MANDANE.

Now by the ever burning lamps, that light
Our holy shrines, by great Confucius altar,
By the prime source of life, and light, and being,
This is my child, the blossom of my joys.
Send for his cruel father; he, 'tis he
Intends a fraud; he, for a stranger's life,
Would give his offspring to the cruel ax,
And rend a wretched mother's brain with madness.

Enter ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Sure the sad accents of Mandane's voice
Struck on my frightened sense.

TIMURKAN.

Once more, thou traitor!
Who is that stubborn youth?---

ZAMTI.

Alas! what needs
This iteration of my griefs?

MAN-

MANDANE.

Forbear ;
Thou marble-hearted father !---'tis your son,
And wouldst thou see him bleed ?

ZAMTI.

On him,---on him
Let fall your rage.

MANDANE.

Oh ! my devoted child ! (*she faints*)

HAMET.

Support her Heav'n, support her tender frame.
Now, tyrant, now I beg to live ; lo ! here
I plead for life ; not for the wretched boon
To breathe the air, which thy ambition taints,
But, oh ! to ease a mother's woes ; for her,
For that dear object, let me live for her.

TIMURKAN.

Spite of their frauds, the truth begins to dawn :
In her wild vehemence of grief, I hear
The genuine voice of nature.

MANDANE. (*recovering*)

Where's my child ?
Oh ! let me strain him to my heart ; thy hard,
Thy cruel father shall not tear thee from me.

TIMURKAN.

Hear me, thou frantic mourner ; dry those tears ;
Perhaps you still may save your darling son.

MAN-

MANDANE.

Oh! quickly give the means.

TIMURKAN.

Resign your King,
Your phantom of a King, and save your child.

HAMET.

No, my much honoured mother, never hear
The base, the dire proposal; let me rather
Exhaust my life blood at each gushing vein;
Mandane then,---then you may well rejoice
To find your child; then you may truly know
The best delight a mother's heart can prove,
When her son dies with glory.

TIMURKAN.

Curfes blast
The stripling's pride---(*talks apart with Oſtar.*)

ZAMTI.

Ye pow'rs, enthron'd above!
You never meant entirely to destroy
This groaning land, when your benignant care
Lends us a youth like him.---Let me infold
That lovely ardor in his father's arms.---
My brave, my generous boy!---

TIMURKAN.

Dost thou at length
Confess it, traitor?

ZAMTI.

Yes, I boast it, tyrant;

Boast

Boast it to thee, to earth, and heav'n I boast,
This,---this is Zamti's son.

HAMET.

At length the hour,
The glorious hour is come, by Morat promis'd,
"When Hamet shall not blush to know his father."

ZAMTI.

Oh! thou intrepid youth, what bright reward
Can your glad fire bestow on such desert?
The righteous gods, and your own inward feelings
Shall give the sweetest retribution.---Now,
Mandane, now my soul forgives thee all;
Since I have made acquaintance with my boy;
But oh! I charge thee by a husband's right---

TIMURKAN.

A husband's right! a traitor has no rights;
Society disclaims him. Woman hear,
And mark my words; abjure the Mandarin;
Renounce all Hymeneal vows; reveal
This mystery, and still your son may live,
While justice whirls that traitor to his fate.

MANDANE.

Thou vile adviser!---what betray my lord,
My honour'd husband; turn a Scythian wife;
Forget the many years of fond delight,
In which my heart ne'er knew decreasing love,
Charm'd with his noble, all-accomplish'd mind!
No, tyrant, no; with him I'll dare to die;
With him in ruin more supremely blest,
Than guilt upon a throne triumphant.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Now,
 Inhuman Tartar, I defy thy pow'r.---
 Lo! here,---the father, mother and the son!
 Try all your tortures on us;---here we stand,
 Resolv'd to leave a tract of bright renown
 To mark our being; resolv'd all to die,
 The votaries of honour!---

TIMURKAN.

Then, by Heav'n!
 Your doom is fix'd. This moment seize the slaves;
 Deep in some balefull dungeon's midnight gloom
 Let each apart be plung'd, and Etan too---
 Let him forthwith be found---he too shall share
 His father's fate.---

MIRVAN.

Be it my task, dread Sir,
 To make the rack ingenious in new pains;
 Till even cruelty almost relent
 At their keen agonizing groans.

TIMURKAN.

Be that,
 Mirvan, thy care. By the immortal Lama,
 I'll wrest the secret from them, or once more
 My rage is up in arms---'gainst Corea's chief
 I will unfurl my banners; his proud cities
 Shall dread my thunder at their gates, and mourn
 Their smoaking ramparts; o'er his verdant plains
 And peacefull vales I'll drive my rapid carr,
 And ne'er know rest, ne'er sheathe th'avenging sword,
 Till their King fall, and treason is no more.

[Exit.

I

OCTAR.

OCTAR.

Mirvan, bear hence those miscreants to their fate---
Thou, Zamti, art my charge.

ZAMTI.

Willing I come.

My son thy father doubts not of thy fortitude.
Mandane summon all thy strength ; the gods,
Who try thy virtue, may reward it still.

[*Exit with OCTAR.*]

MANDANE.

Hamet ! restor'd and lost again !

[*Struggling with the guards.*]

HAMET.

Alas !

No means to rescue thee ! inhuman villains !
And will you tear me from her ?

[*He is dragged off.*]

MANDANE.

Oh ! my child !---

Now then, barbarians, you have seiz'd on all
My soul holds dear.---What have I now to dread ?
I gave him being ; in the hour of peril
I flew to rescue him ; I could no more.---
If he must fall, I'll emulate his virtues ;
True to the solemn vow I've breathed to Heav'n,
True to my Sov'reign still !---in honour's cause
The mother from her son shall learn to die.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T the F O U R T H.

Scene a Prison: HAMET lies stretched on the Ground in Chains.

Enter ZAPHIMRI (in a Tartar dress) and MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

THERE stretch'd at length on the dank ground
he lies,
Scorning his fate: your meeting must be short.

ZAPHIMRI.

It shall.

MIRVAN.

And yet I tremble for th' event.

ZAPHIMRI.

Mirvan, no more: I will hold converse with him,
Tho' death were arm'd against the interview.

[*Exit MIRVAN.*]

HAMET.

What wouldst thou Tartar?

ZAPHIMRI.

Rise, thou gen'rous youth!
No vulgar errand mine.

HAMET. (*Rising*)

Now speak thy purpose.

ZAPHIMRI.

To these lone walls, where oft the Scythian stabber,
 With murd'rous stride hath come; these walls that oft
 Have seen the assassin's deeds, I bring a mind
 Firm, virtuous, upright. Under this vile garb
 Lo! here a son of China---

HAMET.

Yes thy garb
 Denotes a son of China, and those eyes
 Roll with no black intent.---Say on.---

ZAPHIMRI.

Inflam'd
 With admiration of heroic deeds,
 I come to seek acquaintance with the youth,
 Who for his King would die.

HAMET.

And does thy heart
 Applaud the deed?

ZAPHIMRI.

It does, by Heav'n, it does.
 Yes virtuous envy rises in my soul.
 Thy ardour charms, and even now I pant
 To change conditions with thee.

HAMET.

Then my heart
 Accepts thy proffer'd friendship---in a base
 A prone, degen'rate age, when foreign force
 And foreign manners have o'erwhelm'd us all,
 And sunk our native genius, thou retain'st
 A sense of ancient worth. But wherefore here,
 To

To this sad mansion, this abode of sorrow
Com'st thou to know a wretch that soon must die?

ZAPHIMRI.

Oh, no; thou shalt not die. By me the King,
By me Zaphimri says.

HAMET.

Zaphimri says!
Kind Heav'n! where is the King?

ZAPHIMRI.

His steps are safe,
Unseen as is the arrow's path. By me he says,
He knows, he loves, he wonders at thy virtue.
By me he swears, rather than thou shouldst fall,
He will emerge from dark obscurity,
And greatly brave his fate.

HAMET.

Ha!---die for me!
For me, ignoble in the scale of being,
An unimportant wretch!----Whoe'er thou art,
I prithee, stranger, bear my answer back.
Oh! tell my Sovereign, that here dwells a heart
Above all pain and peril. When I fall,
A worm, an insect dies; but in his life
Are wrapp'd the glories of our ancient line,
The liberties of China: then let him
Live for his people, be it mine to die.

ZAPHIMRI.

Can I hear this, just gods! and not dissolve
In tears of gratitude and love. (*Aside*)

HAMET.

Why streams
That

That flood of grief? and why that stifled groan?
Thro' the dark mist his sorrow casts around him,
He seems no common man. Say, gen'rous youth,
Who and what art thou?

ZAPHIMRI.

Who and what am I?
The verriest wretch that ever groan'd in anguish.
One lost, abandon'd, plung'd in woe
Beyond redemption's aid---to tell thee all
In one dire word, big with the last distress,
In one accumulated term of horror,
Zaphimri!

HAMET.

Ha!---my King!---

ZAPHIMRI.

That fatal wretch,
Exalted into misery supreme!
Oh! I was happy, while good Zamti's son
I walk'd the common tracts of life, and strove
Humbly to copy my imagin'd fire.
But now---

HAMET.

Yes now---if thou art he---as sure
'Tis wond'rous like,---rais'd to a state, in which
A nation's happiness on thee depends.

ZAPHIMRI.

A nation's happiness!---there---there I bleed---
There are my pangs---for me this war began;
For me hath purple slaughter drench'd yon plains;
I am the cause of all---I forg'd those chains---
For Zamti and Mandane too!---by me they fall;
Them

Them have I thrown into a dungeon's gloom---
 These are the horrors of Zaphimri's reign!
 I am the tyrant; I ascend the throne,
 By base ingratitude, by the vile means
 Of selfish cowardice, that can behold
 Thee, and thy father, mother, all in chains,
 All lost, all murder'd, that I thus may rise
 Inglorious to a throne.

HAMET.

Alas! thy spirit,
 Thy wild disorder'd fancy picture's forth
 Ills that are not, or being ill, not worth
 A moment's pause.

ZAPHIMRI.

Not ill!---thou canst not mean it---
 The angry fates amidst their hoards of malice
 Had nought but this; they meant to render me
 Peculiarly distress'd.---Tell me, thou gallant youth,
 A soul like thine knows ev'ry fine emotion,
 Is there a nerve in which the heart of man
 Can prove such torture, as when thus it meets
 Unequall'd friendship, honour, truth and love,
 And no return can make?

HAMET.

That pow'r will come.

ZAPHIMRI.

But when?---when thou art lost!
 When Zamti and Mandane are no more!
 Oh! for a dagger's point, to plunge it deep,
 Deep in this---ha!---deep in the tyrant's heart.

HAMET.

HAMET.

There your revenge should point --- alas ! my
Sov'reign,
Why didst thou venture to this place of danger ?

ZAPHIMRI.

And canst thou deem me then so base of soul,
To dwell secure in ignominious safety ;
With cold insensibility to wait
The lingring hours, with coward patience wait them,
Deliberating on myself, while ruin
Nods over Zamti's house?---No---generous youth---
I'll not think meanly of thee---no---that thought
Is foreign to thy heart.

HAMET.

Withdraw thee hence ;
Nor lightly hazard thus so dear a life ;
Think of thy ancestors.

ZAPHIMRI.

My ancestors !
What is to me a long descended line,
A race of worthies, legislators, heroes,
Unless I bring their virtues too ? No more :
This very night I'll burst those guilty walls,
Rend those vile manacles and give thee freedom.

Enter MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

The time forbids delay : whilst thou art here,
Thy fate's suspended on each dreadfull moment.

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

This garb will cloak me from each jealous eye;
Thou needst not fear detection.

[a flourish of trumpets.]

HAMET.

Ha! what means
That sudden and wild harmony?

MIRVAN.

Ev'n now
The conqu'ror and his fell barbaric rout
For this day's victory indulge their joy.

ZAPHIMRI.

Joy soon to end in groans; for all conspires
To forward our design: a band of heroes
Ev'n now are ready; honourably leagu'd
To vindicate their rights.---Thy father's care
Plann'd and inspir'd the whole. And lo! the lights
That whilom blaz'd to Heav'n, now rarely seen
Shed a pale glimmer, and the foe secure
Sinks down in deep debauch, while all awake
The genius of the land broods o'er the work
Of justice and revenge.

MIRVAN.

The gallant chiefs
At their appointed station are conven'd;
In silent terror all intent they stand,
And wait the signal in each gale that blows.

HAMET.

Dream on, deluded Tartar, yes dream on;

K

Still

66 The ORPHAN of CHINA.

Still unsuspecting plunge in guilty joy,
And bury thee in riot.

ZAPHIMRI.

Ne'er again
To wake from that vile trance; for ere the dawn,
Detested spoiler, thy hot blood shall smoke
On the stain'd marble, and thy limbs abhorr'd
I'll scatter to the dogs of China.

MIRVAN.

Ha!
Break off your conference:---Octar this way comes---
Beware, my Prince:---(*enter Octar*) Well, Octar,
there's your pris'ner.

[*pointing to HAMET.*

OCTAR.

Convey him hence to where Mandane's grief
Rings thro' the vaulted roof.

HAMET.

Yes, lead me hence
To soften anguish in a parent's breast.

[*Exit with MIRVAN.*

ZAPHIMRI.

What may this mean? I dread some lurking mischief.
[*Exit.*

OCTAR. (*alone*)

When the boy clings around his mother's heart,
Then, in that tender moment, tear him from her,
And in her impotence of grief the truth
Will burst it's way.

Enter

Enter TIMURKAN,

OCTAR.

Why from the genial banquet
Thus will my Soy'reign seek a dungeon's gloom?

TIMURKAN.

A more than midnight gloom involves my soul.
What boots the conqu'ring sword, the plume of
victory,
If still this coward boy in secret lives;
If serpent-like amidst the flow'ry garlands
He wreaths his folds, to dash my promis'd joy,
And poison my delight?

OCTAR.

Then at once
To end your fears, give Zamti to the sword,
His wife, and all, who aid him in his guilt.
'Twill crush the seeds of dark conspiracy,

TIMURKAN.

No; Zamti's death but multiplies my fears.
With him the truth lies buried in the tomb.
Hast thou beheld the stubborn Mandarin?

OCTAR.

Unconquer'd yet by words he stands unmov'd,
Smiling contempt, as if some inward joy,
Like the sun lab'ring in a night of clouds,
Shot forth at intervals a gladfome ray,
Bright'ning the face of woe.

TIMURKAN.

He must not die:
The slave shall linger out his days in torment.

K 2

OCTAR.

OCTAR.

Might I advise, Mandane may be won.
 She still, Sir, may be yours: a conqu'ror's sighs
 Shall waft a thousand wishes to her heart,
 Till female vanity aspire to reach
 The Eastern throne.

TIMURKAN.

No, Octar;---'tis not mine
 To melt in languishing desire, and try
 The hopes, the fears, and the caprice of love.
 Enur'd to rougher scenes, far other arts
 My mind employ'd: to sling the well-stor'd quiver
 Over this manly arm, and wing the dart
 At the fleet rain-deer sweeping down the vale,
 Or up the mountain straining ev'ry nerve;
 To vault the neighing steed, and urge his course
 Swifter than whirlwinds;---thro' the ranks of war
 Reeking with gore to drive my charriot wheels;
 These are my passions, this my only science.
 Rais'd from a soldier to imperial sway,
 I still will reign in terror. Bring that traitor,
 The hoary priest before me.

[Exit OCTAR.]

TIMURKAN.

Now by Heav'n!
 Their stubborn fortitude erects a fence
 To shield 'em from my wrath, more pow'rfull far
 Than their high boasted wall, which long hath stood
 The shock of time, of war, of storms and thunder,
 The wonder of the world. What art thou, virtue,
 That giv'st these joys, my heart hath never known?

Enter

Enter ZAMTI in chains.

TIMURKAN.

Thy hated sight once more I brook, to try
If yet the sense of deeds abhorr'd as thine
Has touch'd your soul: while yet the hour permits,
Repent thee of thy crimes,

ZAMTI,

The crime would be
To yield to thy unjust commands. But know
A louder voice than thine forbids the deed,
The voice of all my Kings; forth from their tombs
Ev'n now they send a peal of groans to Heav'n,
Where all thy murders are long since gone up,
And stand in dread array against thee.

TIMURKAN.

Murders!
Ungratefull Mandarin! say, did not I
When civil discord lighted up her brand,
And scatter'd wide her flames; when fierce contention
Twixt Zorohamti and Zaphimri's father
Sorely convuls'd the realm, did not I then
Lead forth my Tartars from their northern frontier,
And bid fair order rise?

ZAMTI.

Bid order rise!
Hast thou not smote us with a hand of wrath?
By thee each art has died, and ev'ry science
Gone out at thy fell blast. Art thou not come
To sack our cities, to subvert our temples,
The temples of our gods, and with the worship,
The monstrous worship of your living Lama
Profane our holy shrines?

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Resolve my doubts,
Nor think with groundless, with ill-tim'd reproach
To talk me from my purpose.

ZAMTI.

Tyrant, yes ;
Yes, thou hast smote us with a hand of wrath,
Full twenty years hast smote us ; but at length
Will come the hour of Heav'n's just visitation,
When thou shalt rue---hear me thou man of blood !---
Yes, thou shalt rue the day,---the day that saw thee
Imbrue those hands accurst in royal blood---
Now, tyrant, now---yes, tremble at my words,
The arm of the Most High is bar'd against thee ;
And lo ! the hand of fate describes thy doom
In glaring letters on yon rubied wall !
Each gleam of light is perish'd out of Heav'n,
And darkness rushes o'er the face of earth.

TIMURKAN.

And thinkst thou, slave, with visionary fears
I e'er can shrink appall'd ? thou moonstruck seer !
No more I'll bear this mockery of words.
What, Octar, ho ! (*enter Octar*) lead forth that fran-
tic woman.
Ruin involves ye all---this very hour
Shall see your son impal'd---yes, both your sons---
Bring Etan too before us---

OCTAR.

Etan, Sir,
Is fled for safety.

TIMURKAN.

Thou pernicious slave ! (*to Zamti*)

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

The righteous gods protect him from thy rage.
[Exit Octar.]

TIMURKAN.

Him too thou wouldst withdraw from justice? him
 Thy perfidy would send to Corea's realm,
 To brood in secret o'er some work of treason.

Enter OCTAR, MANDANE, HAMET, Guards, &c.

TIMURKAN.

Now then, deluded fair, if fix'd in error
 You still persist, the rack shall have its prey.

MANDANE.

I tell thee, homicide, my soul is bound
 By solemn vows, and wouldst thou have me break
 What angels wafted on their wings to Heav'n?

TIMURKAN.

This moment saves your child, or dooms him dead.

MANDANE.

Goddes of vengeance, from your realms above
 Where near the throne of the Most High thou sitst,
 Inspher'd in darkness, amidst hoards of thunder
 Serenely dreadfull, till dire human crimes
 Provoke thee down, now on the whirlwind's wing
 Descend, and with your flaming sword, your bolts
 Red with Almighty wrath, let loose your rage,
 And blast this vile seducer in his guilt.

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Then seize her son, and give him to the rack.

MANDANE.

No; by the pow'rs above, by ev'ry tie
Of humanizing pity, seize me first;
Dispatch his mother; end this wretched being.

ZAPHIMRI (*rushing from among the Guards.*)

Hold, murd'ers, hold; I charge you, slaves, forbear.

ZAMTI.

Ha! China totters on the brink of ruin. (*aside*)

TIMURKAN.

Etan!---thou'rt wellcome to my great revenge!

ZAPHIMRI.

I come on matters of importance deep
Unto thy throne and life.

ZAMTI.

Heed not an idle boy.

TIMURKAN.

Proceed, and tell thy purpose.

ZAPHIMRI.

Even now
Thy death is plotting.

TIMURKAN.

Ha! by whom?

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Zaphimri!--

ZAMTI.

What means my son?

TIMURKAN.

Resign him to my vengeance,
And then our mercy shall to thee extend.

ZAPHIMRI.

Think not I come to save this worthless life.
Pity Mandane; save her tender frame---
Pity that youth---(*kneels*) oh! save that godlike man.

ZAMTI.

Wilt thou dishonour me, degrade thyself,
Thy native dignity, by basely kneeling?
Quit that vile posture---

TIMURKAN.

To appease our wrath,
Bring me Zaphimri's head.

ZAPHIMRI.

Will that suffice?

TIMURKAN.

His blood atones for all.

ZAPHIMRI. (*Rising*)

Then take it, tyrant;
I am Zaphimri; I your mortal foe!

L

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Angels of light, quick on your rapid wing
Dart from your thrones above, and hover round him.

MANDANE.

Alas ! all's ruin'd---China is no more.

ZAPHIMRI.

Behold me, Tartar ; hear the voice of truth ;
Thus on his knees Zaphimri begs to die.

TIMURKAN.

Thou early traitor ! by thy guilty father
Train'd up in fraud ! wouldst thou deceive me too ?

HAMET.

He would : all would deceive you : all conspire
Against my claim : all wrest my title from me :
The father's art, the mother's fond ambition
Upon my ruins to exalt their name,
And raise their son to empire.

ZAPHIMRI.

Ha ! forbear,
Rash youth, forbear, nor thus insult your King.
Mine is the crown : it's miseries are mine :
Mine the worst malice fortune hath in store :
I claim it all, and will not bear a rival.

HAMET.

Horror ! believe him not---for me the troops
From Corea's realm dar'd to approach your walls ;
I led them on ; I came from climes remote ;

The

The captives of your sword have own'd they fought
To see me seated on the throne of China.

ZAPHIMRI.

By Heav'n, he's innocent; the guilt is mine.
Misguided boy! I charge thee dare no more
Usurp a Monarch's right; resign at once
My lawfull claim, the honours of my birth;
Give back my name; I ask it but to die.

TIMURKAN.

Their wond'rous conflict but involves me deeper
In doubt, mistrust, perplexity, and fear.
Misguided fair-one, say, which is your King?

MANDANE.

Behold their virtue, and respect them both.

TIMURKAN.

Perdition seize her!--Zamti mark my words---
This moment, clear each doubt, or keenest pangs
Shall hunt the secret thro' each trembling nerve.

ZAMTI.

I have already yielded up my son;
I gave him to your sword; and after that,
After that conflict, thinkst thou there is aught
Zamti has left to fear?

TIMURKAN.

Yes learn to fear
My will, my Sov'reign will, which here is law,
And treads upon the neck of slaves.

ZAMTI.

Thy will
 The law in China: ill instructed man!
 Now learn an awfull truth. Tho' ruffian pow'r
 May for a while fuppreffs all facred order,
 And trample on the rights of man, the foul
 Which gave our legiflation life and vigour
 Shall ftill fubfift, above the tyrant's reach.
 The fpirit of the laws can never die.

TIMURKAN.

Here then all parley ends: thy doom is fix'd:
 This very moment drag 'em from my fight.

[The guards feize on Zamti.]

MANDANE.

Yes, lead me with him: in his arms to die
 Mandane goes resign'd. But tyrant know
 The great important truth is treafur'd here.
 Thy pow'r can ne'er extort it. Yes, live on
 In the worft agony of doubt and fear.
 With us the fecret dies: that joy is ours;
 With that we triumph ftill; with that we bid thee
 Fear while we live, and tremble in our fall.

[Exit with Zamti and guards.]

HAMET.

No fpare 'em, yet forbear; here point thy fword,
 Unfluice thefe veins, but fpare their matchlefs lives.

[He is carried off.]

ZAPHIMRI.

I am your victim, by the gods I am.

[Kneeling and holding Timurkan.]

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Away, vile slave; go see them bleed; behold
 How they will writhe in pangs; pangs doom'd for
 thee,
 And all who deal in treachery like thine.

[Exit.

ZAPHIMRI. (*on the ground*)

Yet hear me; yet a moment! barb'rous Scythians!
 Wilt thou not open, Earth, and take me down,
 Down to thy caverns of eternal darkness?
 And sleeps Almighty justice? will it not
 Awaken all its terrors? arm yon band
 Of secret heroes with avenging thunder?
 By Heav'n (*rising*) that thought lifts up my kind-
 ling soul

With renovated fire. My glorious friends,
 Who now convene big with your country's fate,
 When I am dead, oh! give me just revenge;
 Let me not die inglorious; make my fall,
 By some great act of yet unheard of vengeance,
 Resound throughout the world; that farthest Scythia
 May stand appall'd at the huge distant roar
 Of one vast ruin tumbling on the heads
 Of this fell tyrant, and his hated race.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T

A C T the F I F T H.

*Scene the Palace.**Enter ZAMTI and MANDANE, followed by OCTAR.*

ZAMTI.

WHY dost thou lead us to this hated mansion?
 Must we again behold the tyrant's frown?
 Thou know'st our hearts are fix'd.

OCTAR.

The war of words
 We scorn again to wage. Beneath this roof
 The rack is now prepar'd, and Timurkan
 Anon shall view your pangs, and count each groan
 Ev'n to the fullest luxury of vengeance.
 Guard well that passage (*to the guards within*) see
 the traitors find
 No means of flight, while to the conqueror
 I hasten, to receive his last commands.

[Exit.]

ZAMTI.

Thou ever faithfull woman!

MANDANE.

Canst thou, Zamti,
 Still call me faithfull? by that honour'd name
 Wilt thou call her, whose wild maternal love
 Hath buried all in ruin?

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Yes, thou art,
 Thou art my wife, whose virtue ev'n in bondage
 Hath chear'd my soul; and now thy ev'ry charm
 Endear'd by danger, kindled by distress
 To higher lustre, all my passions beat
 Unutterable gratitude and love.
 And must---oh! cruel!---must I see thee bleed?

MANDANE.

For me death wears no terror on his brow.
 Full twenty years hath this afflicted breast
 Been smote with these sad hands; these haggard eyes
 Have seen my country's ruin; seen my husband,
 My son, my king,---all in the Tartar's hands.
 What then remains for me? death, only death.

ZAMTI.

Ah! can thy tenderness endure the pangs
 Inventive cruelty ev'n now prepares?
 Must this lov'd form, this soft perfection bleed?
 Thy decent limbs be strain'd with cruel cords,
 To glut a ruffian's rage?

MANDANE.

Alas! this frame,
 This feeble texture never can sustain it.
 But this---this I can bear. (*Shews a dagger*)

ZAMTI.

Ha!

MANDANE.

Yes; this dagger!
 Do thou but lodge it in this faithfull breast,
 My heart shall spring to meet thee.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Oh!

MANDANE.

Do thou,
My honour'd lord, who taughtst me ev'ry virtue,
Afford the friendly, the last human office,
And teach me now to die.

ZAMTI.

It must not be.---

Hence let me bear this instrument of death.

[Takes the dagger.]

Shall we usurp the dread prerogative
Of life and death, and measure out the thread
Of our own being?---'tis the coward's act,
Who dares not to encounter pain and peril.
Be that the practice of th' untutor'd savage;
Be it the practice of the gloomy North.

MANDANE.

Must we then wait the haughty tyrant's nod,
The vassals of his will? no, let us rather
Nobly break through the barriers of this life,
And join the beings of some other world,
Who'll throng around our greatly daring souls,
And hail our flight with wonder and applause.

ZAMTI.

Distress too exquisite! ye holy pow'rs,
If aught below can supersede your law,
And plead for wretches, who dare self impell'd
Rush to your awfull presence; 'tis not then,
When the distemper'd passions rage; when pride
Is stung to madness; when ambition falls
From her high scaffolding---oh! no; if aught

Can

Can justify the blow, it is when virtue
 No more can stand at bay; when liberty
 No longer breathes at large; 'tis with the groans
 Of our lov'd country when we dare to die.

MANDANE.

Then here at once direct the friendly steel.

ZAMTI.

Now then prepare thee---ah! does this become
 Thy husband's love? thus with uplifted blade
 Can I approach that bosom-bliss, where oft
 With other looks than these, oh! my Mandane,
 I've hush'd my cares within thy shelt'ring arms?

MANDANE.

Alas! the loves, that blest our happier days,
 Have spread their pinions, never to return,
 And the pale fates surround us. Zamti, come;
 Here lay me down in honourable rest;
 Come as thou art, all hero to my arms,
 And free a virtuous wife.

ZAMTI.

It must be so:

Now then prepare thee---my arm flags and droops
 Conscious of thee in ev'ry trembling nerve.

[Throws down the dagger.]

By Heav'n, once more I would not raise the point
 Against that hoard of sweets, for endless years
 Of universal empire.---

MANDANE.

Ha! they come;
 The ministers of vengeance come; and yet,

M

They

They shall not long insult us in our woes ;
Myself will still preserve the means of death.

[Takes up the dagger.]

Enter TIMURKAN, OCTAR, and Guards.

TIMURKAN.

Now then, detested pair, your hour is come.
I hate this dull delay : seize Zamti first ;
Let studied art with slow consuming pangs
Explore the truth, nor let him know relief
In his worst agonies, till ev'ry secret
Burst forth in groans, and end my doubts and fears.

ZAMTI.

Begin your tortures ; end this wretched being ;
I care not now how soon.

[The guards seize Zamti.]

MANDANE.

Stay, Zamti, stay ;
And will you force him thus ? *(he is forc'd off)* in-
human villains !

Oh ! Timurkan, behold me humbled here,
Thus lowly on my knees, thus prone to earth,
And groveling at your feet. I ask to die ;
Grant my request ; it will not stain thy name
With weak humanity ; deal still in blood ;
Oh ! let me perish in my husband's arms ;
It will be mercy to indulge my pray'r,
And murder shall for once be virtue in thee.

TIMURKAN.

Behold him first, behold the hoary traitor
Gasping in death, and welt'ring in his gore.
Thy turn will follow---by thy treach'rous arts
The hated Orphan lives.

MAN-

MANDANE. (*Rising*)

And if he lives,
May Heav'n protect him, till the awfull truth
In some dread hour of horror and revenge
Shall burst like thunder on thee.---If by me
Zaphimri lives, then tyrant know thy duty;
Descend at once from a throne gain'd by murder,
And yield the crown, resign it to your master.

TIMURKAN.

Pernicious traitrefs! ha! what wouldst thou Mirvan?

Enter MIRVAN.

MIRVAN.

Near to the Eastern gate, a slave reports,
As at his watch he stood, the gleam of arms
Cast a dim lustre through the night, and strait
The steps of men thick founded in his ear,
In close array they march'd.

TIMURKAN.

Ha! lurking treason!
What ho! my arms---ourselves will sally forth.

MIRVAN.

My liege, their scanty and rash levied numbers
Want not a monarch's sword: with eager zeal
Upon the instant I drew off the guards,
That round the palace walls: let Octar, Sir,
Who oft has led them to renown in arms,
Let him but head the ranks, his valour soon
Shall bring the traitors bound in chains before you.

M 2

TIMUR-

TIMURKAN.

Well, be it so.---Ostar, do thou go forth,
And give the rebels to the sabre's edge.

[Exit Ostar.]

MANDANE.

Why must I linger thus? lo! Mirvan too
Leagu'd with the foe, a traitor to his King!

MIRVAN.

With sure conviction we have further learn'd
The long-contended truth. Etan's their King---
The traitor Zamti counted but one son,
And him he sent,---Mandane knows it all---
Far hence to Corea's realm.

TIMURKAN.

At length thy guilt
Glares to the sight: this hour Zaphimri dies.

MIRVAN.

To Morat's care th' insidious Mandarin
With that comploter in his dark designs,
Gave up their boy, while unsuspected here
They fix'd a safe asylum for their prince.

MANDANE. (*Looking at Mirvan*)

When shall I quit a world, where men like thee
Are only fit to dwell?---

TIMURKAN.

Let Morat straight
Attend our presence; bring the slave before us.

MIR-

MIRVAN.

This hour approves my loyalty and truth.

[*Exit.*]

TIMURKAN.

Thanks to great Lama, treason is no more,
And their boy-king is found. Yes, traitrefs, now
Thou shalt behold the stripling's forfeit head.
Soon as the dawn shall purple yonder East,
Aloft in air all China shall behold it
Parch'd by the sun, and welt'ring to the wind.

Enter MIRVAN.

TIMURKAN.

Well, Mirvan, hast thou brought the treach'rous slave?

MIRVAN.

My liege, he comes obedient to your will.

Enter ZAPHIMRI, with a Sabre.

ZAPHIMRI.

Now, bloody Tartar, now then know Zaphimri.

TIMURKAN.

Accursed treason!--to behold thee thus
In arms before me, blasts my aching sight.
My blood forgets to move; each pow'r dies in me.

MANDANE.

Yes, monster, yes; thy fated hour is come.
Descend, thou tyrant, from a throne usurp'd,
And yield the crown, now yield it to thy master.

Za-

ZAPHIMRI.

Well mayst thou tremble, well may guilt like thine
Shrink back dismay'd; for thus avenging Heav'n
In me sends forth his minister of wrath
To deal destruction on thee.

TIMURKAN.

Coward-slave!
A midnight ruffian, in th' unguarded hour,
Secure thou com'st, thus to assault a warrior
Thy heart would never dare to meet in arms.

ZAPHIMRI.

Not meet thee Tartar!--ha!--in me thou see'st
One, on whose head unnumber'd wrongs thou'st
heap'd,
Else could I scorn thee thus defenceless---yes,
My great revenge could bid thee try each shape,
Assume each horrid form, come forth array'd
In all the terrors of destructive guilt.
But now a dear, a murder'd father calls;
He beckons to the spot, the sacred altar
Which thy fell hand imbrued with royal blood.
Go, seek the temple; at that dread tribunal
Receive thy doom, and expiate thy crimes.

TIMURKAN.

By Heav'n I'll dare thee still; resign it slave,
Resign the blade to nobler hands.

[*Seizes Mirvan's Sabre.*]

MANDANE.

Oh! horror!
Bring instant help; let not the fate of China
Hang on the issue of a doubtful combat.

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Now, lawless ravager, Zaphimri comes
To wreak his justice on thee.

[They fight and Zaphimri drives Timurkan off.]

MANDANE.

Now, just gods,
Sinew his arm, and guide the blow for freedom.

MIRVAN.

See there, behold, he darts upon his prey.

ZAPHIMRI. *(Within)*

Die, bloodhound, die.

MIRVAN.

The Tartar drops his point.

MANDANE.

He falls, the victim falls.

ZAPHIMRI. *(Within)*

My father strikes ;
He gives the blow ; and this, thou fell destroyer,
This for a nation's groans.

Enter HAMET.

HAMET.

Where is Zaphimri ?
Direct me to him---

MANDANE.

Hamet !---oh ! my son ;

Once

Once more I clasp thee in thy mother's arms;
 Lo! where the monster quivers on the ground!
 Let me seek Zamti with the glorious tidings,
 And call him back to liberty and joy.

[Exit with Mirvan.]

Enter ZAPHIMRI.

ZAPHIMRI.

This reeking blade hath drunk the tyrant's blood.

HAMET.

China again is free---there lies the corse
 That breath'd destruction to the world.

ZAPHIMRI.

Yes there,
 Tyrannic guilt, behold thy fatal end,
 The wages of thy sins.

Enter MORAT.

HAMET.

Oh! Morat wellcome,
 Wellcome to conquest, freedom and revenge.

MORAT.

Revenge now stalks abroad: our valiant leaders
 True to the destin'd hour at once broke forth
 From ev'ry quarter, on th' astonish'd foe.

ZAPHIMRI.

Lo! Timurkan lies levell'd with the dust.

MORAT.

MORAT.

Oppression's iron rod at length is broke.
My King! my Sov'reign!

[*Kneels to Zaphimri.*]

ZAPHIMRI.

Rise: the time demands
Far other cares: where are my gallant friends?
Is the wild tumult o'er, and have they conquer'd?

MORAT.

The gates, the ramparts, and the citadel,
Each pass is ours: the unsuspecting foe
Hemm'd in on ev'ry side resists in vain.
Ostar is fall'n: all cover'd o'er with wounds
He met his fate, and still the slaught'ring sword
Invades the city sunk in sleep and wine.

ZAPHIMRI.

Send forth, and let Orafming strait proclaim
Zaphimri King, my subjects rights restor'd.

[*Exit Morat.*]

Now where is Zamti? where my more than father?
Where is Mandane? Lead me, lead me to them.

Enter MIRVAN.

ZAPHIMRI.

What means that pale despair?

MIRVAN.

Oh! dire mischance!
While here I trembled for the great event,
The unrelenting slaves, whose trade is death,

N

Began

Began their work ; nor piety, nor age
 Could touch their felon-hearts ; they seiz'd on Zamti
 And bound him on the wheel ; a prey to villains
 We found the good, the venerable man
 Smiling in pangs ; all frantic at the sight
 Mandane plung'd a poniard in her breast.
 With him I liv'd, she cried, with him will die.

HAMET.

Oh ! Heav'n ! my mother ! summon ev'ry aid
 To call her back to life.---

MIRVAN.

In th' arms of death
 Ev'n now she struggles.

ZAPHIMRI.

Fatal rashness. Say,
 Is Zamti too destroy'd ?

MIRVAN.

Life ebbs apace.
 Releas'd from anguish, with what strength remain'd,
 He reach'd the couch, where lost Mandane lies,
 There threw his mangled limbs, there clinging to her
 He pours his sad lamentings, in a strain
 Might call each pitying angel from the sky
 To sympathize with human woe.

The Back-scene opens.

ZAPHIMRI.

And see,
 See on that mournfull bier he clasps her still ;
 Still hangs upon each faded feature ; still
 To her deaf ear complains in bitter anguish.

Zamti and Mandane are brought forward on a couch.

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Yet live, Mandane; thou may'st still be happy---
Thou hast not merited an end like this.

MANDANE.

The hand of death ev'n now is heavy on me.

ZAPHIMRI.

Are these our triumphs? these our promis'd joys?

ZAMTI.

The musick of that voice recalls my soul.

*Rises, and runs to embrace Zaphimri; his
strength fails, and he falls at his feet.*

My Prince! my King!---

ZAPHIMRI.

Support him; bear him up.

MANDANE.

Where is my child, my Hamet? lives he still?

HAMET.

He lives, but oh! to see my mother thus---

MANDANE.

Oh! let me fold thee (*rises*) ha!---it is too much---
I thank you Heav'n; these are a mother's joys,---
And these you give to cheer me in my passage.
Soft, lay me, lay me down---

HAMET.

Her eyes are fixed;
A death like paleness spreads o'er ev'ry feature.

ZAPHIMRI (*Raising ZAMTI.*)

How fares it Zamti now?

ZAMTI.

Oh! blest event!

I could not hope such tidings; thee, my King,
And Hamet too, I thought you both destroy'd.
My flow remains of life cannot endure
These strong vicissitudes of grief and joy.
And there---there lies Mandane---lead me to her.
Mandane, look upon me; once again
Let me behold the day-light of thy eyes.

MANDANE.

Alas! those eyes no more must gaze upon thee;
That dear delight is fled;---thee too, my son,
No more I now must see thee; snatch'd from death,
This day restor'd,---after whole years of absence---
I leave thee now;---I leave my child for ever---
The heart-string breaks---oh! that thought tears---
it cleaves---
It drowns me in my tears.

ZAMTI.

I pray ye lead me---
Conduct me to her---nearer still---that both---
Alas! I faint---support me---

[Faints in their arms.]

HAMET.

Once again
Mandane speak, and let me hear thy voice---

MANDANE.

Hamet,---thy hand---forgive---forgive my rashness.
Could

Could I survive your father? no---with him
The scene was clos'd---but---is the tyrant dead?

HAMET.

His debt is paid.

MANDANE.

Alas! I follow him---
I follow thither, where eternal justice
Exalts the just, and humbles the oppressor.
And thee, my son, I leave thee here in freedom.
That joy is mine---copy your father's actions---
You need no more: mankind will bless thee for it.
Remember all his precepts: his example
Will guide thy steps, and marshal thee to glory---
I die resign'd---and yet---and yet its hard,---
When freedom dawns,---and after all my sufferings---
Its hard, my child, your mother now should thee---
Zamti---where is he?

ZAMTI. (*Coming to himself*)

Bend me, bend me forward---

MANDANE.

Alas! that fight---oh! Zamti---Hamet---oh!
[Dies.]

ZAMTI.

She's gone, for ever, ever gone,---Mandane!
[Sinks down by her.]

Thus do I see thee?---cold---alas! death-cold!
Cold is that breast, where virtue from above
Fix'd her delighted mansion; and those lips
That utter'd heav'nly truth---pale! pale! dead---
dead!

Pray ye entomb me with her.---

ZA-

ZAPHIMRI.

Take, ye pow'rs,
 Your throne, your crown; take all your conquests
 back,
 Zaphimri never can survive---

ZAMTI.

I charge thee live---
 A base desertion of the public weal
 Will ill become a King---alas! my son---
 By that dear tender name if once again
 Zamti may call thee---this is now the last,
 The only interview we ever shall have---

ZAPHIMRI.

And will ye then, inexorable gods
 Will ye then tear him from my aching heart?

ZAMTI.

The moral duties of the private man
 Are grafted in thy soul. But oh! remember,
 The mean immutable of happiness,
 Or in the vale of life, or on a throne,
 Is virtue:---each bad action of a King
 Extends beyond his life, and oft renews
 Its tyranny o'er ages yet unborn.
 To error mild, severe to guilt, protect
 The helpless innocent; be truth thy passion;
 Spurn the base flatterer, and learn to feel
 The best delight of serving human kind.

HAMET.

He dies, he dies, the agony is on him---

ZAMTI.

ZAMTI.

Life harass'd out, pursued with barb'rous art
 Thro' ev'ry trembling joint now fails at once---
 Zaphimri---oh! farewell---I shall not see
 The glories of thy reign---my son---my Hamet---
 Thou good young man, farewell---Mandane, yes,
 My soul with pleasure wings her flight, that thus
 Faithfull in death I leave these cold remains
 Near thy dear honour'd clay,

[Dies.]

ZAPHIMRI.

And art thou dead,
 Thou best of men? then must Zaphimri pine
 In ever-during grief, since thou art lost,
 Since that firm patriot, whose parental care
 Should raise, should guide, should animate my
 virtues,
 Lies there a breathless corse.

HAMET.

My liege, forbear;
 Live for your people; madness and despair
 Belong to woes like mine.

ZAPHIMRI.

Thy woes, indeed,
 Are great, thou pious youth; yes I will live
 To soften thy afflictions; to assuage
 A nation's grief when such a pair expires.
 Come to my heart; in thee another Zamti
 Shall bless the realm---now let me hence to hail
 My people with the sound of peace; that done,
 To these a gratefull monument shall rise,
 With all sepulchral honour; frequent there

We'll

We'll offer incence ; there each weeping muse
Shall grave the tributary verse ; with tears
Embalm their memories, and teach mankind
Howe'er oppression stalk the groaning earth,
Yet Heav'n, in its own hour, can bring relief,
Can blast the tyrant in his guilty pride,
And prove the Orphan's guardian to the last.

E P I L O G U E

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

THROUGH five long acts I've wore my sighing face,
Confin'd by critic laws to time and place:
Releas'd at length, I ramble as I please;
Back to dear London whisk o'er land and seas;
Ladies excuse my dress; 'tis true Chineze.

And now, no husband to torment my brain,
Escap'd from daggers, and from tragic strain,
Let us enjoy our dear small talk again.

How could this bard successfull hope to prove;
So many heroes, and not one in love!
No suitor here to talk of flames that thrill;
To say the civil thing---"your eyes so kill"---
No ravisher, to force one---to one's will.
That Timurkan!---an odious, horrid brute!
Whom only wars, and blood and horror suit.
If in the guards he first had learn'd his trade,
Gam'd at the Tilt-yard, loung'd on the Parade;
At Play and Opera blaz'd an am'rous spark,
And shone the MACCARONI of the Park;
Had he march'd boldly to the Tow'r for fame,
And at St. James's felt the tender flame;
Think ye, for Zamti I had died a martyr?
The man, in that case, would have caught a TARTAR.

You've seen their Eastern virtues, patriot passions;
But now for something of their taste and fashions.

VOL. I.

O

"Oh!

“ Oh! Lord! *that’s charming,*” cries my Lady Fidget,
 “ I long to know it; do the creatures visit?
 “ Dear Mrs. Yates, do, tell us---well, how is it?” }

*First as to beauty, set your hearts at rest;
 They’ve all broad foreheads, and pigs eyes at best.
 And then they lead such strange, such formal lives;
 A little more at home than English wives!
 Lest the poor things should roam, and prove untrue,
 They all are crippled in the tiny shoe.
 A hopefull scheme to keep a wife from madding!
 We pinch our feet, and yet are ever gadding.
 Then they’ve no cards; no routs; ne’er take their fling;
 And pin-money is an unheard of thing.
 And how d’ye think they write?---you’ll ne’er divine;
 From top to bottom down in one straight line.
 We, ladies, when our flames we cannot smother,
 Write letters---from one corner down to t’other.*

*One mode there is in which both climes agree;
 I scarce can tell---’mongst friends then let it be;
 The creatures love to cheat as well as we.* }

*But blest my wits! I’ve quite forgot the bard;
 A civil soul!---by me he sends this card.
 “ PRESENTS RESPECTS”---to ev’ry lady here;
 “ HOPES FOR THE HONOUR”---of a single tear.
 The critics then will throw their dirt in vain;
 Tears from those eyes will wash out ev’ry stain;
 Your tears true verdure to the laurel give;
 The scene, that moves your hearts, deserves to live;
 All else is labour’d rant, and fustian rage;
 Each drop, you fall, embalms the poet’s page.*

T O

M. DE V O L T A I R E,

S I R,

A LETTER to you from an English author may carry with it the appearance of corresponding with the enemy, not only as the two nations are at present involved in a difficult and important war, but also because in many of your late writings you seem determined to live in a state of hostility with the British nation. Whenever we come in your way, “we are ferocious; we are islanders; “we are the people whom your country has taught; we “fall behind other nations in point of taste and elegance “of composition; the same cause that has withheld from “us a genius for painting and music, has also deprived us “of the true spirit of Tragedy; and, in short, barbarism “still prevails among us.”

Of these high-toned decisions, as boldly hazarded, as they are feebly supported, it shall be my business to address my sentiments to you upon some future occasion. The enquiry will lead to a wide field of discussion: relying upon the great name, established by two or three writers of the last century, writers indeed of great value, and justly admired throughout Europe, you have assumed in favour of France, the prize of dramatic excellence: the claim is roundly asserted, and should it hereafter appear to have no foundation in truth, you are sure at least of proving yourself a good citizen, though not the best of critics*. The national vanity, which has given rise to many reflections upon the theatric genius of the English nation, may be excusable; but the fallacy, with which a great deal of misrepresentation has been artfully coloured, to assist your favourite hypothesis, deserves to be minutely examined. The interests of the drama and the cause of truth seem to require it. For the purpose of the present letter it will be sufficient to say, notwithstanding the vein of prejudice, which has discoloured most of your *fugitive* pieces, that there still breathes throughout your writings such a general

* Dum patriam laudat, damnat dum poggius hostam,
Nec malus est civis, nec bonus historicus.

spirit of humanity and zeal for the honour of the Republic of Letters, that I am inclined to imagine the author of the English Orphan of China (an obscure islander) may still address you upon terms of amity and literary benevolence.

I have attempted a Tragedy upon a subject that has exercised your excellent talents: I have dared to try my strength in the Bow of ULYSSES; I hold myself therefore, in some sort accountable to M. De VOLTAIRE for the departure I have made from his plan, and the substitution of a new fable of my own.

My first propensity to this story was occasioned by the remarks of an admirable critic * of our own, upon the ORPHAN OF THE HOUSE OF CHAU, preserved to us by the industrious and sensible P. DU HALDE.

The Chineze piece, as our learned commentator observes, amidst great wildness and irregularity, has some traces of resemblance to the beautiful models of antiquity. In my reflections upon it, I imagined I saw a blemish in the manner of saving the Orphan, by the tame resignation of another infant in his place; especially when the subject afforded a fair opportunity to delineate the strugglings of a parent, on so trying an occasion. It therefore occurred to me, that if a fable could be framed, in which the Father and the two Young Men might be interwoven with probability and perspicuity, without being embarrassed with all the perplexities of a riddle, as, you know, is the case of the HERACLIUS of CORNEILLE, many situations might arise, in which some of the nearest affections of the heart might be awakened: but even then I was too conscious that this must be executed in its full force, by a genius very different from myself.

In this state of mind, sir, I heard with pleasure that M. De VOLTAIRE had produced at Paris his L'ORPHELIN DE LA CHINE: I ardently longed for a perusal of the piece, expecting that such a writer would certainly seize all the striking incidents which might naturally grow out of so pregnant a story, and that he would leave no source of passion unopened. I was in some sort, but not wholly disappointed: I saw M. De VOLTAIRE rushing into the midst of things at once; opening his subject in an alarming manner; and, after the narrative relating to GENGISKAN is over, working up his first act like a poet indeed.

* Mr. Hurd, in his Commentary upon Horace.

Meum qui pectus inaniter angit
Ut Magus.

In the beginning of the second act, he again touches our affections with a master-hand; but, like a rower who has put forth all his strength, and suddenly slackens his exertion, I saw, or imagined I saw, him give way all at once: the great tumult of the passions is over; the interest wears away; GENGISKAN talks politics; the tenderness of a mother, flying with all the strong impulses of nature to the relief of her child, is thrown into cold unimpassioned narrative; the *role pour l'amoureux* must have its place, and the rough conqueror of a whole people becomes *Le Chevalier* GENGISKAN, as errant a lover as ever sighed in the Thuilleries at Paris. Your own words, sir, strongly expressive of that manly and sensible taste, which distinguishes you throughout Europe, occurred to me upon this occasion: “Quelle place pour la galanterie que le parricide & l’inceste, qui désolent une famille, & la contagion qui ravage un pais? Et quel exemple plus frappant du ridicule de notre theatre, & du pouvoir de l’habitude, que Corneille d’un côté, qui fait dire à Thésée.----

“ Quelque ravage affreux qu’étale ici la Peste;

“ L’absence aux vrais amans est encore plus funeste.
“ Et moi, qui, soixante ans apres lui, viens faire parler une vielle Jocaste d’un viel amour: & tout cela pour complaire au goût le plus fade & le plus faux qui ait jamais corrompu la littérature.” Indeed, sir, GENGISKAN, in the very moment of overwhelming a whole nation, usurping a crown, and massacring the royal family, except one infant, whom he is in quest of, appeared to me exactly like the amorous THESEUS in the midst of a destructive plague. “Nunc non erat his locus.”----How would that noble performance, that *Chef d’œuvre* of your country, the *ATHALIE* of RACINE, have been defaced by the gallantry of an intrigue, if a tyrant had been introduced under the soft and gentle influence of a tender passion for the wife of the high-priest? or if JOAD, entertaining a secret affection for *ATHALIE*, and being asked what orders he would give relating to the delivery of his country, should answer, “aucune,” none at all.----And yet this is the language of a northern conqueror, whining for a Mandarin’s wife, who had no power of resisting, and having no relation to the royal family, could not, by an intermarriage, strengthen his interest in the crown. But to you, who have told us
that

that Love should reign a very tyrant in Tragedy, or not appear there at all, being unfit for the second place; to you, who have said that NERO should not hide himself behind a tapestry to overhear the conversation of his mistress and his rival; to you, sir, what need I urge these remarks?---To fill up the long career of a tragedy with this episodic love must certainly have been the motive that led you into this error: an error I take the liberty to call it, because I have observed it to be the hackneyed and ineffectual stratagem of many modern writers as well in England as in France. Within the compass of my reading, there is hardly a bad man in any play, but he is in love with some very good woman: the scenes that pass between them, I have always remarked, are found dull and unawakening by the audience, even though adorned with all the graces of composition such as yours, of which it is but justice to say, that it bestows embellishments upon every subject.

For me, sir, who only draw in crayons, who have no resource to those lasting colours of imagination with which you set off every thing; a writer such as I am, sir, could not presume to support that duplicity of passion which runs through your piece. I could not pretend, by the powers of style, to suborn an audience in favour of those secondary passages, from which their attention naturally revolts. A plainer and more simple method lay before me. I was obliged to keep the main object as much as possible before the eye; and therefore it was that I took a survey of my subject, in order to catch at every thing that seemed to me to result with order and propriety from it. A scantiness of interesting business seemed to me a primary defect in the construction of the French ORPHAN OF CHINA, and that defect I imagined had its source in the early date of your play. By beginning "*gemino ab ovo*," by making the Orphan and the Mandarin's son children in their cradles, it appeared to me that you had stripped yourself of two characters, which might be produced in an amiable light, so as to engage the affections of their auditors, not only for themselves, but consequentially for those also to whom they stand in any degree of relation. From this conduct I proposed a further advantage, that of effacing the very obvious resemblance to the ANDROMACHE, which now strikes every body in your plan. This last remark I do not urge against accidental and distant coincidences of sentiment, diction, or fable. Many of the Greek plays, we know, had a family-
likeness,

likeness, such as an *ŒDIPUS*, an *ELECTRA*, an *IPHIGENIA* in *TAURIS*, in *AULIS*, a *MEROPE*, &c. But what is a beauty in *RACINE*, seems in his great successor to be a blemish. In the former, nothing depends on the life of *ASTYANAX* but what was very natural, the happiness of the mother: in the latter, the fate of a kingdom is grafted upon the fortunes of an infant; and I ask your own feelings, (for no body knows the human heart better) whether an audience is likely to take any considerable interest in the destiny of a babe, who, when your *Zamti* has saved him, cannot produce any change, any revolution in the affairs of China? No, sir; the conquered remain in the same abject state of vassalage, and the preservation of the infant king becomes therefore almost uninteresting, certainly unimportant: whereas when the Orphan is grown up to maturity, when he is a moral agent in the piece, when he has a plan for revenging himself on the destroyers of his family, it then becomes a more pressing motive in the Mandarin's mind; nay, it is almost his duty, in such a case, to sacrifice even his own offspring for the good of his country. In your story, sir, give me leave to say, I do not see what end can be answered by *ZAMTI*'s loyalty: his prospect of any real service to his country is so distant, that it becomes almost chimerical. For this reason, and because history warrants an expulsion of the Tartars; because it was not upon the first inroad, but in process of time and experience, that they learned to incorporate themselves with the conquered, by adopting their laws and customs, I had recourse to my own preconceived notions. Whether I was partially attached to them, or whether my reasonings upon your fable were just, you, sir, and the public, will determine.

You will perceive, sir, in the English Orphan a few occasional insertions of sentiment from your elegant performance. To use the expression of Mr. *DRYDEN*, when he talks of *BEN JOHNSON*'s imitation of the ancients, you *will often track me in your snow*. For this I shall make no apology, either to the public or to you: none to the public, because they have applauded some strokes for which I am indebted to you; and none certainly to you, because you are well aware I have in this instance followed the example of many admired writers; *BOILEAU*, *CORNEILLE*, and *RACINE*, in France; and in England, *MILTON*, Mr. *ADDISON*, and Mr. *POPE*. It was finely said by you, (I have read the story, and take it upon trust) when it was objected
to

to the celebrated METASTASIO, as a reproach, that he had frequent transfusions of thought from your writings, "Ah ! le cher voleur ! il m'a bien embelli." This talent of embellishing I do not pretend to ; to avail myself of my reading, and to improve my own productions, is all I can pretend to ; and this I flatter myself I have done, not only by transplanting from you, but also from many of the writers of antiquity. If the authorities I have above mentioned were not sufficient, I could add another very bright example, the example of M. De VOLTAIRE, whom I have often tracked, to use the same expression again, in the *snow of Shakespear*. The snow of SHAKESPEAR is but a cold expression ; but perhaps it will be more agreeable to you, than a word of greater energy, strong enough to convey a full idea of the astonishing powers of that great man ; for we islanders have remarked of late, that M. De VOLTAIRE has a particular satisfaction in descanting on the faults of that wonderfull genius, the greatest perhaps, that ever existed since the æra of HOMER. In this treatment of SHAKESPEAR, we observe, sir, a species of ingratitude ; for in many of your plays we perceive you under obligations to that SAVAGE, as you are pleased to call him, for some of the striking beauties both of your fable and the sentiment. Of what is here advanced, it is not now the time to give the particular instances. The number of those instances is, however, very considerable ; insomuch, that an ingenious and excellent person tells me, whenever you speak, in your *avant propos*, in terms degrading of the great English bard, he always deems it a sure prognostic that your play is the better for him.

If the great scenes of SHAKESPEAR, sir ; if his boundless view of all nature, the lawn, the wilderness, the blasted heath, mountains, and craggy rocks, with thunder and lightning on their brows ; if these cannot strike the imagination of Mr. De VOLTAIRE, how can I expect that the studied regularity of my little shrubbery should afford him any kind of pleasure ? To drop the metaphor, if the following tragedy does not appear to you a MONSTROUS FARCE, it is all I can reasonably expect. But whatever may be your opinion of it, I must beg that you will not make it the criterion by which you would decide concerning the taste of the English nation, or the present state of literature among us. What you have humbly said of yourself, in order to do honour to your nation, I can assert with
truth

truth of the author of the English ORPHAN, that he is one of the worst poets now in this country. It is true, indeed, that the play has been received with uncommon applause; that so elegant a writer as the author of CREUSA and THE ROMAN FATHER was my critic and my friend; and that a great deal of very particular honour has been done me by many persons of the first distinction. But, give me leave to say, they all know the faults of the piece as well as if it had been discussed by the academy of *Belles Lettres*. We are a generous nation, sir; and even the faintest approaches to merit, always meet here the warmest encouragement. Permit me further to assure you, in case you should discover any traces of barbarism in the style or fable, that if you had been present at the representation, you would have seen a theatrical splendor conducted with a *bienfaisance* unknown to the *scene Francoise*. The performers of ZAPHIMRI and HAMET, by their interesting manner, would have made you regret that you had not enriched your piece with two characters, to which a colourist, like you, would have given the most beautiful touches of the pencil, had the idea struck your fancy; and, though a weak state of health deprived the play of so fine an actress as Mrs. CIBBER, you would have beheld in MANDANE a figure that would adorn any stage in Europe, and you would have acknowledged that her Acting promises to equal the elegance of her person: moreover, you would have seen a ZAMTI, whose exquisite powers are capable of adding Pathos and Harmony even to our great SHAKESPEAR; and let me add, sir, that the genius of this performer has been in MAHOMET, in MEROPE, and ZARA, the chief support of your own scenes upon the English stage.

Upon the whole, I beg you will not imagine that I have written this Tragedy in the fond hope of eclipsing so celebrated a writer as M. De VOLTAIRE: I had an humbler motive; *propter amorem quod te imitari avelo*. Could I do that in any distant degree, it would very amply gratify the ambition of,

Sir, your real admirer,

and most humble servant,

London, April 30, 1759.

The AUTHOR of
The ORPHAN of CHINA.

TOM DE VRIES A.M.

THE AMERICAN

THE AMERICAN

THE AMERICAN

Z E N O B I A :

A

T R A G E D Y.

Performed at the

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.

----- ut atrum
Corpore combiberet Venenum;
Deliberatâ morte ferocior.

HOR.

THE ROYAL

THEATRE

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

THE ROYAL

----- at the

Corporation of the

Deliberate notice

Hon.

P R O L O G U E:

Spoken by Mr. H O L L A N D.

O F old,---when Greece in a declining age
Of lawless pow'r had felt the barb'rous rage,
This was the tyrant's art:---He gave a prize
To him, who a new pleasure should devise.

*Ye tyrants of the Pit, whose cold disdain
Rejects and nauseates the repeated strain;
Who call for rarities to quicken sense,
Say, do you always the reward dispense?*

*Ye bards, to whom French wit gives kind relief,
Are ye not oft the first---to cry STOP THIEF!*

*Say, to a brother do you e're allow
One little sprig, one leaf to deck his brow?*

*No; fierce invective stuns the play-wright's ears,
Wits, Poets corner, Ledgers, Gazetteers?*

*'Tis said, the Tartar, e're he pierce the heart,
Inscribes his name upon his poison'd dart.*

*That scheme's rejected by each scribbling spark;
Our Christian system---stabs you in the dark.*

*And yet the desp'rate author of to-night
Dares on the muses wing another flight;*

*Once more, a dupe to Fame, forsakes his ease,
And feels th' ambition here again to please.*

*He brings a tale from a far distant age,
Ennobled by the grave historic page! **

*Zenobia's woes have touch'd each polish'd state;
The brightest eyes of France have mourn'd her fate.*

*Harmonious Italy her tribute paid,
And sung a dirge to her lamented shade.*

*Yet think not that we mean to mock the eye
With pilfer'd colours of a foreign dye.*

* Tacitus Ann. Lib. 12. Sect. 44, to the end of 51.

NOT to translate our bard his pen doth dip ;
 He takes a play, as Britons take a ship ;
 They heave her down;---with many a sturdy stroke,
 Repair her well, and build with heart of oak.
 To ev'ry breeze set Britain's streamers free,
 NEW-MAN her, and away again to sea.

This is our author's aim;---and if his art
 Waken to sentiment the feeling heart ;
 If in his scenes alternate passion burn,
 And friendship, love, guilt, virtue take their turn ;
 If innocence oppress'd lie bleeding here,
 You'll give---'tis all he asks---one VIRTUOUS TEAR.

Dramatis Personæ.

PHARASMANES,	Mr. AICKIN.
RHADAMISTUS,	Mr. BARRY.
TERIBAZUS,	Mr. HOLLAND.
ZOPIRON,	Mr. PACKER.
TIGRANES,	Mr. HURST.
MEGISTUS,	Mr. HAVARD.

ZENOBIAS,	Mrs. BARRY.
ZELMIRA,	Mrs. W. BARRY.

Attendants, Guards, &c.

SCENE lies in Pharasmanes' Camp, on the Banks of the
 Araxes.

Z E N O B I A.

A C T the F I R S T.

ZELMIRA.

TH R O' the wide camp 'tis awful solitude!
On ev'ry tent, which at the morning's dawn
Rung with the din of arms, deep silence sits
Adding new terrors to the dreadful scene!
My heart dies in me!--hark!--with hideous roar
The turbulent Araxes foams along,
And rolls his torrent thro' yon depth of woods!
'Tis terrible to hear!--who's there?--Zopiron!
My lord, my husband, help me, lend your aid.

Enter ZOPIRON.

ZOPIRON.

Why didst thou leave thy tent?---why thus afflict
Thy anxious breast?---ere yonder sun shall visit
The western sky, all will be hush'd to peace.

ZELMIRA.

The interval is horrid; big with woe,
With consternation, peril and dismay!
And oh! if here, while yet the fate of nations
Suspended hangs upon the doubtful sword,
If here the trembling heart thus shrink with horror,
Here in these tents, in this unpeopled camp,
Oh! think, Zopiron, in yon field of death

Where

Where numbers soon in purple heaps shall bleed,
 What feelings there must throb in ev'ry breast?
 How long, ambition, wilt thou stalk the earth
 And thus lay waste mankind!----

ZOPIRON.

This day at length
 The warlike king, victorious Pharasmanes
 Closes the scene of war. The Roman bands
 But ill can cope with the embattled numbers
 Asia pours forth, a firm undaunted host!
 A nation under arms! and every bosom
 To deeds of glory fir'd!---Iberia then----

ZELMIRA.

Perish Iberia! may the sons of Rome
 Pour rapid vengeance on her falling ranks,
 That he, who tramples on the rights of nature,
 May see his vassals over-whelm'd in ruin,
 May from yon field be led in fullen chains,
 To grace the triumph of imperial Rome,
 And from th' assembled senate humbly learn
 The dictates of humanity and justice!

ZOPIRON.

Thy generous zeal, thy ev'ry sentiment
 Charms my delighted soul. But thou be cautious,
 And check the rising ardor that inflames thee.
 The tyrant spares nor sex, nor innocence.

ZELMIRA.

Indignant of controul, he spurns each law,
 Each holy sanction, that restrains the nations,
 And forms 'twixt man and man the bond of peace.

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

This is the tyger's den; with human gore
 For ever floats the pavement; with the shrieks
 Of matrons weeping o'er their slaughter'd sons,
 The cries of virgins to the brutal arms
 Of violation dragg'd, with ceaseless groans
 Of varied misery for ever rings
 The dreary region of his curs'd domain.

ZELMIRA.

To multiply his crimes, a beauteous captive,
 Th' afflicted Ariana---she---for her,
 For that fair excellence my bosom bleeds!
 She, in the prime of ev'ry blooming grace,
 When next the glowing hour of riot comes,
 Shall fall a victim to his base desires.

ZOPIRON.

The bounteous gods may succour virtue still!
 In this day's battle, which perhaps e're now
 The charging hosts have join'd, should Roman valour
 Prevail o'er Asia's numbers---

ZELMIRA.

That event
 Is all our hope.---And lo! on yonder rampart
 Trembling with wild anxiety she stands,
 Invokes each god, and bids her straining eye
 Explore the distant field.

ZOPIRON.

Yes, there she's fix'd
 A statue of despair!---That tender bosom
 Heaves with no common grief: I've mark'd her oft,
 And if I read aright, some mighty cause
 Of hoarded anguish, some peculiar woe

Preys on her mind unseen!---But, ha! behold,
 She faints;---her fears too pow'rful for her fame
 Sink that frail beauty drooping to the earth.

[Exit hastily.]

ZELMIRA.

Haste, fly, Zopiron, fly with instant succour;
 Assuage the sorrows of that gentle spirit!
 Her flutt'ring sense returns;---and now this way
 The virgins lead her.---May the avenging gods!
 In pity of the woes such virtue feels,
 In pity of the wrongs a world endures,
 With pow'r resistless arm the Roman legions,
 That they may hurl in one collected blow
 Assur'd destruction on the tyrant's head!

Enter ZENOBIA, leaning on two attendants.

ZENOBIA.

A little onward, still a little onward
 Support my steps---

ZELMIRA.

How fares it, madam, now?

ZENOBIA.

My strength returns; I thank ye, gen'rous maids,
 And would I could requite you: fruitless thanks
 Are all a wretch can give.

First attendant.

The gentle office
 Of mild benevolence our nature prompts;
 Your merit too commands: on Ariana
 We tend with willing, with delighted care,
 And that delight o'er pays us for our trouble.

ZE-

ZENOBIA.

Your cares for me denote a heart that feels
For others woes. Methinks with strength renew'd
I could adventure forth again.

Second attendant.

'Twere best
Repose your wearied spirits. We will seek
Yon rising ground, and bring the swiftest tidings
Of all the mingled tumult.

ZENOBIA.

Go, my virgins;
Watch well each movement of the marshall'd field;
Each turn of fortune; let me know it all;
Each varying circumstance.

ZENOBIA, ZELMIRA.

ZELMIRA.

And will you thus,
Be doom'd for ever, Ariana, thus
A willing prey to visionary ills,
The self-consuming votarist of care?

ZENOBIA.

Alas! I'm doom'd to weep; the wrath of heav'n
With inexhausted vengeance follows still,
And each day comes with aggravated woes.

ZELMIRA.

Yet when Iberia's king, when Pharasmanes,
With all a lover's fondness---

ZENOBIA.

Name him not!
 Name not a monster horrible with blood,
 The widows, orphans, and the virgin's tears!

ZELMIRA.

Yet savage as he is, at sight of thee
 Each fiercer passion softens into love.
 To you he bends; the monarch of the east
 Dejected droops beneath your cold disdain,
 And all the tyranny of female pride.

ZENOBIA.

That pride is virtue; virtue that abhors
 The tyrant reeking from a brother's murder!
 Oh! Mithridates! ever honour'd shade!
 Peaceful he reign'd, dispensing good around him,
 In the mild eye of honourable days!
 Thro' all her peopled realm Armenia felt
 His equal sway; the sunset of his pow'r
 With fainter beams, but undiminish'd glory,
 Still shone serene, while ev'ry conscious subject
 With tears of praise beheld his calm decline,
 And bless'd the parting ray! yet then, Zelmira,
 Oh! fact accurs'd! yes Pharasmanes then,
 Detested perfidy! nor ties of blood,
 Nor sacred laws, nor the just gods restrain him;
 In the dead midnight hour the fell assassin
 Rush'd on the slumber of the virtuous man;
 His life blood gush'd; the venerable king
 Wak'd, saw a brother arm'd against his life,
 Forgave him and expir'd!

ZELMIRA.

Yet wherefore open
 Afresh the wounds, which time long since hath clos'd?
 This day confirms his scepter in his hand.

ZE.

ZENOBIA.

Confirms his sceptre!---his!---indignant gods,
Will no red vengeance from your stores of wrath
Burst down to crush the tyrant in his guilt?
His sceptre, saidst thou? urge that word no more;
The sceptre of his son! the solemn right
Of Rhadamistus! Mithridates' choice,
That call'd him to his daughter's nuptial bed,
Approv'd him lineal heir; consenting nobles,
The public will, the sanction of the laws,
All ratified his claim; yet curs'd ambition,
Deaf to a nation's voice, a nation's charter,
Nor satisfied to fill Iberia's throne,
Made war, unnatural war, against a son,
Usurp'd his crown, and with remorseless rage
Pursued his life.

ZELMIRA.

Can Ariana plead
For such a son? means she to varnish o'er
The guilt of Rhadamistus?

ZENOBIA.

Guilt, Zelmira!

ZELMIRA.

Guilt that shoots horror thro' my aching heart!
Poor lost Zenobia!

ZENOBIA.

And do her misfortunes
Awaken tender pity in your breast?

ZELMIRA.

Ill-fated princess! in her vernal bloom

By

By a false husband murder'd ! from the stem
A Rose-bud torn, and in some desert cave
Thrown by to moulder into silent dust !

ZENOBIA.

You knew not Rhadamistus ! Pharasmanes
Knew not the early virtues of his son.
As yet an infant, in his tend'rest years
His father sent him to Armenia's court,
That Mithridates' care might form his mind
To arts, to wisdom, and to manners worthy
Armenia's sceptre, and Zenobia's love.
The world delighted saw each dawning virtue,
Each nameless grace to full perfection rising !
Oh ! he was all the fondest maid could wish,
All truth, all honour, tenderness and love !
Yet from his empire thrown ! with merciless fury
His father following, slaughter raging round,
What could the hero in that dire extreme ?

ZELMIRA.

Those strong impassion'd looks ! some fatal secret
Works in her heart, and melts her into tears. [*Aside.*

ZENOBIA.

Driv'n to the margin of Araxes' flood,
No means of flight, aghast he look'd around :
Wild throb'd his bosom with conflicting passions,
And must I then ? tears gush'd and choak'd his voice,
And must I leave thee then Zenobia ? must
Thy beauteous form---he paus'd, then aim'd a po-
niard
At his great heart---but oh ! I rush'd upon him,
And with these arms close-wreathing round his neck,
With all the vehemence of pray'rs and shrieks,
Implor'd the only boon he then could grant
To perish with him in a fond embrace,

The

The foe drew near; time press'd, no way was left;
He clasp'd me to his heart; together both,
Lock'd in the folds of love, we plung'd at once,
And fought a requiem in the roaring flood.

ZELMIRA.

This wondrous tale, this sudden burst of passion,

ZENOBIA.

Ha!---whither has my frenzy led me?---hark!
That sound of triumph! lost, for ever lost!
Ruin'd Armenia! oh! devoted race!

A flourish of trumpets.

Enter TIGRANES, Soldiers, *and some* Prisoners.

ZENOBIA.

Thy looks, Tigranes, indicate thy purpose!
The armies met, and Pharasmanes conquer'd;
Is it not so?

TIGRANES.

As yet with pent up fury
The soldier pants to let destruction loose.
With eager speed we urg'd our rapid march,
To where the Romans tented in the vale
With cold delay protract the ling'ring war.
At our approach their scanty numbers form'd
Their feeble lines, the future prey of vengeance.

ZENOBIA.

And wherefore, when thy sword demands its share
Of havock in that scene of blood and horror,
Wherefore return'st thou to this lonely camp?

TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

With cautious eye as I explor'd the forest,
Which rises thick near yonder ridge of mountains,
And stretches o'er th' interminable plain,
I saw these captives in the gloomy wood
Seeking with silent march the Roman legions.
Here in this camp 'tis Pharasmanes' will
They wait their death in misery of torment.

ZENOBIA.

Unhappy men! and must they---ha!---that face,
That aged mien! that venerable form!
Immortal pow'rs!---is it my more than father?
Is that Megistus?

MEGISTUS.

Ariana here!
Gods! could I ever hope to see her more?
Thou virtuous maid! thou darling of my age!

ZENOBIA.

It is---it is Megistus!---once again
Thus let me fall and clasp his rev'rend knee,
Print the warm kifs of gratitude and love
Upon his trembling hand, and pour the tears,
The mingled tears of wonder and of joy.

MEGISTUS.

Rise, Ariana, rise: allmighty gods!
The tide of joy and transport pours too fast
Along these wither'd veins: it is too much
For a poor weak old man, worn out with grief
And palsied age, it is too much to bear!
Oh! Ariana, daughter of affliction,
Have I then found thee? do I thus behold thee!
Now I can die content!

ZENOBIA.

Thou best of men!

These joys our tears and looks can only speak.

MEGISTUS.

Yet they are cruel joys: mysterious Heav'n!
 You bid the storm o'ercast our darksome ways;
 You gild the cloud with gleams of cheering light;
 Then comes a breath from you, and all is vanish'd!

ZENOBIA.

Wherefore dejected thus?

MEGISTUS.

Alas! to meet thee
 But for a moment, and then part for ever!
 To add to thy afflictions, wound that bosom
 Where mild affection, where each virtue dwells,
 Just to behold thee, and then close my eyes
 In endless night, while you survey my pangs
 In the approaching agony of torment.

ZENOBIA.

Talk not of agony; 'tis rapture all!
 And who has pow'r to tear thee from my heart?

MEGISTUS.

Alas! the charge of vile imputed guilt---

ZENOBIA.

I know thy truth, thy pure exalted mind,
 Thy sense of noble deeds---imputed guilt!
 Oh! none will dare---hast thou Tigranes?---what,

What is his crime?---blush, foul traducer, blush!
 Oh! (*to Megistus*) the wide world must own thy ev'ry
 virtue.

TIGRANES.

If in the conscious forest I beheld
 Their dark plottings---

ZENOBIA.

Peace, vile slanderer, peace!
 Thou know'st who captivates a monarch's heart.
 'Tis I protect him; Ariana does it!
 Thou, venerable man! in my pavillion
 I'll lodge thee safe from danger. Oh! this joy,
 This best supreme delight the gods have sent,
 In pity for whole years of countless woe.
[Exit with Megistus.]

ZELMIRA, TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

With what wild fury her conflicting passions
 Rise to a storm, a tempest of the soul!
 I know the latent cause: her heart revolts,
 And leagues in secret with the Roman arms.

ZELMIRA.

Beware Tigranes; that excess of joy,
 Those quick, those varied passions strongly speak
 The stranger has an int'rest in her heart.
 Besides, thou know'st o'er Pharasmanes' will
 She holds supreme dominion.

TIGRANES.

True, she rules him
 With boundless sway.

ZEL.

ZELMIRA.

Nay, more to wake thy fears,
 The youthful prince, the valiant Teribazus
 In secret sighs, and feels the ray of beauty
 Through ev'ry sense soft-thrilling to his heart.
 He too becomes thy foe.

TIGRANES.

Unguarded man!
 Whate'er he loves or hates, with gen'rous warmth,
 As nature prompts, that dares he to avow,
 And lets each passion stand confess'd to view;
 Such too is Ariana; bold and open
 She kindly gives instructions to her foe,
 To marr her best designs.

ZELMIRA.

Her foe, Tigranes!
 That lovely form inshrines the gentlest virtues,
 Softest compassion, unaffected wisdom,
 To outward beauty lending higher charms
 Adorning and adorn'd! the gen'rous prince,
 He too, full well thou know'st him---he unites
 In the heroic mould of manly firmness,
 Each mild attractive art---oh! surely none
 Envy the fair renown that's earn'd by virtue.

TIGRANES.

None should Zelmira! ha! those warlike notes!

Enter TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

Each weary soldier rest upon his arms,
 And wait the King's return. Zelmira say,

R 2

In

In these dark moments of impending horror,
How fares thy beauteous friend? her tender spirit
But ill supports the fierce alarms of war.

Enter ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA.

Where is he? let me fly! oh! Pharasmanes,---
Methought those sounds bespoke the King's approach.
Oh! Teribazus, tell me, have the fates---
This horrible suspense.

TERIBAZUS.

I came, bright maid,
To hush the wild emotions of thy heart.
Devouring slaughter for a while suspends
His ruthless rage; as either host advanc'd
In dread array, and from the burnish'd arms
Of Asia's ranks redoubled sunbeams play'd,
Burning with bright diversities of day,
Came forth an herald from the Roman camp
With proffer'd terms: my father deign'd for once
To yield to mild persuasion: in his tent
Th' ambassador of Rome will soon attend him
To sheathe the sword, and give the nations peace.

ZENOBIA.

But oh! no peace for me, misfortune's heir!
The wretched heir of misery! but now
A more than father found,---yet cruel men
Would tear him from me---gen'rous, gen'rous prince,
Spare an old man, whose head is white with age,
Nor let 'em wound me with the sharpest pang
That ever tortur'd a poor bleeding heart.

TERIBAZUS.

Arise my fair; let not a storm of grief

Thus

Thus bend to earth my Ariana's beauties;
Soon shall they all revive---

ZENOBIA.

They brought him fetter'd,
Bound like a murderer!---Tigranes,---he,
This is the author of the horrid charge:
He threatens instant death: but oh! protect,
Protect an innocent, a good old man,
Or stretch me with him on the mournful bier.

TERIBAZUS.

By Heav'n, whoe'er he is, since dear to you,
He shall not suffer. Quick, direct me to him;
My guards shall safe inclose him.

ZENOBIA.

In my pavillion
He waits his doom.

TERIBAZUS.

Myself will bear the tidings
Of life, of joy, and liberty restor'd.
And thou artificer of ill, thou false,
Thou vile defamer! leave thy treach'rous arts,
Nor dare accuse whom Ariana loves.

ZENOBIA, ZELMIRA.

ZENOBIA.

Zelmira, this is happiness supreme!
Oh! to have met with unexempl'd goodness
To owe my all, my very life itself,
To an unknown but hospitable hand,
And thus enabled by the bounteous gods,
To pay the vast, vast debt! 'tis ecstasy

That

That swells above all bounds, till the fond heart
Ache with delight, and thus run o'er in tears.

ZELMIRA.

What must Zelmira think? at first your tongue
Grew lavish in the praise of Rhadamistus,
With hints obscure touching your high descent;
And now this hoary sage---is he your father?
My mind is lost in wonder and in doubt.

ZENOBIA.

Then to dispel thy doubts, and tell at once
What deep reserve has hid within my heart,
I am Zenobia! I that ill-starr'd wretch!
The daughter of a scepter'd ancestry,
And now the slave of Mithridates' brother!

ZELMIRA.

Long lost Zenobia, and restor'd at length!
I am your subject; oh! my queen! my sov'reign!

ZENOBIA.

Thou gen'rous friend! rise, my Zelmira, rise.
That good old man!--oh! it was he beheld me
Borne far away from Rhadamistus' arms,
Just perishing, just lost!--
He dash'd into the flood, redeem'd me thence,
And brought me back to life. My op'ning eyes
Just saw the light, and clos'd again to shun it.
Each vital pow'r was sunk, but he, well skill'd
In potent herbs, recall'd my flutt'ring soul.

ZELMIRA.

May the propitious gods reward his care.

ZE-

ZENOBIA.

With me he fav'd a dear, a precious boy,
 Then in the womb conceal'd; he fav'd my child
 To trace his father's lov'd resemblance to me,
 The dear, dear offspring of our bridal loves.

ZELMIRA.

Oh! blessings on him, blessings on his head!

ZENOBIA.

Resign'd and patient I since dwelt with him,
 Far in the mazes of a winding wood,
 Midst hoary mountains, and deep cavern'd rocks.
 But oh! the fond idea of my lord
 Pursued me still, or in the cavern'd rock,
 The mountain's brow, and pendent forest's gloom.
 The sun look'd joyless down; each lonely night
 Heard my griefs ecchoing thro' the woodland shade.
 My infant Rhadamistus!---he is lost,
 He too is wrested from me!---'midst the rage
 And the wide waste of war, the hell-hound troops
 Of Pharasmanes fought my lone retreat,
 And from the violated shades, from all
 My soul held dear, the barb'rous ruffians tore me,
 And never shall the wretched mother see
 Her child again!

ZELMIRA.

Heav'n may restore him still;
 May still restore your royal husband too.
 Who knows but some protecting god---

ZENOBIA.

No god,
 No guardian pow'r was present. He is lost!
 Oh! Rhadamistus!---oh! my honour'd lord!

No

No pitying eye beheld thy decent form;
 The rolling flood devour'd thee! thou hast found
 A watry grave, and the last dismal accents
 That trembled on thy tongue, came bubbling up,
 And murmur'd lost Zenobia!

ZELMIRA.

Yet be calm.
 The gods may bring redress: even now they give
 To misery like thine, the heartfelt joy
 Of shielding injur'd virtue.

ZENOBIA.

Yes, Zelmira,
 That pure delight is mine, a ray from Heav'n
 That bids affliction smile---All gracious pow'rs!
 Make me your agent here to save Megistus,
 I'll bear the load of life, bear all its ills
 Till you shall bid this sad world-weary spirit
 To peaceful regions wing her happy flight,
 And seek my lord in the dark realms of night;
 Seek his dear shade in ev'ry pensive grove,
 And bear him all my constancy and love.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T

ACT the SECOND.

TIGRANES.

A False accuser deem'd ! artificer of fraud !
 Those words intemp'rate boy ; thy phrenzy too,
 Deluded fair ! shall cost you dear atonement.

[Grand warlike music.]

A Military Procession: Enter PHARASMANES, &c..

PHARASMANES.

At length the fame of Pharasmanes' arms
 Hath aw'd the nations round : Rome shrinks aghast
 With pale dismay, recalls her trembling legions,
 And deprecates the war. Oh ! what a scene
 Of glorious havoc had yon field beheld,
 If peaceful counsels had not check'd my fury !
 Valiant Tigranes, those rebellious slaves,
 Thy care detected, have they suffer'd death ?

TIGRANES.

Your pardon, Sir : I would not utter aught
 Should injure Teribazus.

PHARASMANES.

Ha !---proceed,
 And give me all the truth.

TIGRANES.

By his command---
 His tender nature deem'd it barb'rous rigour,
 To urge their sentence.

PHARASMANES.

Vain aspiring boy !

Tell Teribazus,

[*Enter ZENOBIA*]

---tell th' unthinking prince,

These practices of popular demeanour,
Are treason to his father : let him know

Thro' wide Armenia and Iberia's realm

My will is fate : the slaves shall meet their doom.

ZENOBIA.

Oh ! mighty King,---thus bending lowly down,
An humble suppliant---

PHARASMANES.

Ariana here !

Thou beauteous mourner, let no care molest

Thy tender bosom ; rise and bid thy charms

Beam forth thy gentlest lustre, to adorn

The glories of my triumph.

ZENOBIA.

Oh ! a wretch like me

It best befits thus groveling on the earth

To bathe your feet with tears.

PHARASMANES.

It must not be :

[*He raises her.*]

By Heav'n renown in arms in vain attends me,

If the lov'd graces of thy matchless form

Are thus depress'd and languish in affliction,

Like flow'rs that droop and hang their pining heads

Beneath the rigour of relentless skies.

ZENOBIA.

If thou would'st raise me from the depths of woe,

For-

Forgive those captives, whom thy fatal anger
 Adjudg'd to death, nor let ill-tim'd resentment
 Fall on the prince your son. 'Twas I---my tears,
 My piercing lamentations won his heart
 To arrest their doom.

PHARASMANES.

For traitors to my crown
 Does Ariana plead?

ZENOBIA.

For mild humanity
 My suppliant voice is rais'd. I point the means
 To add new glory to your fame in arms.
 In nought so near can men approach the gods
 As the dear act of giving life to others.
 In feats of war the glory is divided,
 To all imparted, to each common man,
 And fortune too shall vindicate her share.
 But of sweet mercy, the vast, vast renown
 Is all your own; nor officer nor foldier
 Can claim a part: the praise, the honour'd praise,
 Adorns the victor, nor is the eccho lost
 'Midst shouts of armies, and the trumpet's found.
 He conquers even victory itself,
 Than hero more---a blessing to the world!

PHARASMANES.

Ha! wherefore urgent thus?---amidst the band
 Is there who claims thy soft sollicitude?

ZENOBIA.

A hoary sage---alas! a more than father,
 The best of men, preserver of my being,
 A blameless shepherd! rude of fraud and guilt,
 Innocuous thro' his life---oh! mighty King,
 Spare an old man, a venerable fire!

Nought has your fortune greater than the pow'r
To serve humanity !---shew that your heart
Has the sweet grace, the gen'rous virtue too !

PHARASMANES.

My soul relents, and yields to thy entreaty,
Thy violence of pray'r : release him streight :
My brightest honours wait him ; honours fit
For him who gave thee birth ; for him whose virtue
Thy gen'rous soul deems worthy its esteem,

ZENOBIA,

Our humble station seeks nor pomp nor splendor :
We only ask, unenvied and obscure,
To live in blameless innocence ; to seek
Our calm retreat, embrac'd in depth of woods,
And dwell with peace and humble virtue there.

PHARASMANES,

That cold disdain, which shuns admiring eyes,
Attracts the more, exalting ev'ry charm.
No more of humble birth ; thy matchless beauty,
Like gems, that in the mine conceal their lustre,
Was form'd to dignify the eastern throne.
My sceptre, that strikes terror to each heart,
Grac'd by thy decent hand shall make each subject
Adore thy softer sway : The glorious æra
Of Pharasmanes' love, his date of empire
With Ariana shar'd, henceforth begins,
And leads the laughing hours. But first the storm
Of war and wild commotion must be hush'd.
That mighty care now calls me to my throne,
To give the Roman audience ; audience fit
To strike a citizen of Rome with awe,
When he beholds the majesty of Kings. [going.

Enter

Enter TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

Dread Sir, the Roman embassy approaches.
From yonder rampart, that invests your camp,
I heard their horses hoofs with eager speed
Beat the resounding foil.

PHARASMANES.

Let 'em approach.
And thou, whose arrogance---but I forbear
When Ariana pardons, my resentment
Yields to her smiles, and looks away its rage.
As when the crimes of men Jove's wrath demand,
And the red thunder quivers in his hand ;
The queen of love his vengeance can disarm
With the soft eloquence of every charm ;
Controul his passions with resistless sway,
And the impending storm smile to sereneest day.
[Exit with his train.]

ZENOBIA, TERIBAZUS.

And may I then once more, thou bright perfection,
May Teribazus once again approach thee,
While thus my father, my ambitious father,
At sight of thee forgets his cruel nature,
And wonders how he feels thy beauty's pow'r ?
Oh ! may I---but I'm too importunate ;
Your looks rebuke me from you, and I see
How hateful I am grown.

ZENOBIA.

Mistake me not,
Nor rashly thus arraign the looks of one,
Whose heart lies bleeding here---thy gen'rous worth
Is oft the live-long day my fav'rite theme.

But

But oh ! for me, for wretched Ariana,
The god of love long since hath quench'd his torch,
And ev'ry source of joy lies dead within me.

TERIBAZUS.

That cold averted look !---but I am us'd
To bear your scorn ; your scorn that wounds the
deeper,
Mask'd as it is with pity and esteem.
Yet love incurable, relentless love
Burns here a constant flame ; it rises still,
And will to madness kindle, should I see
That hoard of sweets, that treasury of charms
Yield to another, to a barb'rous rival
Who persecutes a son to his undoing.

ZENOBIA.

If Ariana's happiness would wound thee,
Thou'lt ne'er have cause to murmur or repine.
Nought can divorce me from the black despair
To which I've long been wedded,---

TERIBAZUS.

Calm disdain,
I grant you, well becomes the tyrant fair
Whom Pharasmanes destines for his throne.
But oh ! in pity to this breaking heart,
Give me, in mercy give some other rival,
Whom I may stab, without remorse may stab,
'Midst his delight, in all his heav'n of bliss,
And spurn him from the joys, that scorpion-like
Shoot anguish here, here thro' my very soul.

ZENOBIA.

Alas ! too gen'rous prince, the gods long since
Between us both fix'd their eternal bar.

TERI-

TERIBAZUS.

What say'st thou Ariana?--ha! beware,
 Nor urge me to distraction---love like mine,
 Fierce, gen'rous, wild, with disappointment wild,
 May rouse my desp'rate rage to do a deed
 Will make all nature shudder. Love despis'd
 Not always can respect the ties of nature!
 Driven to extremes the tend'rest passion scorn'd
 May hate at length the object it adores,
 And stung to madness---no!---inhuman fair,
 You still must be,---in all vicissitudes,
 In all the scenes misfortune has in store,
 You still must be the sov'reign of my soul.
 But for the favour'd, for the happy rival,
 By heav'n, whoe'er he be, despair and phrenzy
 May strike the blow, and dash him from your arms
 A sacrifice to violated love.

ZENOBIA.

Why thus distract yourself with vain suspicions?
 You have no rival, whom your rage can murder;
 None in the pow'r of fate---oh! Teribazus,
 The wretched Ariana, long, long since---
 My heart swells o'er---I cannot speak---a duty,
 A rigorous duty bids me ne'er accept
 Thy proffer'd love; a duty, which, if known,
 Would in eternal silence seal thy vows,
 Turn all thy rage to tears, and, oh! my prince!
 Bid thee respect calamities like mine. [*Exit.*]

TERIBAZUS.

Yet Ariana stay, turn, turn and hear me:
 She's gone, the cruel, unrelenting fair!
 And leaves me thus to misery of soul.

Enter.

Enter ZOPIRON.

Flamminius, from the Romans is arriv'd,
And bears the olive-branch: the King your father
Assembles all his nobles.

TERIBAZUS.

Say, Zopiron,
Does Rome yield up Armenia?

ZOPIRON.

Rome is still
The scourge of lawless pow'r: a people's rights
The conscript fathers have resolv'd to shield,
And to the lineal heir assert the crown.

TERIBAZUS.

May the stern god of battles aid their arms,
And fight with the deliverers of mankind!
Unnatural father! that would seize my scepter,
Mine as my brother's heir, and ravish with it
The idol of my soul! but now no more
His tyranny prevails; to empire rais'd,
'Twill be the pride of my exulting heart,
To lay my crown at Ariana's feet.

[Exit.]

ZOPIRON.

Unhappy prince! should Pharasmanes know
His ardent passion for the captive maid,
I dread th' event: may Rome's ambassador,
Oh! may he come with concord in his train,
And far avert the ills my heart forbodes!
But lo! Flamminius.

Enter

Enter RHADAMISTUS.

ZOPIRON.

Welcome to these tents
The harbinger of peace!

RHADAMISTUS.

Does your King know
Flamminius waits his leisure?

ZOPIRON.

He prepares
To hear you, Roman!

RHADAMISTUS.

As I tread his camp
There is I know not what of horror shoots
Thro' all my frame, and disconcerted reason
Suspends her function. A black train of crimes,
Murders, and lust, and rapine, cities sack'd,
Nations laid waste by the destructive sword,
A thousand ruthless deeds all rise to view,
And shake my inmost soul, as I approach
The author of calamity and ruin.

ZOPIRON.

Then from a Roman, from a son of freedom
Let the fell tyrant hear the voice of truth,
The strong resistless strain, which liberty
Breathes in her Capitol, till his proud heart
Shudder with inward horror at itself.

RHADAMISTUS.

In Pharasmanes' camp that honest stile!

Thy visage bears the characters of virtue.
Wilt thou impart thy name and quality?

ZOPIRON.

In me you see Zopiron! deem me not
A vile abettor of the tyrant's guilt.
To me Armenia trusts her sacred rights;
Hither her chosen delegate she sends me,
At the tribunal of Iberia's King,
To plead her cause, an injur'd people's cause!
Oh! never, never shall my native land
Yield to a vile usurper.

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome has heard
Thy patriot toil for freedom: Rhadamistus
Has heard thy gen'rous ardor in his cause,
And pants to recompence thy truth and zeal.

ZOPIRON.

Oh! name not Rhadamistus; now no more
The god-like youth shall bless Armenia's realm.
The fates just shew'd him to the wond'ring world,
And then untimely snatch'd him from our fight!

RHADAMISTUS.

And didst thou know the prince?

ZOPIRON.

My lot severe
Denied that transport; but the voice of fame
Endears his memory.

RHADAMISTUS.

A time may come
When you may meet, and both in friendship burn.
Still Rhadamistus lives!--

Zo-

ZOPIRON,

Said'st thou Flamminius!--
Lives he?

RHADAMISTUS.

Still he survives ; from death and peril
Sav'd by a miracle ! and now for him
Rome claims Armenia,

ZOPIRON,

Claims Armenia for him !
For Rhadamistus claims!--and will ye, gods !
Still will ye give him to a nation's pray'rs ?

RHADAMISTUS.

Alas ! he lives ;--heart-broken, desolate,
In sorrow plung'd, abandon'd to despair !

ZOPIRON,

The righteous gods will vindicate his cause,
His lov'd Zenobia, Mithridates' daughter,
That ev'ry excellence, does she too live ?
Have the indulgent pow'rs watch'd o'er her fate,
And sav'd her for her people ?

RHADAMISTUS.

There, Zopiron,
There lies the wound that pierces to his soul,
The sharpest pang, that rends, that cleaves his heart.
Oh ! never more shall lovely lost Zenobia,
That angel form, that pattern of all goodness,
No, never more---she's gone, for ever gone !
Thou would'st not think---her barb'rous, cruel hus-
band---

With his own hand---the recollected tale

Of horror shakes my frame to dissolution !

Oh !---lost Zenobia---oh !--- [*Falls into a swoon.*]

ZOPIRON.

He faints ; he falls !

Can Roman stoicism thus dissolve

In tender pity ? rise, Flamminius, rise ;

He stirs ; he breathes ; and life begins to wander

O'er his pale trembling cheek. Resume thy strength,

And like a Roman triumph o'er your tears.

RHADAMISTUS.

I'll not be forc'd back to a wretched world.

No ;---let me,---let me die.

ZOPIRON.

His eyes reject

The cheerful light---what can this anguish mean ?

RHADAMISTUS.

You do but waste your pains ; it is in vain !

Away and leave a murd'rer to his woes.

ZOPIRON.

Why thus accuse thyself ? I'll not believe it.

Thus let me raise thee from the earth

RHADAMISTUS.

Alas ! (*rising*)---

Despair weighs heavy on me.

ZOPIRON.

Still I must

Controul this sudden phrenzy.

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh!---Zopiron,
Here,---here it lies.

ZOPIRON.

Unburthen all, and ease
Your loaded heart---it cannot be; thou never wert
A murd'rer!---

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes!---the horror of the world!
A murd'rous wretch! the fatal Rhadamistus!
'Twas I---these felon hands!---with treach'rous love
I clasp'd her in this curs'd embrace; I bore her
In these detested arms, and gave that beauty,
That tender form to the devouring waves.
Plunge me, ye furies, in your lakes of fire;
Here fix,---fix all your vultures in my heart!
And lo! they rush upon me (*starts up*) see! see there!
With racks and wheels they come;---they tear me
piece-meal---
'Tis just Zenobia!---I deserve it all---
[*Falls upon Zopiron.*]

ZOPIRON.

Assist him guardian pow'rs! your own high will
Guides these events! revive, my prince, revive!

RHADAMISTUS.

Why thus recall me to despair and horror?
To bid me hate the light, detest myself,
Traitor to nature, traitor to my love!
And yet, Zopiron,---yet I am not plung'd
So far in guilt, but thou may'st pity me!
Heav'n, I attest, yes you can witness gods!

I meant

I meant to perish with her ; but the fates
 Denied that comfort ; from her circling arms
 The torrent bore me far : expiring, senseless,
 Gasping in death, the overflowing tide
 Impetuous drove me on th' unwish'd for shore.
 There soon deserted by the merciless stream
 A band of Romans, as from Syria's frontier
 They rang'd the country round, descried me stretch'd
 Pale and inanimate ; with barb'rous pity
 They lent their aid, and chain'd me to the rack
 Of inauspicious life !

ZOPIRON.

For wond'rous ends
 Mysterious Providence has still reserv'd you,
 To circulate the happiness of millions,
 A patriot prince !

RHADAMISTUS.

Would they had let me perish !
 What has a wretch like me to do in life,
 When my Zenobia's lost ? 'tis true, my friend,
 She begg'd to die ; but that pathetic look,
 Her tears, embraces, and those streaming eyes
 Still beauteous in distress ! each winning grace,
 Her ev'ry charm should have forbid the deed,
 And pleaded for her life !

ZOPIRON.

And yet, my prince,
 When self-acquitting conscience---

RHADAMISTUS.

Self-condemn'd
 My soul is rack'd, is tortur'd ! not her child,
 Her unborn infant, the first fruit of love,
 Not ev'n her babe could with the voice of nature
 Plead

Plead for itself, or for its wretched mother.
They perish'd both, she and her little one,
And I survive to tell it.

ZOPIRON.

Let not grief
O'erwhelm your reason thus. What, when your father,
Your cruel father, reeking from the blood
Of Mithridates---

RHADAMISTUS.

Nought but death was left,
Yet ev'n that last, sad refuge was debarr'd me!
E'er since I've liv'd in misery; my days
Were colour'd all with anguish and despair!
Long from the Romans I conceal'd my name.
At length reveal'd me to a chosen friend;
Journey'd with him to Rome; and in full senate
Told all the dismal story of my woes.
The conscript fathers heard, and dropt a tear:
Then to quick vengeance fir'd, dispatch'd their le-
gions
To wage the war; Paulinus leads them on,
And now to me commits this embassy,
With fully delegated pow'rs from Rome.

ZOPIRON.

With one united voice Armenia calls
For Mithridates' heir!---convinc'd by rumour
That thou art lost, the gen'ral cry demands
Your brother Teribazus.

RHADAMISTUS.

He, Zopiron,
Is to these eyes a stranger.

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

Hapless prince!
 A cloud of woes lies brooding o'er his head;
 A fair, a lovely captive rules his heart;
 Her name is Ariana; and indeed
 No wonder she attracts his soft regard,
 And kindles all the vehemence of love.
 The tyrant eyes her too with fierce desire,
 And ruin nods o'er Teribazus' head.

RHADAMISTUS.

By Heav'n it shall not be---alas! I know
 The pang of losing whom the heart adores.
 I'll yield him up Armenia: what are crowns
 But toys of vain ambition, when the lov'd,
 The dear partaker of my throne is lost?

Enter TIGRANES.

ZOPIRON.

What would Tigranes?

TIGRANES.

Pharasmanes calls
 Flamminius to his presence.

RHADAMISTUS.

I attend him;
 So tell your King.

TIGRANES.

Instant he waits thee Roman.

[Exit.]

RHADAMISTUS.

How my heart trembles at the awful meeting!

Zo-

ZOPIRON:

Then summon all your strength : the lapse of time
From early youth, when Pharasmanes saw you,
Affliction's inward stroke, that Roman garb,
All will protect, and cloak you from detection !

RHADAMISTUS:

Zopiron yes ; in this important crisis,
When violated laws, and injur'd men,
When my own wrongs are lab'ring in my heart,
The great occasion calls for firmest vigour:
Yes, in this interview I will maintain
A Roman's part ; in Pharasmanes' soul
I'll wake the furies of detested guilt,
And pour the rapid energy of truth
Till ev'n to himself his crimes are known,
And the usurper tremble on his throne.

End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T the T H I R D.

PHARASMANES, *on his Throne*: TIGRANES, ZOPIRON,
Officers, &c.

PHARASMANES.

WHERE is this bold republican from Rome?
This enemy of Kings? Tigranes, thou
Bid the plebeian enter. Pharasmanes
Vouchsafes him audience.

Enter FLAMMINIUS.

PHARASMANES.

Now, Flamminius, say
What motive brings you to Araxes' banks,
To wage this slow, this philosophic war?

RHADAMISTUS.

By me, unworthy of th' important charge,
By me, unequal to the arduous theme,
The conscript fathers here explain their conduct,
And justify the ways of Rome to Kings.

PHARASMANES.

Roman, thou may'st declaim with all thy pomp
Of gaudy eloquence.

RHADAMISTUS.

No pow'r of words,
No graceful periods of harmonious speech
Dwell on my lip: the only art I boast

Is

Is honest truth, unpolish'd, unadorn'd!
 Truth that must strike conviction to your heart,
 Truth that informs you, to usurp a crown,
 For dire ambition to unpeople realms,
 Are violations of each sacred law,
 That bid the Roman eagle wing'd with vengeance
 To the Araxes' margin bend her flight,
 To tell destruction it shall rage no more.

PHARASMANES.

And dares Paulinus' soldier, dar'st thou, Roman,
 Thus offer vile indignity, and mouthe
 The language of your forum to a King?

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome knows, and owns you as Iberia's King,
 But not Armenia's.

PHARASMANES,

Ha!---

RHADAMISTUS,

Th' assembled senate
 Acknowledges your vast renown in arms,
 And honours the unshaken fortitude
 Ev'n of a foe. But, Sir, the fortitude,
 Whose brutal rage lays nations desolate,
 It is the glory of imperial Rome
 To humble and subdue; to fix the bounds
 Of the fell tyrant's pow'r; to trace the circle
 From which he must not move: these are the arts,
 The bright prerogative of Rome; of Rome,
 The mistress of the world, whose conqu'ring banners
 O'er Asia's realms so oft have wav'd in triumph,
 And made ev'n Kings her subjects.

PHA

PHARASMANES,

Ha! thou boaster!

RHADAMISTUS,

Made Oriental Kings, short by the knee
Accept their crown, with tears of joy accept it,
And be the Viceroy's of a Roman senate.

PHARASMANES,

And this to Pharasmanes? has not yet
A train of conquests taught you to revere
This good right arm in war? This arm the Parthians
Have felt with fatal overthrow. No spoil,
No trophies won from me have grac'd their triumphs;
No friends of mine were harness'd to their chariots;
No captive chief, like your own mangled Crassus,
There roams a fullen ghost, and calls for vengeance,
For vengeance still unpaid, and calls in vain
For the sad funeral rites. Would Rome presume
To wrest Armenia from me? Lo! my banners
From frosty Caucasus to Phasis' banks
Wave high in air, and shadow all the land.
Call your embattled legions: or does Rome,
All conqu'ring Rome, that mistress of the world,
Does she at length by her ambassadors
Negotiate thus the war?

RHADAMISTUS,

Rome, Sir, commands
The subject world, for she adores the gods;
And their all-pow'rful aid---

PHARASMANES,

Would'st thou dispute
My lawful claim? Arm thee with sword and fire,
Not with vain subtleties, and idle maxims.

Armenia's

Armenia's crown is mine, deriv'd to me,
Heir to a brother, and a son deceas'd.

RHADAMISTUS.

And can a murd'rer, can the midnight ruffian
Prove himself heir, by the assassin's stab?

PHARASMANES.

Thou base reviler!

[Comes forward and draws his sabre.]

TIGRANES.

Moderate your fury;
It were unjust---

[Holding him.]

ZOPIRON.

The character he bears,
The laws of nations---

PHARASMANES.

Thou base insolent!
Who dar'st to wound the ear of sacred Kings
With a black crime, that's horrible to nature!

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes horrible to nature! yet the world
Has heard it all: thou art the man of blood!
A brother's blood yet smokes upon thy hand.
Not his white age, his venerable looks,
Not ev'n his godlike virtues could withhold thee!
Gash'd o'er with wounds he falls; he bleeds, he dies,
Without a groan he dies!---that is thy work,
Thine, murd'rer, thine!

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

No more---the hand of Heav'n
Shook from the blasted tree the wither'd fruit---

RHADAMISTUS.

Forbear the impious strain: it is the stile
Ambition speaks, when for a crown it stabs,
Then dares, with execrable mock'ry dares,
Traduce the governing all-righteous mind.

PHARASMANES.

He harrows up my soul! and do'st thou think
A madman's ravings---

RHADAMISTUS.

Since that hour accurst
Hast thou not plung'd thee deeper still in guilt?
Your son---your blameless son---

PHARASMANES.

His crimes provok'd
A father's wrath; his and Zenobia's crimes!

RHADAMISTUS.

She too---untimely lost---unbidden tears
Forbear to stream, nor quite unman me thus.

PHARASMANES.

In tears!---By Heav'n, thou woman-hearted slave,
Those coward symptoms have some latent spring
That lies conceal'd within that treach'rous heart.

RHADAMISTUS.

They are the tears humanity lets fall

When

When soft ey'd beauty dies untimely slain.
But to avenge her death, array'd in terror
The Roman legions---

PHARASMANES.

Lead 'em to the charge.
Thou quit my camp: if when yon sun descends
Thou linger'st here, the title of ambaffador
Shall nought avail to fave thee from my fury.

RHADAMISTUS.

E'er that resign Armenia: till the close
Of day, I give thee leifure to revolve
The vengeance Rome prepares. Thou know'st
With what a pond'rous arm her hardy fons
Lift the avenging fpear. Be timely wife,
Nor dare provoke your fate.

[*Exit.*]

PHARASMANES.

Roman farewell!
Do thou, Tigranes, iffue forth my orders
From tent to tent, that each man ftand prepar'd
For the dead midnight hour. With filent march
Then will I pour with ruinous affault
Upon th' astonish'd foe, my horses hoofs
Imbrue in blood, and give to-morrow's fun
A fpectacle of horror and deftruction.

[*He afcends his throne, and the back fcene closes.*]

Enter ZENOBIA and MEGISTUS.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! tell me all Megiftus; let me hear
All that concerns my child, my blooming boy,
My little Rhadamiftus---is he fafe?

Give

PHARASMANES.

No more---the hand of Heav'n
Shook from the blasted tree the wither'd fruit---

RHADAMISTUS.

Forbear the impious strain: it is the stile
Ambition speaks, when for a crown it stabs,
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A madman's ravings---

RHADAMISTUS.

Since that hour accurst
Hast thou not plung'd thee deeper still in guilt?
Your son---your blameless son---

PHARASMANES.

His crimes provok'd
A father's wrath; his and Zenobia's crimes!

RHADAMISTUS.

She too---untimely lost---unbidden tears
Forbear to stream, nor quite unman me thus.

PHARASMANES.

In tears!---By Heav'n, thou woman-hearted slave,
Those coward symptoms have some latent spring
That lies conceal'd within that treach'rous heart.

RHADAMISTUS.

They are the tears humanity lets fall

When

When soft ey'd beauty dies untimely slain.
But to avenge her death, array'd in terror
The Roman legions---

PHARASMANES.

Lead 'em to the charge.
Thou quit my camp: if when yon sun descends
Thou linger'st here, the title of ambaffador
Shall nought avail to save thee from my fury.

RHADAMISTUS.

E'er that resign Armenia: till the close
Of day, I give thee leifure to revolve
The vengeance Rome prepares. Thou know'st
With what a pond'rous arm her hardy fons
Lift the avenging fpear. Be timely wife,
Nor dare provoke your fate.

[*Exit.*

PHARASMANES.

Roman farewell!
Do thou, Tigranes, iffue forth my orders
From tent to tent, that each man ftand prepar'd
For the dead midnight hour. With filent march
Then will I pour with ruinous affault
Upon th' astonish'd foe, my horses hoofs
Imbrue in blood, and give to-morrow's fun
A fpectacle of horror and deftruction.

[*He afcends his throne, and the back fcene closes.*

Enter ZENOBIA and MEGISTUS.

ZENOBIA.

Oh! tell me all Megiftus; let me hear
All that concerns my child, my blooming boy,
My little Rhadamiftus---is he fafe?

Give

Give me the truth; do not deceive a mother
Who doats upon her babe---is my child safe?

MEGISTUS.

Nay dry those tears; I cannot bear to see thee
Afflicted thus; your infant hero's safe;
You may believe your faithful old Megistus.

ZENOBIA.

I do believe thee---but excuse my weakness---
My flutt'ring fears for ever paint him to me
By ruffians seiz'd, and as he fees the knife
Aim'd at his little throat, in vain imploring
For me by name, and begging my assistance,
While far, far off his miserable mother
No aid can give, nor snatch him to her heart.

MEGISTUS.

I never yet deceiv'd you: by yon Heav'n
Your boy still lives. When I regain'd my cottage
After the toils of many a weary day,
I found him there; but griev'd and wond'ring much
Where his dear mother was.

ZENOBIA.

Megistus tell me,
Oh! tell me each particular; his looks,
All his apt questions, his enchanting words;
For I could hear of him for ever---lovely youth!
His father's image blooming in his boy!
Thro' sev'n revolving years my only comfort!
When from my eyes the sudden sorrows gush'd,
How would he look, and ask his wretched mother
What meant those falling tears?---Alas! ev'n now
I see him here before me---did my child
Think his poor mother lost?

ME-

MEGISTUS.

At first he seem'd
To pine in thought at your long weary absence,
And many a look he cast, that plainly spoke
His little bosom heav'd with various passions.
Still would he seek you in each well known haunt,
Each bow'r, each cavern, like the tender fawn
That thro' the woodland seeks its mother lost,
Exploring all around with anxious eye,
And looking still unutterable grief,
Lonely and sad, and stung with keen regret,

ZENOBIA.

My dear, dear little-one !

MEGISTUS.

With soothing tales
I labour'd to beguile him from his sorrow ;
I promis'd your return ; a gentle smile
Brighten'd his anxious look ; he sigh'd content,
And then I led him to a safer dwelling
Among the shepherds of the Syrian vale,
Who all have sworn to guard him as their own,
And in apt season lead him to the Romans.

ZENOBIA.

Oh ! may those shepherds know the kindest influence
Of the indulgent Heav'ns ! yet why not stay
To guard him ? But I'll not complain : on me
Your cares were fix'd---oh ! tell me how the gods
Watch'd ov'r all thy ways, and brought thee to me ?
Where hast thou liv'd these many, many days ?

MEGISTUS.

In bitterness of soul I've liv'd, thy fate
Thy tender form deep imagin'd in my breast !

VOL. I.

X

I rang'd

I rang'd the banks where the Araxes flows,
 But bring, alas ! no tidings of your lord.
 Heart-broken, wearied out, I measur'd back
 My feeble steps ; but thou wer't ravish'd thence ;
 For thee I travers'd hills and forests drear ;
 Thee I invok'd, that ev'ry cavern'd rock,
 Each vale, each mountain eccho'd with thy name.

ZENOBIA.

And here at length you find me, here encompass'd
 With all the worst of ills : hence let us fly
 To the blest'd Syrian valley, where my child
 Wins with his early manhood ev'ry heart,
 And calls for me, and chides this long delay.

MEGISTUS.

Vain the attempt: one only way is left.
 Reveal thee to th' ambassador of Rome.
 Safe in his train thou may'st escape this place,
 And gain Paulinus' camp. Zenobia known
 Will meet protection there.

ZENOBIA.

The gods inspire
 The happy counsel---ha!---Tigranes comes !
 Retire Megistus, (*he goes out*) a gay dawn of hope
 Beams forth at length, and lights up day within me.

ZENOBIA, TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

Hail princess, destin'd to imperial sway,
 To grace with beauty Pharasmanes' throne !
 By me the impatient King requests you'll fix
 The happy nuptial hour.

ZENOBIA.

Thou might'st as well
 Command me wed the forked lightning's blaze
 That gilds the storm, and be in love with horror,

TIGRANES.

Take heed, rash fair! an eastern monarch's love,
 Ardent as his, must not be made the sport
 Of tyrant beauty: when a rival dares
 Oppose his sov'reign's wish---

ZENOBIA.

Does Pharasmanes,
 Say,---does your King permit his spies of state,
 That curse of human kind, to breathe their whispers
 In his deluded ear?

TIGRANES,

Full well 'tis known
 That Teribazus bids you thus revolt,
 And draws your heart's allegiance from your King,

ZENOBIA.

Thou vile accuser! if the prince's virtues
 Have touch'd my bosom, what hast thou to urge?
 What if a former Hymeneal vow
 Has bound my soul? what if a father, Sir,
 A father dear as my heart's purple drops,
 Enjoin a rigid duty ne'er to share
 The throne of Mithridates with a murderer?

TIGRANES,

Madam, those words---

ZENOBIA,

Thou instrument of ill!
 Who still art ready with a tale suborn'd,
 And if thou art not perjur'd, dar'st betray;
 Away; and let thy conscience tell the rest.

[Exit,

TIGRANES, *alone*.

Vain haughty fair!----thou hast provok'd my rage
 By wrongs unnumber'd: but for all those wrongs
 Soon shall inevitable ruin seize thee.

Enter RHADAMISTUS,

RHADAMISTUS.

Perhaps ere this your King's tumultuous passions
 Sink to a calm, and reason takes her turn.
 Then seek him, Sir, and bear a Roman's message,
 The terms of peace humanity suggests.
 Tell him Flamminius wishes to prevent
 The rage of slaughter, and the streams of blood
 Which else shall deluge yonder crimson plains.

TIGRANES.

Already, Roman, his resolve is fix'd,
 War, horrid war impends.

RHADAMISTUS,

And yet in pity
 To human kind, to the unhappy millions
 Who soon shall die, and with their scatter'd bones
 Whiten the plains of Asia, it were best
 To sheathe the sword, and join in Rome's alliance,
 Wilt thou convey my message?

TIGRANES,

TIGRANES,

I obey,

[Exit.

RHADAMISTUS, *alone.*

May some propitious pow'r inspire his heart,
 And touch the springs of human kindness in him,
 Else against whom amidst the charging hosts
 Must Rhadamistus' sword be levell'd?---Ha!---
 Spite of his crimes he is my father still.
 And must this arm against the source of life,
 Nay more,---perhaps against a brother too,
 A brother still unknown!---he too may die
 By this unconscious hand!---this hand already
 Inur'd to murder whom my heart adores!
 My brother then may bleed! and when in death
 Gasping he lies, and pours his vital stream,
 Then in that moment shall the gen'rous youth
 Extend his arms, and with a piteous look
 Tell me, a brother doth forgive his murderer?
 Gods! you have doom'd me to the blackest woe,
 To be a wretch abhorr'd, author of crimes
 From which my tortur'd breast revolts with horror!
 Who's there?---a youth comes forward---now be firm,
 Be firm my heart, and guard thy fatal secret!

Enter TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

Illustrious Roman, if misfortune's son
 A wretched, ruin'd, miserable prince
 May claim attention---

RHADAMISTUS.

Ha!---can this be he!
 The graces of his youth, each feeling here,
 Here at my heartstrings tell me 'tis my brother!

[Aside.

TERI-

TERIBAZUS.

I see you're mov'd, and I intrude too far.

RHADAMISTUS.

Pursue your purpose: warmest friendship for you
Glow in this breast.

TERIBAZUS.

Tho' Pharasmanes' fury
Maintains a fix'd hostility with Rome,
Blend not the son with all a father's crimes,

RHADAMISTUS.

Go on---I pant to hear---

TERIBAZUS.

My father's cruelty
Each day breaks out in some new act of horror,
Nor lets the sword grow cool from human blood.
First in his brother's breast he plung'd it; then
Inflam'd to fiercer rage 'gainst his own son,
Oh! Rhadamistus! thou much injur'd prince!

RHADAMISTUS.

And didst thou love that brother?

TERIBAZUS.

Gen'rous Roman,
He liv'd far hence remote, I ne'er beheld him,
But the wide world resounded with his fame.

RHADAMISTUS.

Hold, hold my tears!--oh! they will burst their way
At this his virtuous tenderness and love! [*Aside.*]

TE

TERIBAZUS.

And dost thou weep too Roman?

RHADAMISTUS.

From such horror,
And so much cruelty my nature shrinks.
Whatever purpose rolls within thy breast,
Boldly confide it---shall I arm'd with vengeance
Assault the purple tyrant in his camp?
Or wilt thou join my steps;---then in the front
Of a brave vet'ran legion head the war,
Seek the usurper 'midst his plumed troops,
And thus avenge mankind?

TERIBAZUS.

No; far from me,
Far be the guilt of meditating aught
Against the life from whence my being sprung.
Let him oppress me,---he's a parent still!---

RHADAMISTUS.

He rives my heart!---oh! what a lot is mine! [*Afide.*]

TERIBAZUS.

Not for myself I fear; but oh! Flamminius,
A lovely captive,---'tis for her I tremble;
For Ariana,---for that sweet perfection;
She is her sex's boast! her gentle bosom
Fraught with each excellence! her form and feature
Touch'd by the hand of elegance; adorn'd
By ev'ry grace, and cast in beauty's mould!
Her Pharasmanes means to ravish from me.
But thou convey her hence---'tis all I ask.

RHADAMISTUS.

By Heav'n I will---do thou too join our flight,
Armenia

Armenia shall be thine, and that sweet maid
Reward thy goodness with connubial love,
Adorn thy throne, and make a nation blest'd!

TERIBAZUS.

Make Ariana happy; bear her hence
And save those bright unviolated charms
From Pharasmanes' power---when wish'd for peace
Settles a jarring world, Flamminius then,
Then will I seek thee.---Wilt thou then resign her?

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes then, as pure as the unfullied snow
That never felt a sunbeam; then I'll give her
Back to thy faithful love.

TERIBAZUS.

Thou gen'rous Roman,
In gratitude I bow---she's here at hand;
A moment brings her to you: at due distance
I'll watch each avenue, each winding path,
That none intrude upon your privacy.

[Exit.]

RHADAMISTUS, *alone.*

At length I've seen my brother; know how much
He differs from his father! he shall seek
The Roman tents; I'll there disclose myself;
There will embrace him with a brother's love.
Oh! how the tender transport heaves and swells,
Till thus the fond excess dissolve in tears!

Enter MEGISTUS, *leading* ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA.

Alas! my heart forebodes I know not what---

ME-

MEGISTUS.

Dispel each doubt ; this is your only refuge.

ZENOBIA.

Thou gen'rous Roman,---if distress like mine ;
If an unhappy captive may approach thee---

RHADAMISTUS.

To me affliction's voice---ye pow'rs of Heav'n !
That air!---those features ! that remember'd glance !

ZENOBIA.

If thus a wretch's presence can alarm you---

RHADAMISTUS.

The music of that voice?---such once she look'd !
And if I had not plung'd her in the stream,
I could persuade myself---

ZENOBIA.

Those well known accents !
Those tender soft regards !---nay mock me not !
I could not hope to see thee---tell me---ar't thou
That once ador'd ! *(faints into Megistus' arms.)*

MEGISTUS.

Ah ! see ; her strength forsakes her ;
Support her Heav'n ! *(catches her in his arms.)*

RHADAMISTUS.

Ye wonder-working gods !
Is this illusion all ? or does your goodness
Indeed restore her ?---if I do not dream,

If this be true,---oh ! let those angel-eyes
Open to life, to love, and Rhadamistus.

MEGISTUS.

What further miracles doth Heav'n prepare ?

ZENOBIA.

Forgive my weakness---the air-painted image
Of my lov'd lord---and see!---again it's present!---
That look that speaks the fond impassion'd soul !
Yes, such he was!---oh ! ar't thou---tell me---say---
Ar't thou restor'd ? and ar't thou Rhadamistus ?---

RHADAMISTUS.

I have not murder'd her!---benignant gods !
I am not guilty---my Zenobia lives !

ZENOBIA.

It is my lord---oh ! I can hold no longer,
But thus delighted spring to his embrace,
Thus wander o'er him with my tears and kisses,
And thus, and thus,---speak my enraptur'd soul.

RHADAMISTUS.

She lives ! she lives ! what kind protecting god,
Long lost, and long lamented, gives thee back,
Gives me to view thee, and to hear thy voice
With joy to ecstasy, with tears to rapture ?

ZENOBIA.

This good old man---'twas he preserv'd me for you.

MEGISTUS.

Oh ! day of charms!---oh ! unexpected hour !
I have not liv'd in vain---these gushing eyes
Have seen their mutual transports !

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

Gen'rous friend,
Come to my heart,---Zenobia's second father!---

ZENOBIA.

Thou art indebted more than thou can'st pay him;
Indebted for our infant babe preserv'd,
The blossom of our joys!---thou can'st not think
How much he looks, and moves, and talks like thee.

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh! mighty gods!---it is too much of bliss,
Too exquisite to bear!---these barb'rous hands
Had well nigh murder'd both my wife and child!
Wilt thou forgive me---oh! my best delight,
Wilt thou receive a traitor to your arms?
Wilt thou Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Will I, gracious Heav'n?
Thou source of all my comfort!

MEGISTUS.

Ha! beware,
Beware my prince!---but now with hasty step
I saw Tigranes circling yonder tent.

RHADAMISTUS.

Th' ambassador of Rome he seeks, on bus'ness
Of import high---I will prevent his speed.
And must I then so soon depart Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Hence, quickly hence; anon we'll meet again.

RHADAMISTUS.

Yes, we will meet; the gods have giv'n thee to me,
And they will finish their own holy work.

[Exit,

MEGISTUS,

My pray'rs are heard at length---Zenobia still
Shall be Armenia's queen.

ZENOBIA,

Oh! good Megistus,
Heav'n has been bounteous, and restor'd my lord,
With him I'll fly, wrapt in the gloom of night,
And thou, Megistus, thou shal't join our flight;
Plac'd near his throne thy gen'rous zeal shall share
The bright reward of all thy toil and care;
While I, redeem'd at length from fierce alarms,
Forget my woes in Rhadamistus' arms.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T the F O U R T H.

Enter RHADAMISTUS, and TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

THOU art a friend indeed, thou gen'rous man!
 The best of friends, to save such innocence,
 That lovely virgin bloom! the pious act
 Shall to remotest time transmit thy name,
 Ennobled by humanity and virtue,

RHADAMISTUS.

Alas! no praise I merit; 'tis a deed
 That loses virtue's name.

TERIBAZUS.

Flamminius, no!
 Thou shalt not derogate from worth like thine.
 But oh! beware, my friend, and steel thy heart
 Against the sweet illapse of gentler passions.
 To love her were such treachery!---by Heav'n!
 It were a fraud of a more damned hue---
 A fraud to sacred friendship!---but my soul
 Rejects the mean suspicion---thou art just,
 And Ariana shall be mine again!

RHADAMISTUS.

If when the tumult of the war is pass'd,
 You then persist to claim her---

TERIBAZUS.

Then persist!
 When I do not persist, whene'er my heart

Forgets

Forgets the fond idea---ha!---take heed ;
 Your colour dies by fits ; and now again
 It flushes o'er your cheek : if beauty's pow'r
 Can waken soft desire,---and sure such beauty
 May warm the breast of stoic apathy,
 If thou can'st love,---resign the trust at once.
 For oh ! to lose her, to behold those charms,
 That all-perfection yielded to another,
 Were the worst agony, the keenest stab
 That ever pierc'd a lover to the soul.
 The thought,---the very thought inflames to mad-
 ness !

RHADAMISTUS. (*Aside*)

Not till the fever of his mind subsides,
 Must I reveal me ; the disclosure now
 Would to his phrenzy give a whirlwind's wing,
 And bury all in ruin---let her then,
 Yes, Teribazus, let the blooming maid
 Still in this camp, a voluntary captive,
 Since you will have it so, since weak mistrust
 Can taint a noble spirit, let her here
 Teach that rare beauty to display its charms,
 Its various graces ; bid those radiant eyes
 Dart their quick glances to the tyrant's soul,
 Inflame his hot desires, and half absolve them.

TERIBAZUS.

Madness and horror!---no!---haste, fly, begone,
 And give her hence safe conduct : I can trust
 To Roman continence ; your Scipio's praise
 Shall be the theme of fame's eternal lip !

RHADAMISTUS.

Thou too attend her steps ; watch all her ways ;
 When we have reach'd the Roman sanctuary,
 Then shall such wonders to thy list'ning ear,

The

The web which fate has wove---beware my friend---
Tigranes comes---what would'st thou Sir?

Enter TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

The King

Grants you one parley more: ev'n now this way
He bends his steps; remote from all he means
To hold a private conf'rence.

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome's ambassador
Attends his pleasure.

[Exit Tigranes.

TERIBAZUS.

I must hence, Flamminius.

Farewell!---yet e're thou go'st,---I still must crave
Another interview---farewell! remember,
My love, my life, my all depend on thee.

[Exit.

RHADAMISTUS.

Ah! luckless prince! how lost in error's maze
Blindly he wanders, and love's sweet delusion
Infuses it's enchantment through his heart!
But when remov'd from Pharasmanes' pow'r
He learns my prior claim, his gen'rous friendship
Will bound with transport at a brother's joys,
And with a warmth of sympathy partake 'em.
But ha!---my father!---grant me strength, ye pow'rs!
To meet the dread encounter.

Enter

Enter PHARASMANES.

PHARASMANES.

Once again
E're you depart, if Pharasmanes deign
To treat, and thus expostulate with Rome,
'Tis to thy pray'rs I grant it.

RHADAMISTUS.

Rome had rather
Persuade than conquer: her well-ballanc'd justice---

PHARASMANES.

No more of Roman justice: blazon not
Virtues you ne'er have practis'd: with the name,
The specious name of love for human kind
You sanctify th' insatiate rage of conquest,
And when the sword has made a solitude,
That you proclaim a peace. Ev'n now your views
Stand manifest to fight: to thee 'tis known
That Rhadamistus lives!

RHADAMISTUS.

How Sir!---can he---
Does that unhappy prince---

PHARASMANES.

Thou false dissembler!
Yes in thy heart the fatal secret's lodg'd!
From certain fugitives I've learn'd it all:
In yonder camp, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
To war against his father still he lives!
Why dost thou droop dejected?---something lurks
Beneath that burning blush.

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

That burning blush
Glow on my cheek for thee: I know your son,
And know him unfusceptible of guilt.

PHARASMANES.

Then, Roman, mark my words: would'st thou prevent
The carnage fate prepares on yonder plains?
Go tell Paulinus I will treat of terms
With him, who brings me Rhadamistus' head.

RHADAMISTUS.

Your own son's head!

PHARASMANES.

Why dost thou gaze so earnest?
Why those emotions struggling for a vent?

RHADAMISTUS.

Amazement checks my voice, and lost in wonder
I view the unnatural father, who would bathe
His hand in blood, in a son's blood, a son
Who pants, with ardor pants, on terms of peace
To sheathe the sword, and with a filial hand
To throw a veil over a father's crimes.

PHARASMANES.

By Heav'n 'tis false: has he not dar'd to league
With my determin'd foes? ev'n to the senate,
To ev'ry region, where his voice could pierce,
Has he not fled with the delusive story?
With grief and loud complaints inflam'd the world?
And even now, does not the stripling come
To the Araxes' banks with Rome in arms?

RHADAMISTUS.

Tho' urg'd by dire constraint, yet Heav'n can witness
His strong reluctance.

PHARASMANES.

Let the rebel know
He never shall ascend Armenia's throne.

RHADAMISTUS.

And shall destruction with her horrid train
Stalk o'er the land?

PHARASMANES.

Yes; let destruction loose:
'Tis Pharasmanes' glory.

RHADAMISTUS.

Can the rage,
And the wild tumult of destructive havoc
Administer delight?---alas! the day
That deluges the land with human blood,
Is that a day of glory?----
I, Sir, have travers'd o'er the field of death,
Where war had spent its rage: had'st thou beheld
That scene of horror, where unnumber'd wretches
In mangled heaps lay welt'ring in their gore;
Where the fond father in the gasp of death
Wept for his children; where the lover sigh'd
For her, whom never more his eyes could view;
Where various misery sent forth its groans;
Had'st thou beheld that scene, the touch of nature
Had stirr'd within thee, and the virtuous drop
Of pity gush'd unbidden from thy eye.

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

Enervate slave! here ends all further parley.
Go tell your gen'ral, tell your Roman chiefs,
The father claims his son. Have we not heard
How your own Brutus to the lictor's sword
Condemn'd his children? and would Rome dispute
A King's paternal pow'r? let 'em yield up
The treach'rous boy, or terrible in arms
Shall Pharasmanes overwhelm their legions,
Mow down their cohorts, and their mangled limbs
Give to the vultur's beak.

RHADAMISTUS,

And yet reflect---

PHARASMANES,

Roman no more,

RHADAMISTUS,

Unwilling I withdraw;
A father's stern resolve the son shall mourn,
And with a pang of nature shall behold
The Roman eagle dart like thunder on thee, [Exit,

PHARASMANES, *alone.*

Away, and leave me slave!--to-morrow's sun
Shall see my great revenge: mean time I give
The gentle hours to love and Ariana,
What ho! Tigranes!

Enter TIGRANES,

PHARASMANES,

Does the stubborn fair
Yield to my ardent vows?

Z 2

Ti-

TIGRANES.

She mocks your passion,
And gives to Teribazus all her smiles.

PHARASMANES.

By Heav'n! ev'n love itself shall be my slave!
Yet love like mine requires her soft consent,
And will not riot o'er her plunder'd charms.
Quick, bring her father to me.

TIGRANES.

By your orders
At hand Megistus waits your sov'reign will.

[*Exit.*]

PHARASMANES.

Bring him before us: wise and prudent age
Will plead my cause, and second my desires,

Enter MEGISTUS.

MEGISTUS.

Dread Sir---a blameless, a distress'd old man,
Of guilt unconscious---

PHARASMANES.

Whatsoe'er thy guilt,
A smile from Ariana expiates all.

MEGISTUS.

Believe me, Sir, I never have offended.
She was my sole delight; my age's comfort;
For her I felt more than a parent's love.
But 'midst the troubles that distract the land

I lost

I lost her; in despair, with yearning heart
 I rang'd the country round in fond pursuit.
 This is my crime: sure 'tis no crime to love
 Such blooming innocence!

PHARASMANES.

Dispel thy fears.
 Thy love for Ariana speaks thy virtue.
 That graceful form, that symmetry of shape,
 That bloom, those features, those love-darting eyes,
 All, all attract, that there each fond admirer
 Could ever gaze, enamour'd of her charms.

MEGISTUS.

Alas! whate'er the symmetry of shape,
 Whate'er the grace that revels in her feature,
 Glows in her bloom, or sparkles in her eye,
 They all are transient beauties, soon to fade,
 And leave inanimate that decent form.
 Inward affliction saps the vital frame,
 Incurable affliction! fix'd in woe
 Her eyes for ever motionless and dim
 Gaze on the fancied image of her husband.

PHARASMANES.

Her husband!

MEGISTUS.

Yes; a husband sever'd from her
 By fatal chance! him she for ever sees
 With fancy's gushing eye, and seeks him still
 In fond excursions of delusive thought.
 She pines each hour, and ev'n in blooming dies,
 As drooping roses, while the worm unseen
 Preys on their fragrant sweets, still beauteous look,
 And waste their aromatic lives in air.

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

The rose transplanted to a warmer sky
Shall raise its languid head, and all be well,

MEGISTUS.

Her husband still survives, and far remote
He wanders in Armenia's realm.

PHARASMANES.

No more
To call her his: do thou straight seek thy daughter,
My loveliest Ariana: in her ear
Breathe the mild accents of a father's voice,
And reconcile her heart to love and me.

MEGISTUS.

Your pardon, Sir; it were not fit my voice
Should teach her to betray her holy vows,

PHARASMANES.

When Pharasmanes speaks----

MEGISTUS.

My life is his,
And when he wills it, 'tis devoted to him.
But, Sir, tho' poor, my honour still is mine:
'Tis all that Heav'n has giv'n me, and that gift
The gods expect I never should resign.

PHARASMANES.

And dost thou hesitate? what, when a crown
Invites thy daughter to imperial splendor?

ME-

MEGISTUS.

Oh! not for me such splendor! I have liv'd
 My humble days in virtuous poverty.
 To tend my flock, to watch each rising flow'r,
 Each herb, each plant that drinks the morning dew,
 And lift my praise to the just gods on high!
 These were my habits, these my only cares:
 These hands suffic'd to answer my desires,
 And having nought, yet nought was wanting to me.

PHARASMANES.

Away, thou slave! I would not quite despise thee.
 Or yield your daughter, or my swiftest vengeance
 Falls on thy hoary head: a monarch's love
 Shall seize her trembling to his eager arms,
 Then spurn her back a prey to wan despair,
 Till bitter anguish blast each wither'd charm,
 And rave in vain for love and empire scorn'd!

[Exit.]

MEGISTUS, *alone.*

Fell monster go! inexorable tyrant!
 Perhaps I should have sooth'd his lion rage
 With feign'd compliance---ha!---why sudden thus---

Enter ZENOBIA.

ZENOBIA.

Th' important hour, Megistus, now approaches.
 Lo! the last blushes of departing day
 But feebly streak yon dim horizon's verge.
 My Rhadamistus comes to guide my steps.
 Thro' devious paths seek thou Zopiron's tent;
 And thus we lull suspicion.

ME-

MEGISTUS.

I obey ;---

May guardian angels spread their wings around thee!
[Exit.]

ZENOBIA, *alone.*

Yes, the bless'd gods, who thro' the maze of fate
Have led us once again to meet in life,
Will prove the friends of virtue to the last.
Ha !---Teribazus comes !

ZENOBIA, TERIBAZUS.

TERIBAZUS.

And is it giv'n
Once more to see thee here ?---do'st thou avoid me?
Do'st thou despise me in this tender moment
When my soul bleeds with anguish at the thought
Of parting with thee ?---Ariana !

ZENOBIA.

Oh !
Unhappy prince ! oh ! fly me ; shun me ; death
And ruin follow : one short moment's stay
Will rouse your father's rage.

TERIBAZUS.

My father's rage
Already has undone me---ah ! in tears !
And do they fall for me ? does that soft sigh
Heave for the lost, afflicted Teribazus ?

ZENOBIA.

Yes the tear falls, and the sigh heaves for thee.
Thy elegance of mind, the various graces

That

That bloom around thee, and adorn the hero,
 All plead your cause, and bid me tremble for thee.
 And yet,---sad recompense for all thy friendship,
 To warn thee hence, and bid thee shun my ways,
 Is all the gratitude I now can offer.

TERIBAZUS.

Thus must we part?

ZENOBIA.

A rival is at hand,
 Here in the camp, an unexpected rival,
 Sent by the gods, the idol of my soul!

TERIBAZUS.

What say'st thou, Ariana? has another
 Usurp'd thy heart? unkind, relentless maid!
 Since first thy beauty dawn'd upon my sight,
 How have I lov'd, repented, yet lov'd on!
 Ev'n against you, against myself I struggled:
 Present I fled you, absent I ador'd!
 I fled for refuge to the forest's gloom,
 But in the forest's gloom thy image met me!
 The shades of night, the lustre of the day,
 All, all retrac'd my Ariana's form.
 Thy form pursu'd me in the battle's rage,
 'Midst shouts, and all the clangor of the war.
 It stole me from myself! my lonely tent
 Re-ecchoes with my groans, and in the ranks
 The wond'ring soldier hears my voice no more.

ZENOBIA.

Yet leave me Teribazus---gen'rous youth!
 Remembrance oft shall dwell upon thy praise,
 But for my love 'tis all another's claim.

TERIBAZUS.

Another's claim!---why wilt thou torture thus
 A fond despairing wretch?---oh! not for me
 Those sorrows fall; they are another's tears;
 Another claims them from me---name this rival,
 That my swift fury---tell me has Flamminius,
 Has the base Roman broke his promis'd faith?
 Will not the barb'rous man afford you shelter?

ZENOBIA.

Why wilt thou force me speak? the fate of all,
 Thine Teribazus, mine, the fate of one,
 Whom, were he known, thy heart holds ever dear,
 Is now concern'd: Flamminius claims my love:
 Long since he won my heart.

TERIBAZUS.

Vindictive gods!
 Flamminius claims thy love! not Cæsar's self
 Shall dare to wrest thee from me---Ariana!
 Thus on my knees,---would I could perish here,
 That ev'n in death I still might gaze upon thee,
 Till the last pang divide thee from my heart.

Enter RHADAMISTUS.

RHADAMISTUS.

It was the voice of anguish and despair!
 Why thus illustrious prince----

TERIBAZUS. (*Starting up*)

Thou treachrous Roman!
 Who com'st to violate each sacred tie,
 The laws of honour, and the laws of love!
 Who com'st beneath the mask of public faith
 To do a robber's work!

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

When to your camp
I bring a heart that longs to serve you, Prince,
Why this intemp'rate rage?

TERIBAZUS.

To do the work
Of perfidy and fraud! but first by rapine,
By violated maids your city grew;
And do you come to emulate your fires?
Unwilling to degenerate in vice!

RHADAMISTUS.

Mistaken youth! oh! if you did but know me!
If you but knew the justice Rome intends---

TERIBAZUS.

Justice and Rome! and dost thou dare to join
Two names so opposite? have we not heard
Of frugal consuls, and of stoic chiefs,
Who soon forgetting here their Sabine farms,
Made war a trade, and then return'd to Rome
Rich with the plunder of the rifled east?
Again some new Lucullus leads them on,
Fir'd with the love of rapine.

RHADAMISTUS.

Fir'd with zeal
To break a nation's chains---would'st thou but hear
me----
It is a friend implores----

ZENOBIA.

A gen'rous friend!

A a 2

Then

Then listen to him: let these streaming eyes,
These earnest pray'rs, this supplicating form---

TERIBAZUS.

Leagu'd with my foe behold her!---mighty gods!
Have I deserv'd it of her?

RHADAMISTUS.

Yet be calm;
Yet listen to me---Oh! I could unfold---
Yet stay; I'll prove myself a brother to thee.

TERIBAZUS.

Roman expect me in the battle's front.
Instant depart, but leave thy prey behind;
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, tempt her hence;
To-morrow's fun shall see me cloath'd in terror
Pursue thy steps thro' all the ranks of war,
Till my spear fix thee quiv'ring to the ground.
[Exit,

RHADAMISTUS, ZENOBIA,

ZENOBIA.

Yet, Rhadamistus, call him; let him know---

RHADAMISTUS.

Thou lovely trembler! banish ev'ry fear.
The time now bids us hence; and lo! the moon
Streams her mild radiance on the rustling grove.
I will conduct thee---ha! Zopiron---

Enter ZOPIRON.

RHADAMISTUS.

Come

Thou best of men, let me once more embrace thee.

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

Oh! speed thee hence; each moment's big with death.

RHADAMISTUS.

Farewell! farewell! when I've escap'd your camp
Seek thou my brother; soothe his troubled spirit;
Explain these wonders; tell him Rhadamistus
Esteems and loves, and honours all his virtues,
Farewell Zopiron! in Armenia's court
Thy King shall thank thy goodness. My Zenobia,
Oh! let me guide thee from this place of danger
To life, to love, to liberty and joy.

[Exit with Zenobia.

ZOPIRON.

Lo! the Heav'ns smile with gentlest aspect on them!
This calm serene that ev'ry planet sheds
To light their steps, this glad ætherial mildness
Is sure the token of incircling gods,
That hover anxious o'er the solemn scene!

Enter PHARASMANES, TIGRANES following.

PHARASMANES.

Let Teribazus straight attend our presence.

TIGRANES.

But now with glaring eye and fierce demeanour
He enter'd yonder tent.

PHARASMANES.

Bid him approach us.

Then do thou round the midnight watch, and see
That Rome's ambassador has left my camp.

[Exit Tigranes.
This

This war, Zopiron, shall be soon extinguish'd
In Roman blood, and yield Armenia to me.

ZOPIRON.

Armenia, Sir, still obstinately mourns
Lost Mithridates, father of his people.
Her hardy sons with one consenting voice
Demand a King from Rome; all leagu'd and sworn
Never to crouch beneath the conqueror's yoke.

PHARASMANES.

But when the Roman eagle bites the ground,
They'll shrink aghast, and own my sov'reign sway,

Enter TERIBAZUS.

PHARASMANES.

Thou base confed'rate with thy father's foes!

TERIBAZUS.

The accusation, Sir, if proof support it,
Gives you my forfeit life, and I resign it,
Freely resign it. Destitute of proof,
It is a stab to honour, and the charge
Should not be lightly urg'd.

PHARASMANES.

This arrogance
That dictates to a father----

TERIBAZUS.

'Tis the spirit
Of injur'd innocence: if Pharasmanes
Suspect my truth, send me where danger calls;
Bid me this moment carry death and slaughter
To rage in yonder camp; yes, then your son
Shall mark his hatred of the Roman name.

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

Hast thou not dar'd to thwart my tend'rest passion,
And to seduce my Ariana's love?

TERIBAZUS.

And if this youthful heart, too prone to melt
At beauty's ray, receiv'd the gentle flame,
'Tis past; the charm is o'er; no longer now
I walk a captive in her haughty triumph!
In vain she now may call forth all her graces,
Instruct her eyes to roll with bidden fires,
And practice all the wonders of her face.
Ambition calls, and lights a nobler flame.

Enter TIGRANES.

TIGRANES.

Th' ambassador of Rome, and that old traitor
The false Megistus---

PHARASMANES.

Speak; unfold thy purpose.

TIGRANES.

Together left the camp, and in their train
Bear Ariana with them.

TERIBAZUS.

Ariana!

Have the slaves dar'd---detested treachery!
Now, now, my father, now approve my zeal.

PHARASMANES.

Haste, fly, pursue her; bring the trait'refs back!

TERI-

TERIBAZUS.

My rapid vengeance shall o'ertake their flight;
And bring the Roman plund'rer bound in chains.
[Exit.

PHARASMANES.

Do thou, Tigranes, with a chosen band
Circle yon hills, and intercept their march.
And thou, Zopiron, send my swiftest horse
To range the wood, and sweep along the vale.
[Exit Tigranes.

ZOPIRON.

Ye guardian deities, now lend your aid.
[Exit.

PHARASMANES, *alone.*

Has the perfidious, yet ador'd deceiver,
Thus has she left me? from a monarch's smile
Fled with a lawless ravager from Rome?
Oh! give me vengeance; give Flamminius to me,
That he may die in agony unheard of.

The trait'refs then, spite of each winning art,---
Spite of her guilt, she triumphs in my heart.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T the F I F T H.

PHARASMANES.

NOT yet return'd! I'm tortur'd on the rack.
By Heav'n to-morrow's dawn----distracting
thought!

Ere that the Roman ravager enjoys
Her Heav'n of blifs, and riots in delight.
My foul's on fire; this night I'll storm his camp,
And bury all in ruin. Ha!---what means
This new alarm?

[*A flourish of trumpets.*]*Enter* TERIBAZUS, Soldiers, &c.

TERIBAZUS.

The treach'rous slave is taken!
My speed outstripp'd him, and this arm that seiz'd
Hath well secur'd the traitor.

PHARASMANES.

Great revenge,
The measure of thy joys is full!

TERIBAZUS.

At first
They made a feeble stand; but hemm'd around
And close incircled by the sons of Asia,
They saw death threat'ning at each javelin's point.
I rush'd upon Flamminius: much he courted
A secret parley, but my soul disdain'd
All further conf'rence: he and his comploter
The base Megistus, with the fair deserter
Remeasure back their steps, and clank their chains
In bitterness of heart.

PHARASMANES.

A father's thanks,
Shall well requite thee. Lo ! the traitors come.

*Enter RHADAMISTUS, ZENOBIA, MEGISTUS,
in Chains.*

PHARASMANES.

Thou base perfidious ! thou Italian plunderer !

RHADAMISTUS.

I do not mean to wage a war of words.
Repent thee of this insult, of these chains
On him who represents a people here.

PHARASMANES.

Anon thou'lt see how I respect that people.
My just revenge shall tell thee ; on thy head,
And thine, Megistus, sudden vengeance falls.

MEGISTUS.

Alas ! worn out with age and misery
I long to lay me in the shroud of death.

PHARASMANES.

I grant thy wish : what words, fair fugitive,
Can colour thy deceit ?

ZENOBIA.

The heart resolv'd
Wants no excuse, no colouring of words.
I found my husband, flew to his embrace ;
This,---this is he !---the lord of my desires ;
With him content I'll traverse o'er the world.

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

Do'st thou avow it too?---

ZENOBIAS.

Do I avow it?

I glory in it.---Tyrant, can'st thou deem me
So poor of soul, so false to honour's cause
As to apologize for being faithful?

TERIBAZUS.

I see Flamminius has already school'd her
In Roman maxims.

RHADAMISTUS.

Miserable prince!

I will not answer thee: too soon thy heart
For this last feat will bitterly reproach thee!

TERIBAZUS.

Away with thy delusive arts: if ever
I form alliance with that haughty people,
Those ravagers of earth, if e'er again
I hold communion with thee, may the gods---
May Pharasmanes,---but it cannot be---
My heart high beating in my country's cause,
Vows an eternal enmity with Rome,

[Exit,

RHADAMISTUS.

Thee, Pharasmanes, thee my voice addresses,
Thou know'st my title to her; Hymen's rites
Long since united both; then loose these chains;
'Tis in the name of Rome I now demand it.

PHARASMANES.

Roman, thou know'st thy title is extinct,

Captivity dissolves her former ties,
And now the laws of arms have made her mine.

ZENOBIA.

And are there laws to change the human heart?
To alter the affections of the soul?
Know that my heart is rul'd by other laws,
The laws of truth, of honour, and of love.
This is my husband! source of all my comfort!
With him I'll live; with him will dare to die!

PHARASMANES.

By Heav'n some mystery---thou treach'rous fair!
Mark well my words: unfold thy birth and rank;
My mind uncertain wanders in conjecture.
Who and what art thou? Vain is ev'ry guess:
Resolve my doubts, or else the Roman's doom
This moment is determin'd.

ZENOBIA.

My resolve,
Tyrant, is fix'd to share my husband's fate,
That I unfold, that sentiment reveal,
To Heav'n and Earth reveal it: for the rest
Guess if you can, determine if you dare.

PHARASMANES.

Quick, drag Flamminius hence.

RHADAMISTUS.

Slaves, hold your hands:
My character protects me here.

PHARASMANES.

Dispatch,
Instant dispatch, and seize Megistus too.

[Megistus is led off.
ZENOBIA

ZENOBIA.

Horror!----call back the word; it shall not be;
 Here will I hold him---barb'rous ruffians hold.
 Murder!----my life! my lord! my husband! oh!
 [Rhadamistus is dragg'd off.

PHARASMANES.

Give him the torture; let your keenest pangs
 Extort each secret from him.

ZENOBIA.

Pharasmanes!
 Thus lowly humbled, prostrate in the dust,
 Washing your feet with tears---have mercy!----this
 Will be the blackest, worst of all your murders.

PHARASMANES.

There's but one way to mitigate his doom.

ZENOBIA.

Give me to know it; spare him; spare his life.

PHARASMANES.

Abjure the slave, and by connubial vows
 This instant make thee partner of my throne.

ZENOBIA.

My faith, my love, my very life is his;
 My child is his: oh! think thou see'st my infant
 Lifting his little hands---

PHARASMANES.

I'll hear no more:
 Or yield this moment, or the traitor dies.

[Exit Pharasmanes.

ZENO-

ZENOBIA, *alone.*

Inhuman tyrant!---madness seize my brain---
Swallow me earth---here shall these desp'rate hands
Strike on thy flinty bosom; here my voice
Pierce to the center, till with pity touch'd
Your caverns open wide to hide a wretch
From hated men, from misery like this.

Enter TERIBAZUS.

Afflicted mourner, raise thee from the earth.

ZENOBIA.

What voice is that? I know thee well---thou art
That fiend accurst, the murd'rous Teribazus!
Yes, thou art welcome! (*rising*) thou delight'st in
blood:

I am your willing victim; plunge your sword
Deep in my heart; I'll thank thee for thee stroke,
Since thou hast murder'd all my soul held dear.

TERIBAZUS.

Assuage this storm of grief, nor blame a lover
That doats like me. Could I behold that form
Snatch'd from my arms?

ZENOBIA.

You know not what you've done!
Your blameless brother---

TERIBAZUS.

How!

ZENOBIA.

You've murder'd him:
Your brother Rhadamistus!

TERI-

TERIBAZUS.

Rhadamistus!

ZENOBIA.

By thee he dies! that is your splendid deed!

TERIBAZUS.

What say'st thou?---he my brother---urge me not
To instant madness---is he---tell me---say---
Ar't thou Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Yes, that fatal wretch!---

TERIBAZUS.

If this be so---what have I done, ye pow'rs!
To merit this extremity of grief?
Why did'st thou hide the awful secret from me?

ZENOBIA.

Could I betray him? Could I trust your father,
Whose fell ambition, whose relentless rage,
Has fix'd a price on our devoted heads?

TERIBAZUS.

Then shall this hated being---no!---I'll live
To save a brother still: he shall not die.
Oh! let me seek him, throw me at his feet,
Implore forgiveness, and protract his days.

[Exit Teribazus.]

ZENOBIA.

It is in vain; he's lost; we both must perish.
And then my child---who then shall guard his youth?
No more these eyes shall see him: my sweet boy
Will break his heart, and unregarded die.

Enter

Enter ZOPIRON.

ZOPIRON.

All's lost! all ruin'd! to the cave of death
Ev'n now the guards lead Rhadamistus forth.

ZENOBIA.

Thou see'st the sad reverse!---immortal spirits,
Ye winged virtues, that with pitying eye
Watch the afflicted, will ye not inspire
In this sad hour, one great, one glorious thought,
Above the vulgar flight of common souls;
To save at once my husband and my child?
The inspiration comes! the bright idea
Expands my heart, and fills my glowing soul.

ZOPIRON.

My gracious queen, let not a blind despair---

ZENOBIA.

Talk not, Zopiron, when the god inspires!
The god! the god!--my heart receives him all!
My lord, my Rhadamistus still shall live. *[Exit]*

ZOPIRON.

Yet, I conjure thee, hear thy faithful slave.

[Follows her out.]

Enter RHADAMISTUS and Guards.

RHADAMISTUS.

Say, whither do you lead me? does your tyrant
Repent his horrid outrage?

Enter

Enter TERIBAZUS.

Guards withdraw
To a remoter ground.

[Exeunt Soldiers.]

RHADAMISTUS, TERIBAZUS.

RHADAMISTUS.

Mistaken prince!
My heart bleeds for thee.

TERIBAZUS.

Oh! too well I know
The depth of guilt in which the fates have plung'd me.
I cannot look upon thee----

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh! my brother,
Then let me, ev'n in ruin, thus embrace thee.

TERIBAZUS.

Do'st thou forgive me? could I e'er have thought
To see thee here? my rashness has undone thee!

RHADAMISTUS.

No, thou art innocent: the guilt is mine,
The guilt of mean, ungenerous policy,
Of selfish wisdom, disingenuous art,
That from a friend kept back the fatal secret,
When with the ardor of unbounded confidence,
I should have rush'd with transport to thy arms,
Unbosom'd all, and wrapt thee in my heart.

TERIBAZUS.

Alas! I've heap'd these horrors on thy head.

I've seal'd thy doom; that is a brother's gift;
 The first essay of Teribazus' friendship!
 But I am doom'd to be a wretch abhorr'd,
 Of men and gods abhorr'd! doom'd like my father
 To drench these murd'rous hands in brother's blood!

RHADAMISTUS.

Imbitter not the pangs that rive my soul.
 Where is Zenobia? Unrelenting pow'rs
 Was it for this your persecuting wrath
 Gave me to meet her, gave that angel-sweetness
 To these delighted eyes, these eager arms?

TERIBAZUS.

I'll give thee freedom still; by Heav'n I will.

RHADAMISTUS.

Was she but giv'n me to afflict her more?
 To wake in that dear breast a gleam of joy,
 A mockery of joy; joy scarce, ye pow'rs!
 Divided by the moment of delight
 From black despair, from agony and death?

TERIBAZUS.

I will protect her, will restore her to thee,
 Or do a deed shall strike mankind with horror!
 Not ev'n a father shall retard my sword;
 In his own blood I'll drench it.

RHADAMISTUS.

Ha!----

TERIBAZUS.

This hand,
 E're thou shalt fall a victim to his fury,

Shall

Shall to the heart, th' inhuman heart of him,
Who dares----

RHADAMISTUS.

No more of that---can I consent,
That a brave gen'rous youth, a much lov'd brother,
For ev'ry virtue fam'd, shall thus debase
By an atrocious deed his fair renown,
And perpetrate a dark insidious deed?
Oh! I should well deserve the worst of ills;
I then should justify a father's cruelty!

TERIBAZUS.

He has undone thee; has undone us all!
But yet thou shalt not die; by Heav'n I swear---
Yes, take me, horror! pour into my heart
Thy blackest purpose; nerve my lifted arm
To dash him headlong from his glitt'ring throne
A terrible example to the world,

RHADAMISTUS.

Forbear, forbear, my brother; yet reflect;
You would strike vice with terror: tell me then,
Will not the act of rash impetuous zeal,
Will not th' example arm the ruffian's hand?
Thy virtue thus inflames thy gen'rous ardor;
But oh! my brother, let it ne'er be said
That virtue held the base assassin's knife!

TERIBAZUS.

Gods! have I ruin'd such unheard of goodness?
Swift I'll dispatch a message to Paulinus,
And call his legions to assault the camp.

Enter TIGRANES, *and* Guards.

TIGRANES.

Guards, seize your pris'ner; in a dungeon's gloom
Plunge him sequester'd from the light of Heav'n.
'Tis Pharasmanes' will.

TERIBAZUS.

Thou meddling fiend!
I will attend his steps; will still protect him
From men like thee.

RHADAMISTUS.

Should Pharasmanes dare
To violate the rights of public law,
Rome is at hand, and will have ample vengeance.
[*Exit with* Teribazus,

TIGRANES,

My thirst of vengeance shall be fated first.
Yes, guard him, prince; it makes thy ruin sure!
Thy Ariana too, while fate is busy,
Shall meet her doom, and leave my road to glory
All smooth and level to ambition's wish.

Enter ZOPIRON,

ZOPIRON.

'Gainst Rome's ambassador the King, Tigranes,
Suspends his sentence till his further orders.
The Queen commands it too.

TIGRANES.

The Queen! what Queen?

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

The beauteous Ariana; now your sovereign,

TIGRANES,

Has she relented? is she married to him?

ZOPIRON.

She is: the scene with various passions burn'd!
Her tresses all unbound, with faded charms,
Yet lovely ev'n in sorrow, thro' the ranks
Eager she flew, with shrieks, with outstretch'd arms,
Invoking ev'ry god! the wond'ring foldier
With soften'd sinews, bent his sword to earth
And gaz'd with mix'd emotions as she pass'd.
Prone to the ground at Pharasmanes' feet
She fell: he rais'd her soon, she smil'd consent.
To the King's tent she press'd with eager speed.
Th' exulting monarch call'd his priests around him,
And soon with solemn march and festive song
In his pavillion sought the blooming bride.

TIGRANES.

This sudden change, Zopiron, this rash haste,
I like it not.

ZOPIRON,

Nor I Tigranes: doubt,
Suspicion, fear, and wonder, and mistrust,
Rise in each anxious thought.

TIGRANES,

But did'st thou see
The ceremony clos'd?

Zo-

ZOPIRON.

I did: at first
 All pale and trembling Ariana stood.
 Then more collected, with undaunted step
 She to the altar bore the nuptial cup.
 There reverent bow'd, and "hear ye gods," she said,
 "Hear and record the purpose of my soul."
 With trembling lips then kiss'd the sacred vase,
 And as our country's solemn rites require,
 Drank of the sacred bev'rage: from her hand
 The King receiv'd it, and with eager joy,
 As to his soul he took the nectar'd draught,
 With stedfast eye she view'd him, whilst a smile
 Of sickly joy gleam'd faintly o'er her visage.

TIGRANES.

Well, she's our Queen, the diadem is hers!

ZOPIRON.

How long to wear it, Heav'n alone can tell.

[The back scene draws, and discovers the King's pavillion, with an altar, and fire blazing on it; soft musick is play'd, and they come forward.]

PHARASMANES and ZENOBIA.

PHARASMANES.

At length my Ariana's soft compliance
 Endears the present bliss, and gives an earnest
 Of joy to brighten a long train of years.

ZENOBIA.

Alas! fond man expiates oft in fancy,

Uncon-

Unconscious of the fates, and oft in thought
Anticipates a bliss he ne'er enjoys.

PHARASMANES.

Away with gloomy care; for thou art mine,
Thou, Ariana! all our future days
Shall smile with gay, with ever-young desire,
And not a cloud o'ercast the bright serene.

ZENOBIA.

And does thy penetrating eye pervade
What time has yet in store?

PHARASMANES.

Why dost thou ask?

ZENOBIA.

I have been us'd to grief: release the Roman,
And give him hence safe conduct to his friends;
I then shall be at peace.

PHARASMANES.

Beware, beware!
Nor rouse again the pangs, that fire a soul,
Which fiercely doats like mine.

ZENOBIA.

Dismiss him hence;
Give him his life; it was your marriage vow.
Grant me one interview, one little hour.
In that poor space I can crowd all that's left me
Of love, and tenderness, and fond concern,
Before we part for ever.

PHARASMANES.

Fond concern!

And

And love, and tenderneſs ! that look betrays
 The ſecret workings of a heart eſtrang'd !
 And ſhall the man, who dares diſpute my love,
 Shall the ſlave breathe a moment ? haſte, Tigranes,
 And ſee immediate execution on him.

[Exit Tigranes.]

ZENOBIA.

Oh ! ſtay Tigranes---barb'rous man, recall
 The horrid mandate.

PHARASMANES.

By immortal love,
 I ſee the ſlave ſtill triumphs in your heart.

ZENOBIA.

Oh ! ſpare him, ſpare him ; by the vital air,
 By your own promis'd faith---- *[Kneels to him.]*

PHARASMANES.

Since lov'd by thee,
 His doom is doubly ſeal'd.

ZENOBIA.

You ſhall not fly me :
 Now tear me, drag me groveling in the duſt,
 Tear off theſe hands ; tear, tear me piece-meal firſt.

PHARASMANES.

Nay, then ſince force muſt do it. *[Shakes her off.]*

ZENOBIA.

Barb'rous tyrant ! *[She lies ſtretch'd on the ground.]*

PHA-

PHARASMANES.

I go to see the minion of your heart
Expire in pangs before me. Ha!---what means
This more than winter's frost that chills my veins?

ZENOBIA. (*Looking up*)

That groan revives, and calls me back to life!

PHARASMANES.

I cannot move---each vital function's lost;
The purple current of my blood is stopt;
I freeze; I burn; oh! 'tis the stroke of death.
[*Falls on the ground.*]

ZENOBIA. (*Rising*)

Yes, tyrant, yes; it is the stroke of death:
And I inflict it; I have done it all.

PHARASMANES.

Pernicious trait'refs! thou!

ZENOBIA.

My vengeance did it!
Zenobia's vengeance!---'tis Zenobia strikes!
Zenobia executes her justice on thee!

PHARASMANES.

Oh! dire, accurst event!---ar't thou Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Yes, thou fell monster, know me for Zenobia!
Know the ambassador is Rhadamistus!
Haste thee, Zopiron, and proclaim him King.
[*Exit Zopiron.*]

PHARASMANES.

May curses light upon thee---oh! I die,
And racks and wheels disjoint me.

ZENOBIA.

Writhe in torment,
In fiercer pangs than my dear father knew.
But I revenge his death; I dash'd the cup
With precious poison!---(*a flourish of trumpets*) ha!
---now tyrant wake,
And hear those sounds---my Rhadamistus reigns!

PHARASMANES.

What and no help!---it is too late---the fates,
The fiends surround me; more than Ætna's fires
Burn in my veins---yet Heav'n---no---'tis in vain;
I cannot rise---my crimes---my tenfold crimes---
They pull, they plunge me down, down headlong---
oh! [Dies.]

ZENOBIA.

Shade of my father view your daughter now!
Behold her struggling in a righteous cause!
Behold her conqu'ring in the tyrant's camp!
Behold your murd'rer levell'd in the dust!

A second flourish of trumpets.

RHADAMISTUS. (*Within the scenes*)

Where is Zenobia?

ZENOBIA.

Rhadamistus, here!

Enter

Enter RHADAMISTUS, TERIBAZUS, MEGISTUS,
ZOPIRON, &c.

RHADAMISTUS.

Oh! let me, let me thus, thus pour my soul,
Thus speak my joy, thus melt within thy arms.

ZENOBIA.

My lord! my life, my Rhadamistus!---come,
Grow to my heart, that bounds and springs to meet thee.

RHADAMISTUS.

Once more reviv'd and snatch'd again from death
Thus do I see thee?---these are speechless joys,
And tears alone express them.

ZENOBIA.

Have I sav'd thee?
All-gracious gods! 'tis rapture in th' extreme!

RHADAMISTUS.

My sweet deliverer! my all of bliss!

ZENOBIA.

Oh! it is joy too exquisite!---and yet
Grief will imbitter ecstasy like this!
There lies your father!

RHADAMISTUS.

All his crimes
Be buried with him!---nature will have way,
And o'er his corse thus sheds the filial tear.

TERIBAZUS.

Oh! that my tears could wash away his stains!

ZENOBIA.

Wilt thou forgive his murderer?

RHADAMISTUS.

For thee,
Beset with wrongs, and injur'd as thou wer't,
In ev'ry region fame shall clap her wings,
And the recording muse applaud thy virtue.

ZENOBIA.

If thou forgiv'st me, I am blest'd indeed!
Now we shall part no more---Megistus too!
Thou good old man!--let me embrace thee---ha!

MEGISTUS.

The blood forsakes her cheek; her eyes are fix'd!--

ZENOBIA.

Support me---help me---oh! I die---I die.
[Falls in Megistus' arms.]

RHADAMISTUS.

Revive my love; thy Rhadamistus thus,
Thus calls your flutt'ring spirit back to life.

ZENOBIA.

It will not be---the toil of life is o'er---
My Rhadamistus--- *[Sinks down on the ground.]*

RHADAMISTUS.

Must I lose thee then?

ZENOBIA.

Oh! the envenom'd cup!--the marriage rites
Requir'd

Requir'd that I should drink it first myself:
There was no other way; I did it freely
To save thy life; to save thee for my child.

RHADAMISTUS.

Is there no antidote to stop the course
Of this vile poison?

ZENOBIA.

None---it rages now;
It rages thro' my veins; my eyes grow dim;
They're lost in darkness--oh!--I cannot see thee.
Where art thou, Rhadamistus?---must I breathe
Longer in life, and never see thee more!
And are my eyes forbid one dear farewell?
Oh! cruel stars!--must they not fix on thee
The last expiring glance?

RHADAMISTUS.

Relentless pow'rs!
There lies Zenobia!--round that pallid beauty
Call your ætherial host, each winged virtue,
Call ev'ry angel down, bid 'em behold
That matchless excellence, and then refuse
Soft pity if they can!

ZENOBIA.

Megistus, seek my child,
And bring him to his father---Rhadamistus,
Wilt thou protect him?---My sweet orphan-babe
I leave thee too!--oh! train him up in virtue:
Wilt thou be fond of him? a mother's fondness
My child should meet---oh! raise me, Rhadamistus;
Give me thy hand---my little infant---oh!--

[Dies.

RHA-

RHADAMISTUS.

Tears, you do well to stop; your wretched drops
Are unavailing at a sight like this!
And art thou gone?---ah! thus defac'd and pale,
Thus do I see thee?---is that ghastly form
All that is left me of thee?---give me daggers,
Give me some instant means of death, my friends,
That I may throw this load of life away,
And let our hearts be both inurn'd together.

TERIBAZUS.

Live, live my brother, for your infant son;
Let him prevail.

RHADAMISTUS.

Inhuman that thou art!
Think you I'll stay imprison'd here in life,
When there---behold her---how she smiles in death!
When there that form---think ye I'll linger here?
Dead, dead Zenobia!---still I have thee thus!
You ne'er shall part us---this at least I'll hold,
And cling for ever to these pale, pale charms;
Here breathe my last, and faithfull still in death,
Love shall unite us in one peaceful grave.

TERIBAZUS.

Bring ev'ry aid, all medicinal skill,
To give each lenient balm to woes like his.
From thee ambition, what misfortunes flow?
To thee what varied ills weak mortals owe?
'Twas this for years laid desolate the land,
And arm'd against a son the father's hand;
To black despair poor lost Zenobia drove;
The hapless victim of disastrous love!

E P I L O G U E:

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

(She peeps thro' the Curtain.)

HOW do you all, good folks?---In tears for certain,
I'll only take a PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;
You're all so full of tragedy, and sadness!
For me to come among ye, would be madness:
This is no time for giggling---when you've leisure,
Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleasure;
As soldiers hurry at the beat of drum,
Beat but your hands, that instant I will come.

[She enters upon their clapping.

This is so good, to call me out so soon---
The COMIC MUSE by me intreats a BOON;
She call'd for PRITCHARD, her first maid of honour,
And begg'd of her to take the task upon her;
But she,---I'm sure you'll all be sorry for't,
Resigns her place, and soon retires from court:
To bear this loss, we courtiers make a shift,
When good folks leave us, worse may have a lift.

The COMIC MUSE, whose ev'ry smile is grace,
And her SAGE SISTER, with her tragic face,
Have had a quarrel----each has WRIT A CASE*,
And on their friends assembled now I wait,
To give you of THEIR DIFFERENCE A TRUE STATE.
MELPOMENE, complains when she appears,
For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,

* Alluding to the dispute between the Managers of Covent-Garden Theatre, who, at that time, had printed their CASES.

*To raise your souls, and with her raptures wing 'em,
 Nay wet your handkerchiefs, that you may wring 'em;
 Some flippant bussey, like myself comes in;
 Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,
 Hey! PRESTO PASS!---all topsy turvy see,
 And, OH! OH! OH! is chang'd to HE, HE, HE!
 We own the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue,
 'Tis theirs, who call and bawl for---EPILOGUE!
 O! shame upon you---for the time to come,
 Know better, and go miserable home.*

*What says our COMIC GODDESS?---with reproaches,
 She vows her SISTER TRAGEDY encroaches!*

*And spite of all her virtue, and ambition,
 Is known to have an am'rous disposition:*

*For in FALSE DELICACY---wond'rous sly,
 Join'd with a certain IRISHMAN---O fye!*

She made you, when you ought to laugh, to cry.---

*Her sister's smiles with tears she try'd to smother,
 Rais'd such a tragi-comic kind of potter,*

You laugh'd with one eye, while you cry'd with o'ther.

What can be done?---sad work behind the scenes!

There comic females scold with tragic queens.

Each party different ways the foe assails,

These shake their daggers, those prepare their nails.

'Tis YOU alone must calm their dire mishaps,

Or we shall still continue pulling caps.

What is your will?---I read it in your faces;

That all hereafter take their proper places,

Shake hands, and kiss and friends, and---BURN THEIR

CASES.

T H E
GRECIAN DAUGHTER,
A
T R A G E D Y.

Performed at the

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E,

Quo non penetrat, aut quid non excogitat pietas, quæ in carcere servandæ genetricis novam rationem invenit? Quid enim tam inusitatum, quid tam inauditum, quam matrem natæ uberibus alitam? Putaret aliquis hoc contra rerum naturam factum, nisi diligere parentes prima naturæ lex esset.

VAL. MAXIM. lib. 5. c. 4.

THE
GREGGIAN DANCER

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P R O L O G U E:

Spoken by Mr. WESTON.

He peeps in at the Stage Door.

HIP! music! music!----Have you more to play?
Somewhat I'd offer---stop your cat-gut, pray.

Will you permit, and not pronounce me rude,
A bookseller one moment to intrude?

Ny name is Foolscap:---all my troubles past,
Fortune hath given me a rare helping cast.

To all my toils a wife hath put a stop:

A devil first; but now I keep a shop.

My master died, poor man! he's out of print!

His widow, she had eyes and took my hint.

A prey to grief, she could not bear to be,

And so turn'd over a new leaf with me.

I drive a trade; have authors in my pay,

Men of all work, per week, per sheet, per day.

TRAV'LLERS, who not one foreign country know:

And PAST'RAL POETS, in the sound of Bow.

TRANSLATORS, from the Greek they never read;

CANTABS and SOPHS; in Covent-Garden bred.

HISTORIANS, who can't write; who only take

Scissars and paste; cut, vamp; a book they make.

I've treated for this play; can buy it too,

If I could learn what you intend to do.

If for nine nights you'll bear this tragic stuff;

I have a newspaper, and there can puff.

A newspaper does wonders! none can be

In debt, in love, dependent, or quite free,

Ugly or handsome, well, or ill in bed,

Single or married, or alive or dead,

But we give life, death, virtue, vice with ease;

In short a newspaper does what we please.

There jealous authors at each other bark;

Till Truth leaves not one glimpse, no, not one spark;

But lies meet lies, and jostle in the dark.

*Our bard within has often felt the dart
 Sent from our quiver, levell'd at his heart.
 I've press'd him, ere he plays this desp'rate game,
 To answer all, and vindicate his name.
 But he convinc'd that all but truth must die,
 Leaves to its own mortality the lie.
 Would any know, while parties fight pell-mell,
 How he employs his pen?---his play will tell.
 To that he trusts; that he submits to you,
 Aim'd at your tend'rest feelings, moral, new.
 The scenes, he hopes, will draw the heart-felt tear;
 Scenes that come home to ev'ry bosom here.
 If this will do, I'll run and buy it straight;
 Stay; let me see; I think I'd better wait:
 Yes; I'll lie snug, till you have fix'd it's fate.*

Dramatis Personæ.

DIONYSIUS,	Mr. PALMER.
EVANDER,	Mr. BARRY.
PHILOTAS,	Mr. REDDISH.
MELANTHON,	Mr. AICKIN.
PHOCION,	Mr. J. AICKIN.
ARCAS,	Mr. HURST.
GREEK HERALD,	Mr. PACKER.
CALIPPUS,	Mr. INCHBALD.
GREEK SOLDIER,	Mr. DAVIES.
OFFICER,	Mr. WHEELER.
EUPHRASIA,	Mrs. BARRY.
ERIXENE,	Miss PLATT.

Scene, S Y R A C U S E.

T H E

T H E

GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

A C T the F I R S T.

Enter MELANTHON, *and* PHILOTAS.

MELANTHON.

YET, yet a moment; hear, Philotas, hear me.

PHILOTAS.

No more; it must not be.

MELANTHON.

Obdurate man;
Thus wilt thou spurn me, when a King distress'd,
A good, a virtuous, venerable King,
The father of his people, from a throne
Which long with ev'ry virtue he adorn'd,
Torn by a ruffian, by a tyrant's hand,
Groans in captivity? In his own palace
Lives a sequester'd prisoner? Oh! Philotas,
If thou hast not renounc'd humanity;
Let me behold my sovereign; once again
Admit me to his presence; let me see
My royal master.

PHILOTAS.

Urge thy suit no further;

Thy

Thy words are fruitless ; Dionysius' orders
 Forbid access ; he is our sov'reign now ;
 'Tis his to give the law, mine to obey.

MELANTHON.

Thou can'st not mean it : his to give the law !
 Detested spoiler !---his ! a vile usurper !
 Have we forgot the elder Dionysius,
 Surnam'd the Tyrant ? To Sicilia's throne
 The monster waded thro' whole seas of blood.
 Sore groan'd the land beneath his iron rod,
 Till rous'd at length Evander came from Greece,
 Like Freedom's Genius came, and sent the tyrant
 Stript of the crown, and to his humble rank
 Once more reduc'd, to roam, for vile subsistence,
 A wandering sophist thro' the realms of Greece.

PHILOTAS.

Melanthon, yes ; full clearly I remember
 The splendid day, when all rejoicing Sicily
 Hail'd her deliverer.

MELANTHON.

Shall the tyrant's son
 Deduce a title from the father's guilt ?
 Philotas, thou wert once the friend of goodness ;
 Thou art a Greek ; fair Corinth gave thee birth ;
 I mark'd thy growing youth ; I need not tell,
 With what an equal sway Evander reign'd,
 How just, how upright, generous and good !
 From ev'ry region bards and sages came ;
 Whate'er of science ancient Egypt stor'd ;
 All that the East had treasur'd ; all that Greece
 Of moral wisdom taught, and Plato's voice,
 Was heard in Sicily. Shall Dionysius
 Extinguish ev'ry virtue in the land,

Bow to his yoke the necks of freeborn men,
And here perpetuate a tyrant's reign?

PHILOTAS.

Whate'er his right, to him in Syracuse
All bend the knee; his the supreme dominion,
And death and torment wait his fovereign nod.

MELANTHON.

But soon that pow'r shall cease: behold his walls
Now close encircled by the Grecian bands;
Timoleon leads them on; indignant Corinth
Sends her avenger forth, array'd in terror,
To hurl ambition from a throne usurp'd,
And bid all Sicily resume her rights.

PHILOTAS.

Thou wert a statesman once, Melanthon; now,
Grown dim with age, thy eye pervades no more
The deep-laid schemes which Dionysius plans.
Know then, a fleet from Carthage even now
Stems the rough billow; and, ere yonder sun,
That now declining seeks the Western wave,
Shall to the shades of night resign the world,
Thou'lt see the Punic sails in yonder bay,
Whose waters wash the walls of Syracuse.

MELANTHON.

Art thou a stranger to Timoleon's name?
Intent to plan, and circumspect to see
All possible events, he rushes on
Resistless in his course! Your boasted master
Scarce stands at bay; each hour the strong blockade
Hems him in closer, and ere long thou'lt view
Oppression's iron rod to fragments shiver'd!
The good Evander then----

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Alas, Evander

Will ne'er behold the golden time you look for!

MELANTHON.

How! not behold it! Say, Philotas, speak;
Has the fell tyrant, have his felon murderers---

PHILOTAS.

As yet, my friend, Evander lives.

MELANTHON.

And yet

Thy dark half-hinted purpose---lead me to him;
If thou hast murder'd him----

PHILOTAS.

By Heav'n, he lives.

MELANTHON.

Then bless me with one tender interview.
Thrice has the sun gone down, since last these eyes
Have seen the good old King; say, why is this?
Wherefore debar'd his presence? Thee, Philotas,
The troops obey, that guard the royal pris'ner;
Each avenue to thee is open; thou
Can'st grant admittance; let me, let me see him,

PHILOTAS.

Entreat no more; the soul of Dionysius
Is ever wakeful; rent with all the pangs
That wait on conscious guilt.

MELANTHON.

But when dun night----

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Alas! it cannot be: but mark my words.
 Let Greece urge on her general assault.
 Dispatch some friend; who may o'er-leap the walls,
 And tell Timoleon, the good old Evander
 Has liv'd three days, by Dionysius' order,
 Lock'd up from ev'ry sustenance of nature,
 And life, now wearied out, almost expires.

MELANTHON.

If any spark of virtue dwell within thee,
 Lead me, Philotas, lead me to his prison.

PHILOTAS.

The tyrant's jealous care hath mov'd him thence.

MELANTHON.

Ha! mov'd him, say'st thou?

PHILOTAS.

At the midnight hour,
 Silent convey'd him up the steep ascent;
 To where the elder Dionysius form'd,
 On the sharp summit of the pointed rock,
 Which overhangs the deep, a dungeon drear:
 Cell within cell, a labyrinth of horror,
 Deep cavern'd in the cliff, where many a wretch,
 Unseen by mortal eye, has groan'd in anguish,
 And died obscure, unpitied, and unknown.

MELANTHON.

Clandestine murderer! Yes, there's the scene
 Of horrid massacre. Full oft I've walk'd,
 When all things lay in sleep and darkness hush'd.
 Yes, oft I've walk'd the lonely fullen beach,

And heard the mournful sound of many a corse
 Plung'd from the rock into the wave beneath,
 That murmurs on the shore. And means he thus
 To end a monarch's life? Oh! grant my pray'r;
 My timely succour may protect his days;
 The guard is yours----

PHILOTAS.

Forbear; thou plead'st in vain;
 And though I feel soft pity throbbing here;
 Though each emotion prompts the gen'rous deed,
 I must not yield; it were assur'd destruction;
 Farewell, dispatch a message to the Greeks;
 I'll to my station; now thou know'st the worst.

[Exit

MELANTHON.

Oh! lost Evander! Lost Euphrasia too!
 How will her gentle nature bear the shock
 Of a dear father, thus in ling'ring pangs
 A prey to famine, like the verriest wretch
 Whom the hard hand of Misery hath grip'd!
 In vain she'll rave with impotence of sorrow;
 Perhaps provoke her fate: Greece arms in vain;
 All's lost; Evander dies!

Enter CALIPPUS.

CALIPPUS.

Where is the King?
 Our troops, that fallied to attack the foe,
 Retire disordered; to the eastern gate
 The Greeks pursue; Timoleon rides in blood!
 Arm, arm, and meet their fury.

MELANTHON.

To the citadel

Direct

Direct thy footsteps; Dionysius there
Marshals a chosen band.

CALIPPUS,

Do thou call forth
Thy hardy veterans; haste, or all is lost! [Exit,
[Warlike music.

MELANTHON.

Now, ye just Gods, now look propitious down;
Now give the Grecian sabre tenfold edge,
And save a virtuous King!

[Warlike music,

Enter EUPHRASIA,

EUPHRASIA.

War on, ye heroes,
Ye great assertors of a monarch's cause!
Let the wild tempest rage. Melanthon, ha!
Did'st thou not hear the vast tremendous roar?
Down tumbling from it's base the eastern tow'r,
Burst on the tyrant's ranks, and on the plain
Lies an extended ruin.

MELANTHON.

Still new horrors
Increase each hour, and gather round our heads.

EUPHRASIA,

The glorious tumult lifts my tow'ring soul,
Once more, Melanthon, once again, my father
Shall mount Sicilia's throne.

MELANTHON.

Alas! that hour

F f 2

Would

Would come with joy to ev'ry honest heart,
 Would shed divinest blessings from its wing;
 But no such hour in all the round of time,
 I fear, the fates averse will e'er lead on.

EUPHRASIA.

And still, Melanthon, still does pale despair
 Depress thy spirit? Lo! Timoleon comes
 Arm'd with the pow'r of Greece; the brave, the just,
 God-like Timoleon! ardent to redress,
 He guides the war, and gains upon his prey.
 A little interval shall set the victor
 Within our gates triumphant.

MELANTHON.

Still my fears
 Forbode for thee. Would thou hadst left this place,
 When hence your husband, the brave Phocion fled,
 Fled with your infant son!

EUPHRASIA.

In duty fix'd,
 Here I remain'd, while my brave gen'rous Phocion,
 Fled with my child, and from his mother's arms
 Bore my sweet little one. Full well thou know'st
 The pangs I suffer'd in that trying moment.
 Did I not weep? Did I not rave and shriek,
 And by the roots tear my dishevell'd hair?
 Did I not follow to the sea-beat shore,
 Resolv'd with him and with my blooming boy
 To trust the winds and waves?

MELANTHON.

Deem not, Euphrasia,
 I e'er can doubt thy constancy and love.

EUPHRASIA.

Melanthon, how I loved, the Gods who saw
Each secret image that my fancy form'd,
The Gods can witness how I lov'd my Phocion,
And yet I went not with him. Could I do it?
Could I desert my father? Could I leave
The venerable man, who gave me being,
A victim here in Syracuse, nor stay
To watch his fate, to visit his affliction,
To cheer his prison hours, and with the tear
Of filial virtue bid ev'n bondage smile?

MELANTHON.

The pious act, whate'er the fates intend,
Shall merit heart-felt praise.

EUPHRASIA.

Yes, Phocion, go,
Go with my child, torn from this matron breast,
This breast that still should yield it's nurture to him,
Fly with my infant to some happier shore,
If he be safe, Euphrasia dies content.
Till that sad close of all, the task be mine
To tend a father with delighted care,
To smooth the pillow of declining age,
See him sink gradual into mere decay,
On the last verge of life watch ev'ry look,
Explore each fond unutterable wish,
Catch his last breath, and close his eyes in peace.

MELANTHON.

I would not add to my afflictions; yet
My heart misgives; Evander's fatal period----

Eu-

EUPHRASIA.

Still is far off; the Gods have sent relief,
And once again I shall behold him King,

MELANTHON.

Alas! those glitt'ring hopes but lend a ray
To gild the glouds, that hover o'er your head,
Soon to rain sorrow down, and plunge you deeper
In black despair,

EUPHRASIA,

The spirit-stirring virtue,
That glows within me, ne'er shall know despair,
No, I will trust the Gods. Desponding man!
Hast thou not heard with what resistless ardour
Timoleon drives the tumult of the war?
Hast thou not heard him thund'ring at our gates?
The tyrant's pent up in his last retreat;
Anon thou'lt see his battlements in dust,
His walls, his ramparts, and his tow'rs in ruin;
Destruction pouring in on ev'ry side,
Pride and oppression at their utmost need,
And nought to save him in his hopeless hour.
[A flourish of trumpets,

MELANTHON.

Ha! the fell tyrant comes---Beguile his rage,
And o'er your sorrows cast a dawn of gladness,

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, OFFICERS, &c.

DIONYSIUS.

The vain presumptuous Greek! His hopes of conquest,
Like a gay dream, are vanish'd into air.

Proudly

Proudly elate, and flush'd with easy triumph
 O'er vulgar warriors, to the gates of Syracuse
 He urg'd the war, till Dionysius' arm
 Let slaughter loose, and taught his dastard train
 To seek their safety by inglorious flight.

EUPHRASIA.

O Dionysius, if distracting fears
 Alarm this throbbing bosom, you will pardon
 A frail and tender sex. Should ruthless war
 Roam through our streets, and riot here in blood,
 Where shall the lost Euphrasia find a shelter?
 In vain she'll kneel, and clasp the sacred altar.
 O let me then, in mercy let me seek
 The gloomy mansion, where my father dwells;
 I die content, if in his arms I perish.

DIONYSIUS.

Thou lovely trembler, hush thy fears to rest.
 The Greek recoils; like the impetuous surge
 That dashes on the rock, there breaks, and foams,
 And backward rolls into the sea again.
 All shall be well in Syracuse: a fleet
 Appears in view, and brings the chosen sons
 Of Carthage. From the hill that fronts the main,
 I saw their canvas swelling with the wind,
 While on the purple wave the western sun
 Glanc'd the remains of day.

EUPHRASIA.

Yet till the fury
 Of war subside, the wild, the horrid interval
 In safety let me soothe to dear delight
 In a lov'd father's presence: from his sight,
 For three long days, with specious feign'd excuse
 Your guards debarr'd me. Oh! while yet he lives,
 Indulge

Indulge a daughter's love ; worn out with age
 Soon must he seal his eyes in endless night,
 And with his converse charm my ear no more.

DIONYSIUS.

Why thus anticipate misfortune ? Still
 Evander mocks the injuries of time.
 Calippus, thou survey the city round ;
 Station the centinels, that no surprise
 Invade the unguarded works, while drowsy night
 Weighs down the soldier's eye. Afflicted fair,
 Thy couch invites thee. When the tumult's o'er,
 Thou'lt see Evander with redoubled joy.
 Though now unequal to the cares of empire
 His age sequester him, yet honours high
 Shall gild the ev'ning of his various day.

EUPHRASIA.

For this benignity accept my thanks.
 They gush in tears, and my heart pours it's tribute.

DIONYSIUS.

Perdiccas, ere the morn's revolving light
 Unveil the face of things, do thou dispatch
 A well-oar'd galley to Hamilcar's fleet ;
 At the north point of yonder promontory
 Let some selected officer instruct him
 To moor his ships, and issue on the land.
 Then may Timoleon tremble : vengeance then
 Shall overwhelm his camp, pursue his bands
 With fatal havock to the ocean's margin;
 And cast their limbs to glut the vulture's famine
 In mangled heaps upon the naked shore.

[Exit Dionysius.]

EUPHRASIA, MELANTHON.

EUPHRASIA.

What do I hear? Melanthon, can it be?
If Carthage comes, if her perfidious sons
Lift in his cause, the dawn of freedom's gone.

MELANTHON.

Woe, bitt'rest woe impends; thou would'st not
think----

EUPHRASIA.

How! speak! unfold.

MELANTHON.

My tongue denies it's office.

EUPHRASIA.

How is my father? Say, Melanthon----

MELANTHON.

He,
I fear to shock thee with the tale of horror!
Perhaps he dies this moment.---Since Timoleon
First form'd his lines round this beleaguer'd city,
No nutriment has touch'd Evander's lips.
In the deep caverns of the rock imprison'd
He pines in bitterest want.

EUPHRASIA.

To that abode
Of woe and horror, that last stage of life,
Has the fell tyrant mov'd him?

MELANTHON.

There sequester'd,
Alas ! he soon must perish.

EUPHRASIA.

Well, my heart,
Well do your vital drops forget to flow.

MELANTHON.

Enough his sword has reek'd with public slaughter;
Now dark insidious deeds must thin mankind.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh ! night, that oft hast heard my piercing shrieks
Disturb thy awful silence ; oft has heard
Each stroke these hands in frantic sorrow gave
From this sad breast resounding, now no more
I mean to vent complaints ; I mean not now
With busy mem'ry to retrace the wrongs
The tyrant heap'd on our devoted race.
I bear it all ; with calmest patience bear it ;
Resign'd and wretched, desperate and lost,

MELANTHON.

Despair, alas ! is all the sad resource
Our fate allows us now,

EUPHRASIA.

Yet why despair ?
Is that the tribute to a father due ?
Blood is his due, Melanthon ; yes, the blood,
The vile, black blood, that fills the tyrant's veins,
Would graceful look upon my dagger's point.
Come, vengeance, come, shake off this feeble sex,
Sinew my arm, and guide it to his heart.

And

And thou, O filial piety, that rul'st
 My woman's breast, turn to vindictive rage;
 Assume the port of justice; shew mankind
 Tyrannic guilt hath never dar'd in Syracuse,
 Beyond the reach of virtue.

MELANTHON.

Yet beware;
 Controul this frenzy that bears down your reason.
 Surrounded by his guards, the tyrant mocks
 Your utmost fury; moderate your zeal,
 Nor let him hear these transports of the soul,
 These wild upbraidings.

EUPHRASIA.

Shall Euphrasia's voice
 Be hush'd to silence, when a father dies?
 Shall not the monster hear his deeds accurst?
 Shall he not tremble, when a daughter comes,
 Wild with her griefs, and terrible with wrongs,
 Fierce in despair, all nature in her cause
 Alarm'd and rous'd with horror? Yes, Melanthon,
 The man of blood shall hear me; yes, my voice
 Shall mount aloft upon the whirlwind's wing,
 Pierce yon blue vault, and at the throne of Heav'n
 Call down red vengeance on the murd'rer's head.
 Melanthon come; my wrongs will lend me force;
 The weakness of my sex is gone; this arm
 Feels tenfold strength; this arm shall do a deed
 For heav'n and earth, for men and gods to wonder at!
 This arm shall vindicate a father's cause.

End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T the S E C O N D.

A wild romantic Scene amidst overhanging Rocks; a Cavern on one Side.

ARCAS, with a Spear in his Hand.

THE gloom of night sits heavy on the world;
 And o'er the solemn scene such stillness reigns,
 As 'twere a pause of nature; on the beach
 No murmuring billow breaks; the Grecian tents
 Lie sunk in sleep; no gleaming fires are seen;
 All Syracuse is hush'd; no stir abroad,
 Save ever and anon the dashing oar,
 That beats the fullen wave. And hark!--Was that
 The groan of anguish from Evander's cell,
 Piercing the midnight gloom?---It is the sound
 Of bustling prows, that cleave the briny deep.
 Perhaps at this dead hour Hamilcar's fleet
 Rides in the bay.

Enter PHILOTAS, from the Cavern.

PHILOTAS.

What ho! brave Arcas! ho!

ARCAS.

Why thus desert thy couch?

PHILOTAS.

Methought the sound
 Of distant uproar chas'd affrighted sleep.

AR-

ARCAS.

At intervals the oar's resounding stroke
Comes ecchoing from the main. Save that report,
A death-like silence through the wide expanse
Broods o'er the dreary coast.

PHILOTAS.

Do thou retire,
And seek repose; the duty of thy watch
Is now perform'd; I take thy post.

ARCAS.

How fares
Your royal pris'ner?

PHILOTAS.

Arcas, shall I own
A secret weakness? My heart inward melts
To see that suffering virtue. On the earth,
The cold, damp earth, the royal victim lies;
And while pale famine drinks his vital spirit,
He welcomes death, and smiles himself to rest.
Oh! would I could relieve him! Thou withdraw;
Thy wearied nature claims repose; and now
The watch is mine.

ARCAS.

May no alarm disturb thee.

[Exit.]

PHILOTAS.

Some dread event is lab'ring into birth.
At close of day the fullen sky held forth
Unerring signals. With disastrous glare
The moon's full orb rose crimson'd o'er with blood;
And

And lo! athwart the gloom a falling star
 Trails a long tract of fire!---What daring step
 Sounds on the flinty rock? Stand there; what ho!
 Speak, ere thou dar'st advance. Unfold thy purpose:
 Who and what art thou?

Enter EUPHRASIA, with a Lanthorn in her Hand.

EUPHRASIA.

Mine no hostile step;
 I bring no valour to alarm thy fears:
 It is a friend approaches.

PHILOTAS.

Ha! what mean
 Those plaintive notes?

EUPHRASIA.

Here is no ambush'd Greek,
 No warrior to surprize thee on the watch.
 An humble suppliant comes---Alas my strength
 Exhausted quite forsakes this weary frame.

PHILOTAS.

What voice thus piercing thro' the gloom of night---
 What art thou? what thy errand? quickly say
 What wretch, with what intent, at this dead hour---
 Wherefore alarm'st thou thus our peaceful watch?

EUPHRASIA.

Let no mistrust affright thee---Lo! a wretch,
 The veriest wretch that ever groan'd in anguish,
 Comes here to grovel on the earth before thee,
 To tell her sad, sad tale, implore thy aid,
 For sure the pow'r is thine, thou canst relieve
 My bleeding heart, and soften all my woes.

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Ha! sure those accents--- *(takes the light from her.*

EUPHRASIA.

Deign to listen to me.

PHILOTAS.

Euphrasia!-----

EUPHRASIA.

Yes; the lost, undone Euphrasia;
Supreme in wretchedness; to th' inmost sense,
Here in the quickest fibre of the heart,
Wounded, transfix'd, and tortur'd to distraction.

PHILOTAS.

Why, princess, thus anticipate the dawn?
Still sleep and silence wrap the weary world;
The stars in mid career usurp the pole;
The Grecian bands, the winds, the waves are hush'd;
All things are mute around us; all but you
Rest in oblivious slumber from their cares.

EUPHRASIA.

Yes, all; all rest: the very murd'rer sleeps;
Guilt is at rest: I only wake to misery.

PHILOTAS.

How didst thou gain the summit of the rock?

EUPHRASIA.

Give me my father; here you hold him fetter'd;
Oh! give him to me;---in the fond pursuit
All pain and peril vanish; love and duty
Inspir'd the thought; despair itself gave courage;
I climb'd

I climb'd the hard ascent; with painful toil
 Surmounted craggy cliffs, and pointed rocks;
 What will not misery attempt?---If ever
 The touch of nature throbb'd within your breast,
 Admit me to Evander; in these caves
 I know he pines in want; let me convey
 Some charitable succour to a father.

PHILOTAS.

Alas! Euphrasia, would I dare comply.

EUPHRASIA.

It will be virtue in thee. Thou, like me,
 Wert born in Greece:---Oh! by our common parent---
 Nay stay; thou shalt not fly; Philotas stay;
 You have a father too; think were his lot
 Hard as Evander's, if by felon hands
 Chain'd to the earth, with slow consuming pangs
 He felt sharp want, and with an asking eye
 Implor'd relief, yet cruel men deny'd it,
 Would'st thou not burst thro' adamantine gates,
 Thro' walls and rocks, to save him? Think, Philotas,
 Of thy own aged sire, and pity mine.
 Think of the agonies a daughter feels,
 When thus a parent wants the common food,
 The bounteous hand of nature meant for all.

PHILOTAS.

'Twere best withdraw thee, princess; thy assistance
 Evander wants not; it is fruitless all;
 Thy tears, thy wild entreaties, are in vain.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!---thou hast murder'd him; he is no more;
 I understand thee;---butchers, you have shed
 The precious drops of life; yet, e'en in death,
 Let me behold him; let a daughter close

With

With duteous hand a father's beamless eyes;
 Print her last kisses on his honour'd hand,
 And lay him decent in the shroud of death.

PHILOTAS.

Alas! this frantic grief can nought avail.
 Retire, and seek the couch of balmy sleep,
 In this dead hour, this season of repose.

EUPHRASIA.

And dost thou then, inhuman that thou art!
 Advise a wretch like me to know repose?
 This is my last abode: these caves, these rocks,
 Shall ring for ever with Euphrasia's wrongs;
 All Sicily shall hear me; yonder deep
 Shall eccho back an injur'd daughter's cause;
 Here will I dwell, and rave, and shriek, and give
 These scatter'd locks to all the passing winds;
 Call on Evander lost; and, pouring curses,
 And cruel gods, and cruel stars invoking,
 Stand on the cliff in madness and despair.

PHILOTAS.

Yet calm this violence; reflect, Euphrasia,
 With what severe enforcement Dionysius
 Exacts obedience to his dread command.
 If here thou'rt found----

EUPHRASIA.

Here is Euphrasia's mansion, (*falls on the ground.*)
 Her fix'd eternal home;---inhuman savages,
 Here stretch me with a father's murder'd corse;
 Then heap your rocks, your mountains on my head;
 It will be kindness in you; I shall rest
 Intomb'd within a parent's arms.

PHILOTAS.

By Heav'n,
My heart in pity bleeds.

EUPHRASIA.

Talk'st thou of pity?
Yield to the gen'rous instinct; grant my pray'r;
Let my eyes view him, gaze their last upon him,
And shew you have some sense of human woe.

PHILOTAS.

Her vehemence of grief o'erpow'rs me quite.
My honest heart condemns the barb'rous deed,
And if I dare----

EUPHRASIA.

And if you dare!---Is that
The voice of manhood? Honest, if you dare!
'Tis the slave's virtue! 'tis the utmost limit
Of the base coward's honour.---Not a wretch,
There's not a villain, not a tool of pow'r,
But, silence interest, extinguish fear,
And he will prove benevolent to man.
The gen'rous heart does more; will dare to all
That honour prompts.---How dost thou dare to
murder?----
Respect the gods, and know no other fear.

PHILOTAS.

No other fear assails this warlike breast.
I pity your misfortunes; yes, by Heav'n,
My heart bleeds for you. Gods! you've touch'd
my soul!
The gen'rous impulse is not giv'n in vain.
I feel thee Nature, and I dare obey.

Oh!

Oh! thou hast conquer'd.---Go, Euphrasia, go
Behold thy father.

EUPHRASIA.

Raise me, raise me up;
I'll bathe thy hand with tears, thou gen'rous man!

PHILOTAS.

Yet mark my words; if aught of nourishment
Thou would'st convey, my partners of the watch
Will ne'er consent.

EUPHRASIA.

I will observe your orders:
On any terms, oh! let me, let me see him.

PHILOTAS.

Yon lamp will guide thee thro' the cavern'd way.

EUPHRASIA.

My heart runs o'er in thanks; the pious act
Timoleon shall reward; the bounteous gods,
And thy own virtue shall reward the deed.

(Goes into the cave.)

PHILOTAS.

Prevailing, pow'rful virtue!--Thou subduest
The stubborn heart, and mould'st it to thy purpose.
Would I could save them!--But tho' not for me
The glorious pow'r to shelter innocence,
Yet for a moment to assuage its woes,
Is the best sympathy, the purest joy
Nature intended for the heart of man,
When thus she gave the social gen'rous tear.

[Exit.]

Scene the Inside of the Cavern.

Enter ARCAS and EUPHRASIA.

ARCAS.

No; on my life I dare not.

EUPHRASIA.

But a small,
A wretched pittance; one poor cordial drop
To renovate exhausted drooping age.
I ask no more.

ARCAS.

Not the smallest store
Of scanty nourishment must pass these walls.
Our lives were forfeit else: a moment's parley
Is all I grant; in yonder cave he lies.

EVANDER (*within the cell.*)

Oh! struggling nature! let thy conflict end.
Oh! give me, give me rest.

EUPHRASIA.

My father's voice!
It pierces here! it cleaves my very heart.
I shall expire, and never see him more.

ARCAS.

Repose thee, princess, here, (*draws a couch*) here rest
thy limbs,
Till the returning blood shall lend thee firmness.

EUPHRASIA.

The caves, the rocks, re-echo to his groans!
And is there no relief?

AR-

ARCAS.

All I can grant,
 You shall command. I will unbar the dungeon,
 Unloose the chain that binds him to the rock,
 And leave your interview without restraint.

[Opens a cell in the back Scene.]

EUPHRASIA.

Hold, hold my heart! Oh! how shall I sustain
 The agonizing scene? *(rises.)* I must behold him;
 Nature, that drives me on, will lend me force.
 Is that my father?

ARCAS.

Take your last farewell.
 His vigour seems not yet exhausted quite.
 You must be brief, or ruin will ensue.

[Exit.]

EVANDER. *(Raising himself.)*

Oh! when shall I get free?---These ling'ring pangs---

EUPHRASIA.

Behold ye pow'rs, that spectacle of woe!

EVANDER.

Dispatch me, pitying gods, and save my child!
 I burn, I burn; alas! no place of rest:

[Rises and comes out.]

A little air; once more a breath of air;
 Alas! I faint; I die.

EUPHRASIA.

Heart-piercing sight!
 Let me support you, Sir.

EVAN-

EVANDER.

Oh! lend your arm.
Whoe'er thou art, I thank thee: that kind breeze
Comes gently o'er my senses---lead me forward:
And is there left one charitable hand
To reach it's succour to a wretch like me?

EUPHRASIA.

Well may'st thou ask it. Oh! my breaking heart!
The hand of death is on him.

EVANDER.

Still a little,
A little onward to the air conduct me;
'Tis well;---I thank thee; thou art kind and good,
And much I wonder at this gen'rous pity.

EUPHRASIA.

Do thou not know me, Sir?

EVANDER.

Methinks I know
That voice: art thou---alas! my eyes are dim!
Each object swims before me---No, in truth
I do not know thee.

EUPHRASIA.

Not your own Euphrasia?

EVANDER.

Art thou my daughter?

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! my honour'd Sire!

EVAN-

EVANDER.

My daughter, my Euphrasia? come to close
 A father's eyes! Giv'n to my last embrace!
 Gods! do I hold her once again? Your mercies
 Are without number. *[Falls on the couch.*
 This excess of bliss
 O'erpow'rs; it kills; Euphrasia---could I hope it?
 I die content---Art thou indeed my daughter?
 Thou art; my hand is moisten'd with thy tears:
 I pray you do not weep---thou art my child:
 I thank you gods! in my last dying moments
 You have not left me---I would pour my praise;
 But oh! your goodness overcomes me quite!
 You read my heart; you see what passes there.

EUPHRASIA.

Alas he faints; the gushing tide of transport
 Bears down each feeble sense: restore him Heav'n!

EVANDER.

All, my Euphrasia, all will soon be well,
 Pass but a moment, and this busy globe,
 Its thrones, its empires, and its bustling millions,
 Will seem a speck in the great void of space.
 Yet while I stay, thou darling of my age!
 Nay dry those tears.

EUPHRASIA.

I will my father.

EVANDER.

Where,
 I fear to ask it, where is virtuous Phocion?

EUPHRASIA.

Fled from the tyrant's pow'r.

EVAN-

EVANDER.

And left thee here
Expos'd and helpless?

EUPHRASIA.

He is all truth and honour:
He fled to save my child.

EVANDER.

My young Evander!
Your boy is safe Euphrasia?---Oh! my heart!
Alas! quite gone; worn out with misery;
Oh! weak, decay'd old man!

EUPHRASIA.

Inhuman wretches!
Will none relieve his want? A drop of water
Might save his life; and ev'n that's deny'd him.

EVANDER.

These strong emotions---Oh! that eager air---
It is too much---assist me; bear me hence;
And lay me down in peace.

EUPHRASIA.

His eyes are fix'd!
And those pale quiv'ring lips! He clasps my hand:
What, no assistance! Monsters will you thus
Let him expire in these weak feeble arms?

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

Those wild, those piercing shrieks will give th' alarm.

Eu-

EUPHRASIA.

Support him; bear him hence; 'tis all I ask.

EVANDER. (*As he is carried off.*)

O Death! where art thou? Death, thou dread of guilt,
 Thou wish of innocence, affliction's friend,
 Tir'd Nature calls thee; come, in mercy come,
 And lay me pillow'd in eternal rest.
 My child---where art thou? give me; reach thy hand,
 Why dost thou weep?---My eyes are dry---Alas!
 Quite parch'd, my lips---quite parch'd, they cleave
 together.

EUPHRASIA.

Now judge, ye Pow'rs, in the whole round of time,
 If e'er you view'd a scene of woe like this.

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter* ARCAS.

ARCAS.

The grey of morn breaks thro' yon eastern clouds.
 'Twere time this interview should end: the hour
 Now warns Euphrasia hence: what man could dare,
 I have indulg'd---Philotas!---ha! the cell
 Left void!---Evander gone!---What may this mean?
 Philotas, speak.

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

Oh! vile, detested lot
 Here to obey the savage tyrant's will,
 And murder virtue, that can thus behold

It's executioner, and smile upon him.
That piteous sight!

ARCAS.

She must withdraw Philotas;
Delay undoes us both. The restless main
Glow with the blush of day. Timoleon's fleet,
That pass'd the night in busy preparation,
Makes from the shore. On the high craggy point
Of yonder jutting eminence I mark'd
Their haughty streamers curling to the wind.
He seeks Hamilcar's fleet. The briny deep
Shall soon be dy'd with blood. The fierce alarm
Will rouse our slumb'ring troops. The time re-
quires
Without or further pause, or vain excuse,
That she depart this moment.

PHILOTAS.

Arcas, yes;
My voice shall warn her of th' approaching danger.
[Exit.]

ARCAS.

Would she had ne'er adventur'd to our guard.
I dread th' event; and hark!--the wind conveys
In clearer sound the uproar of the main.
The fates prepare new havock; on th' event
Depends the fate of empire. Wherefore thus
Delays Euphrasia?---Ha! what means, Philotas,
That sudden haste, that pale disorder'd look?

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

O! I can hold no more; at such a sight

Ev'n

Ev'n the hard heart of tyranny would melt
To infant softness. Arcas, go, behold
The pious fraud of charity and love;
Behold that unexampled goodness; see
Th' expedient sharp necessity has taught her;
Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn to view,
A child like her.

ARCAS.

Ha !---Say what mystery
Wakes these emotions?

PHILOTAS.

Wonder-working virtue!
The father foster'd at his daughter's breast!
O! filial piety!---The milk design'd
For her own offspring, on the parent's lip
Allays the parching fever.

ARCAS.

That device
Has she then form'd, eluding all our care,
To minister relief?

PHILOTAS.

On the bare earth
Evander lies; and as his languid pow'rs
Imbibe with eager thirst the kind refreshment,
And his looks speak unutterable thanks,
Euphrasia views him with the tend'rest glance,
Ev'n as a mother doating on her child;
And, ever and anon, amidst the smiles
Of pure delight, of exquisite sensation,
A silent tear steals down; the tear of virtue,
That sweetens grief to rapture. All her laws
Inverted quite, great Nature triumphs still.

ARCAS.

The tale unmans my soul.

PHILOTAS.

Ye tyrants hear it,
And learn, that, while your cruelty prepares
Unheard of torture, virtue can keep pace
With your worst efforts, and can try new modes
To bid men grow enamour'd of her charms.

ARCAS.

Philotas, for Euphrasia, in her cause
I now can hazard all. Let us preserve
Her father for her.

PHILOTAS.

Oh ! her lovely daring
Transcends all praise. By Heav'n he shall not die.

ARCAS.

And yet we must be wary ; I'll go forth,
And first explore each avenue around,
Lest the fix'd sentinel obstruct your purpose.
[Exit.

PHILOTAS.

I thank thee, Arcas ; we will act like men
Who feel for other's woes---She leads him forth,
And tremblingly supports his drooping age.
[Goes to assist him.

Enter

Enter EUPHRASIA, and EVANDER.

EVANDER.

Euphrasia, oh! my child! returning life
Glow's here about my heart. Conduct me forward:
At the last gasp preserv'd! Ha! dawning light!
Let me behold; in faith I see thee now;
I do indeed: the father sees his child.

EUPHRASIA.

I have reliev'd him---Oh! the joy's too great;
'Tis speechless rapture!

EVANDER.

Blessings, blessings on thee!

EUPHRASIA.

My father still shall live. Alas! Philotas,
Could I abandon that white hoary head,
That venerable form?---Abandon him
To perish here in misery and famine?

PHILOTAS.

Thy tears, thou miracle of goodness!
Have triumph'd o'er me; these round gushing drops
Attest your conquest. Take him, take your father;
Convey him hence; I do release him to you.

EVANDER.

What said Philotas! Do I fondly dream?
Indeed my senses are imperfect; yet
Methought I heard him! Did he say release me?

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Thou art my King, and now no more my pris'ner ;
Go with your daughter, with that wond'rous pattern
Of filial piety to after times.

Yes, princess, lead him forth ; I'll point the path,
Whose soft declivity will guide your steps

To the deep vale, which these o'ranging rocks
Encompass round. You may convey him thence

To some safe shelter. Yet a moment's pause ;
I must conceal your flight from ev'ry eye.

Yes, I will save 'em---Oh ! returning virtue !

How big with joy one moment in thy service !

That wretched pair ! I'll perish in their cause.

[Exit.

EUPHRASIA, EVANDER.

EVANDER.

Whither, oh ! whither shall Evander go ?

I'm at the goal of life ; if in the race

Honour has follow'd with no ling'ring step,

But there sits smiling with her laurel'd wreath,

To crown my brow, there would I fain make halt,

And not inglorious lay me down to rest.

EUPHRASIA.

And will you then refuse, when thus the Gods

Afford a refuge to thee ?

EVANDER.

Oh ! my child,

There is no refuge for me.

EUPHRASIA.

Pardon, Sir :

Euphrasia's care has form'd a safe retreat ;

There

There may'st thou dwell ; it will not long be wanted.
Soon shall Timoleon, with resistless force,
Burst yon devoted walls.

EVANDER.

Timoleon !

EUPHRASIA.

Yes,
The brave Timoleon, with the pow'r of Greece ;
Another day shall make the city his.

EVANDER.

Timoleon come to vindicate my rights !
Oh ! thou shalt reign in Sicily ! my child
Shall grace her father's throne. Indulgent Heav'n !
Pour down your blessings on this best of daughters ;
To her and Phocion give Evander's crown ;
Let them, oh ! let them both in virtue wear it,
And in due time transmit it to their boy !

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

All things are apt ; the drowsy sentinel
Lies hush'd in sleep ; I'll marshal thee the way
Down the steep rock.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh ! Let us quickly hence.

EVANDER.

The blood but loiters in these frozen veins.
Do you, whose youthful spirit glows with life,
Do you go forth, and leave this mould'ring corpse.

To

To me had Heav'n decree'd a longer date,
It ne'er had suffer'd a fell monster's reign,
Nor let me see the carnage of my people.
Farewell, Euphrasia; in one lov'd embrace
To these remains pay the last obsequies,
And leave me here to sink to silent dust.

EUPHRASIA.

And will you then, on self-destruction bent,
Reject my pray'r, nor trust your fate with me?

EVANDER.

Trust thee! Euphrasia? Trust in thee my child?
Though life's a burden I could well lay down,
Yet I will prize it, since bestow'd by thee.
Oh! thou art good; thy virtue soars a flight
For the wide world to wonder at; in thee,
Hear it all nature, future ages hear it,
The father finds a parent in his child.

End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T

ACT the THIRD.

*Scene a Rampart near the Harbour**Enter MELANTHON and PHILOTAS.*

MELANTHON.

AND lives he still?

PHILOTAS.

He does; and kindly aliment
Renews the springs of life.

MELANTHON.

And doth he know
The glorious work the destinies prepare?

PHILOTAS.

He is inform'd of all.

MELANTHON.

That Greek Timoleon
Comes his deliverer, and the fell usurper
Pants in the last extreme?

PHILOTAS.

The glorious tidings
Have reach'd his ear.

MELANTHON.

Lead on, propitious Pow'rs!

Your great design ; second the Grecian arms,
And whelm the sons of Carthage in the deep.

PHILOTAS.

This hour decides their doom ; and lo ! Euphrasia
Stands on the jutting rock, that rock, where oft
Whole days she sat in pensive sorrow fix'd,
And swell'd with streaming tears the restless deep.
There, now with other sentiments elate,
She views Timoleon with victorious prow
Glide thro' the waves, and sees the scatter'd navy
Of Carthage fly before him.

MELANTHON.

Blest event !
Evander, if thou mock'st me not, shall live
Once more to see the justice of the Gods.
But wilt thou still protect my royal master ?
Wilt thou admit me to his wish'd-for presence ?

PHILOTAS.

Let it suffice that no assassin's aim
Can now assault him : I must hence, Melanthon ;
I now must mingle with the tyrant's train,
And, with a semblance of obsequious duty,
Delude suspicion's eye : My friend, farewell.

[Exit.

MELANTHON.

If he deceive me not with specious hopes,
I shall behold the sov'reign, in whose service
These temples felt the iron casque of war,
And these white hairs have silver'd o'er my head.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

EUPHRASIA.

See there ; behold 'em ; lo ! the fierce encounter ;

He

He rushes on; the ocean flames around
 With the bright flash of arms; the echoing hills
 Rebellow to the roar.

MELANTHON.

The Gods are with us,
 And victory is ours.

EUPHRASIA.

High on the stern
 The Grecian leaders stand: they stem the surge;
 Launch'd from their arm the missive lightnings fly,
 And the Barbaric fleet is wrapt in fire.
 And lo! yon bark, down in the roaring gulph;
 And there, more, more are perishing---Behold!
 They plunge for ever lost.

MELANTHON.

So perish all,
 Who from yon continent unfurl their sails,
 To shake the freedom of this sea-girt isle!

EUPHRASIA.

Did I not say, Melanthon, did I not
 Presage the glories of Timoleon's triumph!
 Where now are Afric's sons? The vanquish'd tyrant
 Shall look aghast; his heart shall shrink appall'd,
 And dread his malefactions! Worse than famine,
 Despair shall fasten on him!

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, &c.

DIONYSIUS.

Base deserters!
 Curse on their Punic faith! Did they once dare
 To grapple with the Greek? Ere yet the main
 Was ting'd with blood, they turn'd their ships averse.

May storms and tempests follow in their rear,
And dash their fleet upon the Lybian shore!

Enter CALIPPUS,

CALIPPUS.

My liege, Timoleon where the harbour opens
Has storm'd the forts, and ev'n now his fleet
Pursues its course, and steers athwart the bay.

DIONYSIUS.

Ruin impends; and yet, if fall it must,
I bear a mind to meet it, undismay'd,
Unconquer'd ev'n by Fate.

CALIPPUS.

Through ev'ry street
Despair and terror fly. A panic spreads
From man to man, and superstition sees
Jove arm'd with thunder, and the Gods against us,

DIONYSIUS.

With sacred rites their wrath must be appeas'd,
Let instant victims at the altar bleed;
Let incense roll its fragrant clouds to Heav'n,
And pious matrons, and the virgin train,
In slow procession to the temple bear
The image of their Gods.

EUPHRASIA,

Ha!---Does the tyrant
Dare with unhallow'd step, with crimes and guilt,
Approach the sacred fane?---Alas! my father,
Where now thy sanctuary? What place shall hide
Thy persecuted virtue? (*Aside.*)

DIONY-

DIONYSIUS.

Thou, Euphrasia,
Lead forth the pious band. This very moment
Issue our orders.

EUPHRASIA.

With consenting heart
Euphrasia goes to waft her pray'rs to Heav'n.

[Exit.

DIONYSIUS.

The solemn sacrifice, the virgin throng,
Will gain the popular belief, and kindle
In the fierce soldiery religious rage.
Away, my friends, prepare the sacred rites.

[Exit CALIPPUS, &c.

Philotas, thou draw near : how fares your prisoner?
Has he yet breath'd his last?

PHILOTAS.

Life ebbs apace ;
To-morrow's sun sees him a breathless corse.

DIONYSIUS.

Curse on his ling'ring pangs ! Sicilia's crown
No more shall deck his brow ; and if the sand
Still loiter in the glass, thy hand, my friend,
May shake it thence.

PHILOTAS.

It shall, dread Sir ; that task
Leave to thy faithful servant.

DIONYSIUS.

Oh ! Philotas,
Thou little know'st the cares, the pangs of empire.
The ermin'd pride, the purple that adorns

A con-

A conqueror's breast, but serves, my friend, to hide
 A heart that's torn, that's mangled with remorse.
 Each object round me wakens horrid doubts;
 The flatt'ring train, the sentinel that guards me,
 The slave that waits, all give some new alarm,
 And from the means of safety dangers rise.
 Ev'n victory itself plants anguish here,
 And round my laurels the fell serpent twines.

PHILOTAS.

Would Dionysius abdicate his crown,
 And sue for terms of peace?

DIONYSIUS.

I detested thought!
 No, though ambition teem with countless ills,
 It still has charms of pow'r to fire the soul.
 Tho' horrors multiply around my head,
 I will oppose them all. The pomp of sacrifice
 But now ordain'd, is mockery to Heav'n.
 'Tis vain, 'tis fruitless; then let daring guilt
 Be my inspirer, and consummate all.
 Where are those Greeks, the captives of my sword,
 Whose desp'rate valour rush'd within our walls,
 Fought near our person, and the pointed lance
 Aim'd at my breast?

PHILOTAS.

In chains they wait their doom.

DIONYSIUS.

Give me to see 'em; bring the slaves before me.

PHILOTAS.

What, ho! Melanthon, this way lead your prisoners.

Enter

Enter MELANTHON, *with* Greek Officers *and* Soldiers.

DIONYSIUS.

Affassins and not warriors ! do ye come,
When the wide range of battle claims your sword,
Thus do you come against a single life
To wage the war ? Did not our buckler ring
With all your darts in one collected volley
Shower'd on my head ? Did not your swords at **once**
Point at my breast, and thirst for regal blood ?

GREEK OFFICER.

We fought thy life. I am by birth a Greek.
An open foe in arms I meant to slay
The foe of human kind. With rival ardour
We took the field ; one voice, one mind, one heart ;
All leagu'd, all covenanted : in yon camp
Spirits there are who aim, like us, at glory.
Whene'er you sally forth, whene'er the Greeks
Shall scale your walls, prepare thee to encounter
A like assault. By me the youth of Greece
Thus notify the war they mean to wage.

DIONYSIUS.

Thus then I warn them of my great revenge.
Whoe'er in battle shall become our pris'ner,
In torment meets his doom.

GREEK OFFICER.

Then wilt thou see
How vile the body to a mind that pants
For genuine glory. Twice three hundred Greeks
Have sworn, like us, to hunt thee through the ranks ;
Ours the first lot ; we've fail'd ; on yonder plain
Appear in arms, the faithful band will meet thee.

DIONY-

DIONYSIUS.

Vile slave, no more. Melanthon drag 'em hence
 To die in misery. Impal'd alive
 The winds shall parch them on the craggy cliff.
 Selected from the rest let one depart
 A messenger to Greece, to tell the fate
 Her chosen sons, her first adventurers met.

[Exit.

MELANTHON.

Unhappy men! how shall my care protect
 Your forfeit lives? Philotas, thou conduct them
 To the deep dungeon's gloom. In that recess,
 Midst the wild tumult of eventful war,
 We may ward off the blow. My friends, farewell!
 That officer will guide your steps.

[All follow PHILOTAS, except PHOCION.

PHOCION.

Disguis'd
 Thus in a foldier's garb he knows me not.
 Melanthon!

MELANTHON.

Ha!---Those accents!---Phocion here?

PHOCION.

Yes, Phocion here! Speak, quickly tell me, say
 How fares Euphrasia?

MELANTHON.

Ha! beware;---Philotas,
 Conduct those pris'ners hence; this foldier here
 Shall bear the tidings to Timoleon's camp.

PHO-

PHOCION.

Oh! satisfy my doubts; how fares Euphrasia?

MELANTHON.

Euphrasia lives, and fills the anxious moments
With ev'ry virtue. Wherefore venture hither?
Why with rash valour penetrate our gates?

PHOCION.

Could I refrain? Oh! could I tamely wait
Th' event of ling'ring war? With patience count
The lazy-pacing hours, while here in Syracuse
The tyrant keeps all that my heart holds dear?
For her dear sake, all danger sinks before me;
For her I burst the barriers of the gate,
Where the deep cavern'd rock affords a passage.
A hundred chosen Greeks pursu'd my steps,
We forc'd an entrance; the devoted guard
Fell victims to our rage; but in that moment
Down from the walls superior numbers came.
The tyrant led them on. We rush'd upon him,
If we could reach his heart, to end the war.
But Heav'n thought otherwise. Melanthon, say,
I fear to ask it, lives Evander itill?

MELANTHON.

Alas, he lives imprison'd in the rock.
Thou must withdraw thee hence; regain once more
Timoleon's camp; alarm his slumb'ring rage;
Assail the walls; thou with thy phalanx seek
The subterraneous path; that way at night
The Greeks may enter, and let in destruction
To the great work of vengeance.

PHOCION.

Would'st thou have me
 Basely retreat, while my Euphrasia trembles
 Here on the ridge of peril? She perhaps
 May fall unknown, unpitied, undistinguish'd
 Amidst the gen'ral carnage. Shall I leave her
 To add that beauty to the purple heap?
 No; I will seek her in these walls accurst,
 Ev'n in the tyrant's palace; save that life,
 My only source of joy, that life, whose loss
 Would make all Greece complotter in a murder,
 And damn a righteous cause.

MELANTHON.

Yet hear the voice
 Of sober age. Should Dionysius' spies
 Detect thee here, ruin involves us all:
 'Twere best retire, and seek Timoleon's tents;
 Tell him, dismay and terror fill the city;
 Ev'n now in Syracuse the tyrant's will
 Ordains with pomp oblations to the Gods.
 His deadly hand still hot with recent blood,
 The monster dares approach the sacred altar:
 Thy voice may rouse Timoleon to th' assault,
 And bid him storm the works.

PHOCION.

By Heav'n I will;
 My breath shall wake his rage; this very night,
 When sleep sits heavy on the slumb'ring city,
 Then Greece unsheaths her sword, and great revenge
 Shall stalk with death and horror o'er the ranks
 Of slaughter'd troops, a sacrifice to freedom!
 But first let me behold Euphrasia.

MELANTHON.

Hush

Thy pent-up valour: to a secret haunt
 I'll guide thy steps: there dwell, and in apt time
 I'll bring Euphrasia to thy longing arms.

PHOCION.

Wilt thou?

MELANTHON.

By Heav'n I will; another act
 Of desperate fury might endanger all.
 The tyrant's busy guards are posted round;
 In silence follow; thou shalt see Euphrasia.

PHOCION.

Oh! lead me to her; that exalted virtue
 With firmer nerve shall bid me grasp the javelin,
 Shall bid my sword with more than lightning's swiftneſs
 Blaze in the front of war, and glut its rage
 With blow repeated in the tyrant's veins.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene a Temple, with a Monument in the Middle.

Enter EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, and other Female Attendants.

EUPHRASIA.

This way, my virgins, this way bend your steps.
 Lo! the sad ſepulchre where, hears'd in death,
 The pale remains of my dear mother lie.
 There, while the victims at yon altar bleed,
 And with your pray'rs the vaulted roof reſounds,

L 1 2

There

There let me pay the tribute of a tear,
A weeping pilgrim o'er Eudocia's ashes.

ERIXENE.

Forbear, Euphrasia, to renew your sorrows.

EUPHRASIA.

My tears have dry'd their source; then let me here
Pay this sad visit to the honour'd clay
That moulders in the tomb. These sacred viands
I'll burn an off'ring to a parent's shade,
And sprinkle with this wine the hallow'd mould.
That duty paid, I will return, my virgins.

[She goes into the tomb.]

ERIXENE.

Look down, propitious pow'rs! behold that virtue,
And heal the pangs that desolate her soul.

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

Mourn, mourn, ye virgins; rend your scatter'd garments;

Some dread calamity hangs o'er our heads.
In vain the tyrant would appease with sacrifice
Th' impending wrath of ill-requited Heav'n.
Ill omens hover o'er us: at the altar
The victim dropt, ere the divining feer
Had gor'd his knife. The brazen statues tremble,
And from the marble, drops of blood distill.

ERIXENE.

Now, ye just Gods, if vengeance you prepare,
Now find the guilty head.

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Amidst the throng
 A matron labours with th' inspiring God;
 She stares, she raves, and with no mortal sound
 Proclaims around, "Where Phœbus am I borne?
 "I see their glitt'ring spears; I see them charge;
 "Bellona wades in blood; that mangled body,
 "Deform'd with wounds and welt'ring in its gore,
 "I know it well; Oh! close the dreadful scene;
 "Relieve me Phœbus, I have seen too much."

ERIXENE.

Alas! I tremble for Evander's fate:
 Avert the omen, Gods, and guard his life.

Enter EUPHRASIA from the Tomb.

EUPHRASIA.

Virgins, I thank you---Oh! more lightly now
 My heart expands; the pious act is done,
 And I have paid my tribute to a parent.
 Ah! wherefore does the tyrant bend his way?

PHILOTAS.

He flies the altar; leaves th' unfinish'd rites.
 No God there smiles propitious on his cause.
 Fate lifts the awful balance; weighs his life,
 The lives of numbers, in the trembling scale.

EUPHRASIA.

Despair and horror mark his haggard looks,
 His wild, disorder'd step---He rushes forth;
 Some new alarm demands him!---Ev'n now
 He issues at yon portal!---Lo! see there,
 The suppliant crowd disperses; wild with fear,
Distraction

Distraction in each look, the wretched throng
 Pours thro' the brazen gates---Do you retire,
 Retire Philotas; let me here remain,
 And give the moments of suspended fate
 To pious worship and to filial love.

PHILOTAS.

Alas! I fear to yield:---awhile I'll leave thee,
 And at the temple's entrance wait thy coming.
[Exit.]

EUPHRASIA.

Now then, Euphrasia, now thou may'st indulge
 The purest ecstacy of soul. Come forth,
 Thou man of woe, thou man of ev'ry virtue.

Enter EVANDER from the Monument.

EVANDER.

And does the grave thus cast me up again
 With a fond father's love to view thee? Thus
 To mingle rapture in a daughter's arms?

EUPHRASIA.

How fares my father now?

EVANDER.

Thy aid, Euphrasia,
 Has giv'n new life. Thou from this vital stream
 Deriv'st thy being; with unheard-of duty
 Thou hast repaid it to thy native source.

EUPHRASIA.

Sprung from Evander, if a little portion
 Of all his goodness dwell within my heart,
 Thou wilt not wonder.

EVAN-

EVANDER.

Joy and wonder rise
 In mix'd emotions!---Though departing hence,
 After the storms of a tempestuous life,
 Tho' I was entering the wish'd-for port,
 Where all is peace, all blifs, and endless joy,
 Yet here contented I can linger still
 To view thy goodness, and applaud thy deeds,
 Thou author of my life!---Did ever parent
 Thus call his child before?---My heart's too full,
 My old fond heart runs o'er; it akes with joy.

EUPHRASIA.

Alas, too much you over-rate your daughter;
 Nature and duty call'd me---Oh! my father,
 How didst thou bear thy long, long suff'rings? How
 Endure their barb'rous rage?

EVANDER.

My foes but did
 To this old frame, what Nature's hand must do.
 In the worst hour of pain, a voice still whisper'd me,
 "Rouze thee, Evander; self-acquitting conscience
 "Declares thee blameless, and the gods behold thee."
 I was but going hence by mere decay
 To that futurity which Plato taught,
 Where the immortal spirit views the planets
 Roll round the mighty year, and wrapt in blifs
 Adores th' ideas of th' eternal mind.
 Thither, oh! thither was Evander going,
 But thou recall'st me; thou!

EUPHRASIA.

Timoleon too
 Invites thee back to life.

EVAN-

EVANDER.

And does he still
Urge on the siege?

EUPHRASIA.

His active genius comes
To scourge a guilty race. The Punic fleet
Half lost is swallow'd by the roaring sea.
The shatter'd refuse seek the Lybian shore,
To bear the news of their defeat to Carthage.

EVANDER.

These are thy wonders Heaven! Abroad thy spirit
Moves o'er the deep, and mighty fleets are vanish'd.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!--hark!--what noise is that! It comes this way.
Some busy footstep beats the hallow'd pavement.
Oh! Sir, retire---Ye Pow'rs!--Philotas!--ha!

Enter PHILOTAS.

PHILOTAS.

For thee, Euphrasia, Dionysius calls.
Some new suspicion goads him. At yon gate
I stopt Calippus, as with eager haste
He bent this way to seek thee.---Oh! my Sovereign,
My King, my injur'd master, will you pardon
The wrongs I've done thee? (*kneels to Evander.*)

EVANDER.

Virtue such as thine,
From the fierce trial of tyrannic pow'r,
Shines forth with added lustre.

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

Oh! forgive
 My ardent zeal; there is no time to waste.
 You must withdraw; trust to your faithful friends.
 Pass but another day, and Dionysius
 Falls from a throne usurp'd.

EVANDER.

But ere he pays
 The forfeit of his crimes, what streams of blood
 Shall flow in torrents round! Methinks I might
 Prevent this waste of nature---I'll go forth,
 And to my people shew their rightful King.

EUPHRASIA.

Banish that thought; forbear; the rash attempt
 Were fatal to our hopes; oppress'd, dismay'd,
 The people look aghast, and wan with fear
 None will espouse your cause.

EVANDER.

Yes all will dare
 To act like men;---their King, I gave myself
 To a whole people. I made no reserve;
 My life was their's; each drop about my heart
 Pledg'd to the public cause; devoted to it;
 That was my compact; is the subject's less?
 If they are all debas'd, and willing slaves,
 The young but breathing to grow grey in bondage,
 And the old sinking to ignoble graves,
 Of such a race no matter who is King.
 And yet I will not think it; no! my people
 Are brave and gen'rous; I will trust their valour.

EUPHRASIA.

Yet stay; yet be advis'd.

PHILOTAS.

As yet my liege,
No plan is fix'd, and no concerted measure.
The fates are busy: wait the vast event.
Trust to my truth and honour. Witnesses, Gods,
Here in the temple of Olympian Jove
Philotas swears----

EVANDER.

Forbear: the man like thee,
Who feels the best emotions of the heart,
Truth, reason, justice, honour's fine excitements,
Acts by those laws, and wants no other sanction.

EUPHRASIA.

Again, th' alarm approaches; sure destruction
To thee, to all will follow:---hark! a sound
Comes hollow murmuring thro' the vaulted isle.
It gains upon the ear. Withdraw, my father;
All's lost if thou art seen.

PHILOTAS.

And lo! Calippus
Darts with the light'ning's speed across the isle.

EVANDER.

Thou at the Senate-house convene my friends.
Melanthon, Dion, and their brave associates,
Will shew that liberty has leaders still.
Anon I'll meet 'em there: my child farewell;
Thou shalt direct me now.

EUPHRASIA.

Too cruel fate!
The tomb is all the mansion I can give;
My mother's tomb! [Evander enters the tomb.

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

You must be brief; th' alarm
 Each moment nearer comes. In ev'ry sound
 Destruction threatens. Ha! by Heaven this way
 Calippus comes---Let me retard his speed. [*Exit.*

EUPHRASIA *coming forward.*

How my distracted heart throbs wild with fear?
 What brings Calippus? wherefore? save me Heaven!

Enter CALIPPUS.

CALIPPUS.

This fullen musing in these drear abodes
 Alarms suspicion: the King knows thy plottings,
 Thy rooted hatred to the state and him.
 His sov'reign will commands thee to repair
 This moment to his presence.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha! what means
 The tyrant?---I obey (*Exit* Calippus.) and, oh! ye
 Pow'rs,
 Ye ministers of Heaven, defend my father;
 Support his drooping age; and when anon
 Avenging justice shakes her crimson steel,
 Oh! be the grave at least a place of rest;
 That from his covert in the hour of peace
 Forth he may come to bless a willing people,
 And be your own just image here on earth.

End of the THIRD ACT.

A C T the F O U R T H.

Enter MELANTHON and PHILOTAS.

MELANTHON.

AWAY; no more; pernicious, vile dissembler!

PHILOTAS.

Wherefore this frantic rage?

MELANTHON.

Thou can'st not varnish
 With thy perfidious arts a crime like this.
 I climb'd the rugged cliff; but, oh! thou traitor,
 Where is Evander? Thro' each dungeon's gloom
 I fought the good old King: the guilt is thine;
 May vengeance wait thee for it.

PHILOTAS.

Still, Melanthon,
 Let prudence guide thee.

MELANTHON.

Thou hast plung'd thee down
 Far as the lowest depth of hell-born crimes;
 Thou hast out-gone all registers of guilt;
 Beyond all fable hast thou sinn'd, Philotas.

PHILOTAS.

By Heav'n thou wrong'st me: did'st thou know, old
 man----

ME-

MELANTHON.

Could not his rev'rend age, could not his virtue,
His woes unnumber'd, soften thee to pity?
Thou hast destroy'd my King.

PHILOTAS.

Yet wilt thou hear me?
Your King still lives.

MELANTHON.

Thou vile deceiver!----Lives!
But where? Away; no more. I charge thee, leave me.

PHILOTAS.

We have remov'd him to a sure asylum.

MELANTHON.

Remov'd!----Thou traitor! what dark privacy--
Why move him thence? The vile assassin's stab
Has clos'd his days---calm unrelenting villain!
I know it all.

PHILOTAS.

By ev'ry pow'r above
Evander lives; in safety lives. Last night,
When in his dark embrace sleep wrapt the world,
Euphrasia came, a spectacle of woe;
Dar'd to approach our guard, and with her tears,
With vehemence of grief, she touch'd my heart.
I gave her father to her.

MELANTHON.

How, Philotas!
If thou do it not deceive me---

PHI-

PHILOTAS.

No, by Heaven!
 By ev'ry pow'r above---But hark! those notes
 Speak Dionysius near: anon, my friend,
 I'll tell thee each particular; thy King
 Mean while is safe---but lo! the tyrant comes;
 With guilt like his I must equivocate,
 And teach ev'n truth and honour to dissemble.

Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, &c.

DIONYSIUS.

Away each vain alarm; the sun goes down.
 Nor yet Timoleon issues from his fleet.
 There let him linger on the wave-worn beach;
 Here the vain Greek shall find another Troy,
 A more than Hector here. Tho' Carthage fly,
 Ourself, still Dionysius here remains.
 And means the Greek to treat of terms of peace?
 By Heav'n, this panting bosom hop'd to meet
 His boasted phalanx on the embattled plain.
 And doth he now, on peaceful councils bent,
 Dispatch his herald?---Let the slave approach.

Enter the HERALD.

DIONYSIUS.

Now speak thy purpose; what doth Greece impart?

HERALD.

Timoleon, Sir, whose great renown in arms
 Is equall'd only by the softer virtues
 Of mild humanity that sway his heart,
 Sends me his delegate to offer terms,
 On which ev'n foes may well accord; on which
 The

The fiercest nature, though it spurn at justice,
May sympathize with his.

DIONYSIUS.

Unfold thy mystery;
Thou shalt be heard.

HERALD.

The gen'rous leader sees,
With pity sees, the wild destructive havock
Of ruthless war; he hath survey'd around
The heaps of slain that cover yonder field,
And touch'd with gen'rous sense of human woe,
Weeps o'er his victories.

DIONYSIUS.

Your leader weeps!
Then let the author of those ills thou speak'st of,
Let the ambitious factor of destruction,
Timely retreat, and close the scene of blood.
Why doth affrighted peace behold his standard
Uprear'd in Sicily? and wherefore here
The iron ranks of war, from which the shepherd
Retires appall'd, and leaves the blasted hopes
Of half the year, while closer to her breast
The mother clasps her infant?

HERALD.

'Tis not mine
To plead Timoleon's cause; not mine the office
To justify the strong, the righteous motives
That urge him to the war: the only scope
My deputation aims at, is to fix
An interval of peace, a pause of horror,
That they, whose bodies on the naked shore
Lie weltering in their blood, from either host

May

May meet the last sad rites to nature due,
And decent lie in honourable graves.

DIONYSIUS.

Go tell your leader, his pretexts are vain.
Let him, with those that live, embark for Greece,
And leave our peaceful plains; the mangled limbs
Of those he murder'd; from my tender care
Shall meet due obsequies.

HERALD.

The hero, Sir,
Wages no war with those, who bravely die:
'Tis for the dead I supplicate; for them
We sue for peace; and to the living too
Timoleon would extend it, but the groans
Of a whole people have unsheath'd his sword.
A single day will pay the funeral rites.
To-morrow's sun may see both armies meet
Without hostility, and all in honour;
You to interr the troops, who bravely fell;
We, on our part, to give an humble sod
To those, who gain'd a footing on the isle,
And by their death have conquer'd.

DIONYSIUS.

Be it so;
I grant thy suit: soon as to-morrow's dawn
Illume the world, the rage of wasting war
In vain shall thirst for blood: but mark my words;
If the next orient sun behold you here,
That hour shall see me terrible in arms
Deluge yon plain, and let destruction loose.
Thou know'st my last resolve, and now farewell.
Some careful officer conduct him forth.

[Exit Herald.

By Heav'n the Greek hath offered to my sword

An

An easy prey; a sacrifice to glut
 My great revenge. Calippus let each soldier
 This night resign his wearied limbs to rest,
 That ere the dawn, with renovated strength,
 On the unguarded, unsuspecting foe,
 Disarm'd, and bent on superstitious rites,
 From every quarter we may rush undaunted,
 Give the invaders to the deathful steel,
 And by one carnage bury all in ruin.
 My valiant friends haste to your several posts,
 And let this night a calm unruffled spirit
 Lie hush'd in sleep: away, my friends, disperse.
 Philotas, waits Euphrasia as we order'd?

PHILOTAS.

She's here at hand.

DIONYSIUS.

Admit her to our presence.
 Rage and despair, a thousand warring passions,
 All rise by turns, and piece-meal rend my heart.
 Yet ev'ry means, all measures must be tried,
 To sweep the Grecian spoiler from the land,
 And fix the crown unshaken on my brow.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

EUPHRASIA.

What sudden cause requires Euphrasia's presence?

DIONYSIUS.

Approach, fair mourner, and dispel thy fears.
 Thy grief, thy tender duty to thy father,
 Has touch'd me nearly. In his lone retreat
 Respect, attendance, ev'ry lenient care

To soothe affliction, and extend his life,
Evander has commanded.

EUPHRASIA.

Vile dissembler!
Detested homicide! (*Aside*)---And has thy heart
Felt for the wretched?

DIONYSIUS.

Urgencies of state
Abridg'd his liberty; but to his person
All honour hath been paid.

EUPHRASIA.

The righteous Gods
Have mark'd thy ways, and will in time repay
Just retribution.

DIONYSIUS.

If to see your father,
If here to meet him in a fond embrace,
Will calm thy breast, and dry those beauteous tears
A moment more shall bring him to your presence.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha! lead him hither! Sir, to move him now,
Aged, infirm, worn out with toil and years---
No, let me seek him rather---If soft pity
Has touch'd your heart, oh! send me, send me to him

DIONYSIUS.

Controul this wild alarm; with prudent care
Philotas shall conduct him; here I grant
The tender interview.

EUPHRASIA.

Disastrous fate!

Ruin impends!---This will discover all;

I'll perish first; provoke his utmost rage. (*Aside*)

Tho' much I languish to behold my father,

Yet now it were not fit---the sun goes down;

Night falls apace; soon as returning day---

DIONYSIUS.

This night, this very hour, you both must meet.

Together you may serve the state and me.

Thou see'st the havock of wide wasting war;

And more, full well you know, are still to bleed,

Thou may'st prevent their fate.

EUPHRASIA,

Oh! give the means,

And I will bless thee for it,

DIONYSIUS,

From a Greek,

Torments have wrung the truth. Thy husband, Phocion----

EUPHRASIA,

Oh! say, speak of my Phocion.

DIONYSIUS,

He; 'tis he

Hath kindled up this war; with treacherous arts

Inflam'd the states of Greece, and now the traitor

Comes with a foreign aid to wrest my crown.

EUPHRASIA,

And does my Phocion share Timoleon's glory?

DIONYSIUS.

With him invests our walls, and bids rebellion
Erect her standard here.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! blest him Gods!
Where'er my hero treads the paths of war,
Lift on his side; against the hostile javelin
Uprear his mighty buckler; to his sword
Lend the fierce whirlwind's rage, that he may come
With wreaths of triumph, and with conquest crown'd,
And his Euphrasia spring with rapture to him,
Melt in his arms, and a whole nation's voice
Applaud my hero with a love like mine!

DIONYSIUS.

Ungrateful fair! Has not our sovereign will
On thy descendants fix'd Sicilia's crown?
Have I not vow'd protection to your boy?

EUPHRASIA.

From thee the crown! From thee! Euphrasia's chil-
dren
Shall on a nobler basis found their rights,
On their own virtue, and a people's choice.

DIONYSIUS.

Misguided woman!

EUPHRASIA.

Ask of thee protection!
The father's valour shall protect his boy.

DIONYSIUS.

Rush not on sure destruction; ere to late

Accept

Accept our proffer'd grace. The terms are these;
 Instant send forth a message to your husband;
 Bid him draw off his Greeks! unmoor his fleet,
 And measure back his way. Full well he knows
 You and your father are my hostages;
 And for his treason both may answer,

EUPHRASIA.

Think'st thou then
 So meanly of my Phocion?---Dost thou deem him
 Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,
 To melt away in a weak woman's tear?
 Oh! thou dost little know him; know'st but little
 Of his exalted soul. With gen'rous ardour
 Still will he urge the great, the glorious plan,
 And gain the ever honour'd bright reward,
 Which fame intwines around the patriot's brow,
 And bids for ever flourish on his tomb,
 For nations free'd and tyrants laid in dust.

DIONYSIUS.

By Heav'n, this night Evander breathes his last.

EUPHRASIA.

Better for him to sink at once to rest,
 Than linger thus beneath the gripe of famine,
 In a vile dungeon scoop'd with barb'rous skill
 Deep in the flinty rock; a monument
 Of that fell malice and that black suspicion
 That mark'd your father's reign; a dungeon drear
 Prepar'd for innocence!--Vice liv'd secure,
 It flourish'd, triumph'd, grateful to his heart;
 'Twas virtue only could give umbrage; then,
 In that black period, to be great and good
 Was a state crime; the pow'rs of genius then
 Were a constructive treason.

Dio-

DIONYSIUS.

Ha! beware,
Nor with vile calumny provoke my rage.

EUPHRASIA.

Whate'er was laudable, whate'er was worthy,
Sunk under foul oppression; freeborn men
Were torn in private from their household gods,
Shut from the light of Heaven in cavern'd cells,
Chain'd to the grunsel edge, and left to pine
In bitterness of soul; while in the vaulted roof
The tyrant sat, and through a secret channel
Collected ev'ry sound; heard each complaint
Of martyr'd virtue; kept a register
Of sighs and groans by cruelty extorted;
Noted the honest language of the heart;
Then on the victims wreak'd his murd'rous rage,
For yielding to the feelings of their nature.

DIONYSIUS.

Obdurate woman! obstinate in ill!
Here ends all parley. Now your father's doom
Is fix'd; irrevocably fix'd.

EUPHRASIA.

Thy doom, perhaps,
May first be fix'd; the doom that ever waits
The fell oppressor, from a throne usurp'd
Hurl'd headlong down. Think of thy father's fate!
At Corinth Dionysius!

DIONYSIUS.

Ha! this night
Evander dies; and thou, detested fair!
Thou shalt behold him, while inventive cruelty
Pursues his wearied life through every nerve.

I scorn

I scorn all dull delay. This very night
Shall fate my great revenge.

[*Exit.*

EUPHRASIA.

This night perhaps
Shall whelm thee down, no more to blast creation.
My father, who inhabit'ft with the dead,
Now let me seek thee in the lonely tomb,
And tremble there with anxious hope and fear.

[*Exit.*

Scene the Inside of the Temple.

Enter PHOCION and MELANTHON,

PHOCION.

Each step I move, a grateful terror shakes
My frame to dissolution.

MELANTHON.

Summon all
Thy wonted firmness; in that dreary vault
A living King is number'd with the dead.
I'll take my post, near where the pillar'd isle
Supports the central dome, that no alarm
Surprize you in the pious act.

[*Exit.*

PHOCION.

If here
They both are found; if in Evander's arms
Euphrasia meets my search, the fates atone
For all my suff'rings, all afflictions past.
Yes I will seek them---ha!----the gaping tomb
Invites my steps---now be propitious Heaven!

[*He enters the Tomb.*

Enter

Enter EUPHRASIA.

All hail ye caves of horror!---In this gloom
 Divine content can dwell, the heartfelt tear,
 Which, as it falls, a father's trembling hand
 Will catch, and wipe the sorrows from my eye.
 Thou Pow'r supreme! whose all-pervading mind
 Guides this great frame of things; who now behold'
 me,
 Who in that cave of death art full as perfect
 As in the gorgeous palace, now, while night
 Broods o'er the world, I'll to thy sacred shrine,
 And supplicate thy mercies to my father.
 Who's there?----Evander?----Answer----tell me----
 speak----

Enter PHOCION from the Tomb.

PHOCION.

What voice is that?---Melanthon!

EUPHRASIA.

Ha! those sounds!---
 Speak of Evander; tell me that he lives;
 Or lost Euphrasia dies.

PHOCION.

Heart-swelling transport!
 Art thou Euphrasia? 'tis thy Phocion, love;
 Thy husband comes.

EUPHRASIA.

Support me; reach thy hand.

PHOCION.

Once more I clasp her in this fond embrace!

Eu-

EUPHRASIA.

What miracle has brought thee to me?

PHOCION.

Love
Inspir'd my heart, and guided all my ways.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh! thou dear wanderer! But wherefore here?
Why in this place of woe? my tender little one,
Say is he safe? oh? satisfy a mother;
Speak of my child, or I go wild at once.
Tell me his fate, and tell me all thy own.

PHOCION.

Your boy is safe, Euphrasia; lives to reign
In Sicily; Timoleon's gen'rous care
Protects him in his camp; dispel thy fears;
The Gods once more will give him to thy arms.

EUPHRASIA.

My father lives sepulchred ere his time,
Here in Eudocia's tomb; let me conduct thee.

PHOCION.

I came this moment thence.

EUPHRASIA.

And saw Evander?

PHOCION.

Alas! I found him not.

EUPHRASIA.

Not found him there?

And have they then---Have the fell murderers---Oh!
[faints away.]

PHOCION.

I've been too rash ; revive, my love, revive ;
Thy Phocion calls ; the Gods will guard Evander,
And save him to reward thy matchless virtue.*Enter EVANDER and MELANTHON.*

EVANDER.

Lead me, Melanthon, guide my aged steps ;
Where is he ? Let me see him.

PHOCION.

My Euphrasia ;
Thy father lives ;----thou venerable man !
Behold !----I cannot fly to thy embrace.

EUPHRASIA.

These agonies must end me ; ah ! my father !
Again I have him ; gracious Pow'rs ! again
I clasp his hand, and bathe it with my tears.

EVANDER.

Euphrasia ! Phocion too ! Yes, both are here ;
Oh ! let me thus, thus strain you to my heart.

PHOCION.

Protected by a daughter's tender care,
By my Euphrasia sav'd ! That sweet reflection
Exalts the bliss to rapture.

Eu

EUPHRASIA.

Why my father,
 Why thus adventure forth? The strong alarm
 O'erwhelm'd my spirits.

EVANDER.

I went forth, my child,
 When all was dark, and awful silence round,
 To throw me prostrate at the altar's foot,
 And crave the care of Heav'n for thee and thine.
 Melanthon there-----

Enter PHILOTAS.

EUPHRASIA.

Philotas! ha! what means----

PHILOTAS.

Inevitable ruin hovers o'er you:
 The tyrant's fury mounts into a blaze;
 Unsated yet with blood, he calls aloud
 For thee, Evander; thee his rage hath order'd
 This moment to his presence.

EVANDER.

Lead me to him:
 His presence hath no terror for Evander.

EUPHRASIA.

Horror! It must not be.

PHILOTAS.

No; never, never:
 I'll perish rather. But the time demands

Our utmost vigour; with the light'ning's speed
 Decisive, rapid. With the scorpion stings
 Of conscience lash'd, despair and horror seize him,
 And guilt but serves to goad his tortur'd mind
 To blacker crimes. His policy has granted
 A day's suspense from arms; yet even now
 His troops prepare, in the dead midnight hour,
 With base surprise, to storm Timoleon's camp.

EVANDER.

And doth he grant a false insidious truce,
 To turn the hour of peace to blood and horror?

EUPHRASIA.

I know the monster well: when specious seeming
 Becalms his looks, the rankling heart within
 Teems with destruction. Like our own mount *Ætna*,
 When the deep snows invest his hoary head,
 And a whole winter gathers on his brow,
 Looking tranquility; ev'n then beneath
 The fuel'd entrails summon all their rage,
 Till the affrighted shepherd round him sees
 The sudden ruin, the vulcano's burst,
 Mountains hurl'd up in air, and moulten rocks,
 And all the land with desolation cover'd.

MELANTHON.

Now, Phocion, now, on thee our hope depends.
 Fly to Timoleon; I can grant a passport;
 Rouze him to vengeance; on the tyrant turn
 His own insidious arts, or all is lost.

PHOCION.

Evander thou, and thou, my best Euphrasia,
 Both shall attend my flight.

ME-

MELANTHON.

It were in vain;
Th' attempt would hazard all.

EUPHRASIA.

Together here
We will remain, safe in the cave of death;
And wait our freedom from thy conqu'ring arm.

EVANDER.

Oh! would the Gods roll back the stream of time,
And give this arm the sinew that it boasted
At Tauromenium, when its force resistless
Mow'd down the ranks of war; I then might guide
The battle's rage, and, ere Evander die,
Add still another laurel to my brow.

EUPHRASIA.

Enough of laurell'd victory your sword
Hath reap'd in earlier days.

EVANDER.

And shall my sword,
When the great cause of liberty invites,
Remain inactive, unperforming quite?
Youth, second youth rekindles in my veins:
Tho' worn with age, this arm will know its office;
Will shew that victory has not forgot
Acquaintance with this hand.---And yet---O shame!
It will not be: the momentary blaze
Sinks, and expires: I have surviv'd it all;
Surviv'd my reign, my people and myself.

EUPHRASIA.

Fly, Phocion, fly; Melanthon will conduct thee.

ME-

MELANTHON.

And when th' assault begins, my faithful cohorts
Shall form their ranks around this sacred dome.

PHOCION.

And my poor captive friends, my brave companions
Taken in battle, wilt thou guard their lives?

MELANTHON.

Trust to my care; no danger shall assail them.

PHOCION.

By Heav'n, the glorious expectation swells
This panting bosom! Yes, Euphrasia, yes;
Awhile I leave you to the care of Heaven.
Fell Dionysius tremble; ere the dawn
Timoleon thunders at your gates; the rage,
The pent-up rage of twenty thousand Greeks,
Shall burst at once; and the tumultuous roar
Alarm th' astonish'd world. The brazen gates
Aunder shall be rent; the tow'rs, the ramparts,
Shall yield to Grecian valour; death and rage
Thro' the wide city's round shall wade in gore,
And guilty men awake to gasp their last.
Melanthon, come.

EVANDER.

Yet, ere thou go'st, young man,
Attend my words: tho' guilt may oft provoke,
As now it does, just vengeance on it's head,
In mercy punish it. The rage of slaughter
Can add no trophy to the victor's triumph;
Bid him not shed unnecessary blood.
Conquest is proud, inexorable, fierce;
It is humanity enobles all.
So thinks Evander, and so tell Timoleon.

PHO-

PHOCION.

Farewell; the midnight hour shall give you freedom.
[*Exit with Melanthon and Philotas.*]

EUPHRASIA.

Ye guardian Deities, watch all his ways.

EVANDER.

Come, my Euphrasia, in this interval
Together we will seek the sacred altar,
And thank the God, whose presence fills the dome,
For the best gift his bounty could bestow,
The virtue he has giv'n thee; there we'll pour
Our hearts in praise, in tears of adoration,
For all the wond'rous goodness lavish'd on us.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T

A C T the F I F T H.

Enter DIONYSIUS and CALIPPUS.

DIONYSIUS.

ERE the day clos'd, while yet the busy eye
 Might view their camp, their stations and their
 guards,
 Their preparations for approaching night,
 Did'st thou then mark the motions of the Greeks?

CALIPPUS.

From the watch-tour I saw them: all things spoke
 A foe secure, and discipline relax'd.
 Their arms thrown idly by, the soldiers stray'd
 To one another's tents; their steeds no more
 Stood near at hand caparison'd for war;
 And from the lines numbers pour'd out, to see
 The spot where the besieg'd had fallied forth,
 And the fierce battle rag'd; to view the slain
 That lie in heaps upon the crimson beach.
 There the fond brother, the afflicted father,
 And the friend sought some vestige of the face
 Of him who dy'd in battle; night came on;
 Some slowly gain'd their tents: dispers'd around
 Whole parties loiter'd, touch'd with deep regret;
 War, and its train of duties, all forgot.

DIONYSIUS.

Their folly gives them to my sword: are all
 My orders issued?

CALIPPUS.

All.

DIONY-

DIONYSIUS.

The troops retir'd
To gain recruited vigour from repose?

CALIPPUS.

The city round lies hush'd in sleep.

DIONYSIUS.

Anon

Let each brave officer, of chosen valour,
Forfake his couch, and with delib'rate spirit,
Meet at the citadel. An hour at furthest
Before the dawn, 'tis fix'd to storm their camp;
And whelm their men, their arms, and iteeds and
tents,

In one prodigious ruin. Haste, Calippus,
Fly to thy post, and bid Euphrasia enter.

[Exit CALIPPUS.]

Evander dies this night: Euphrasia too
Shall be dispos'd of. Curse on Phocion's fraud,
That from my pow'r withdrew their infant boy.
In him the seed of future Kings were crush'd,
And the whole hated line at once extinguish'd.

Enter EUPHRASIA.

DIONYSIUS.

Once more approach and hear me; 'tis not now
A time to waste in the vain war of words.
A crisis big with horror is at hand.
I meant to spare the stream of blood, that soon
Shall deluge yonder plains. My fair proposals
Thy haughty spirit has with scorn rejected.
And now, by Heav'n, here in thy very sight,
Evander breathes his last.

EUPHRASIA.

The truce you've granted
 Suspends the rage of war: mean time send forth
 The orators of peace with olive crown'd.
 Timoleon, good and just, and ever willing
 To conquer rather by persuasive truth,
 Than by devouring slaughter, will agree
 In friendly parley to assert his rights,
 And compromise the war.

DIONYSIUS.

And must I sue
 For terms of peace?---To an invader sue?
 Since you, the fiend of Syracuse and Greece,
 Since you thus urge me on to desp'rate daring,
 Your father first---of him I'll be assur'd---
 Your father meets his fate.

EUPHRASIA.

If yet there's wanting
 A crime to fill the measure of thy guilt,
 Add that black murder to the dreadful list;
 With that complete the horrors of thy reign.

DIONYSIUS.

Woman, beware: Philotas is at hand,
 And to our presence leads Evander. All
 Thy dark plottings, and thy treach'rous arts,
 Have prov'd abortive.

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!----What new event?
 And is Philotas false?---Has he betray'd him?

(*Aside.*)

DIONY-

DIONYSIUS.

Evander's doom is seal'd---What ho ! Philotas ;
Now shalt thou see him die in pangs before thee.

Enter PHILOTAS.

EUPHRASIA.

How my heart sinks within me !

DIONYSIUS.

Where's your pris'ner ?

PHILOTAS.

Evander is no more.

DIONYSIUS.

Ha !---Death has robb'd me
Of half my great revenge.

PHILOTAS.

Worn out with anguish
I saw life ebb apace. With studied art
We gave each cordial drop, alas ! in vain ;
He heav'd a sigh ; invok'd his daughter's name,
Smil'd and expir'd.

DIONYSIUS.

Bring me his hoary head.

PHILOTAS.

You'll pardon, Sir, my over-hasty zeal.
I gave the body to the foaming surge
Down the steep rock despis'd.

DIONYSIUS.

Now rave and shriek,
And rend your scatter'd hair. No more Evander
Shall sway Sicilia's sceptre.

EUPHRASIA.

Mighty Gods !
The harden'd heart, the man elate with pride
View with compassion ! To the bad extend
Some portion of your mercy ; crimes and blood
Have made their souls a seat of desolation,
Of woe, despair and horror ! Turn to them
An eye of pity : whom your bounty form'd
To truth, to goodness, and to gen'rous deeds,
On them no more from your bright stores of bliss
You need dispense ; their virtue will support them.

DIONYSIUS.

Now then thou feel'st my vengeance.

EUPHRASIA.

Glory in it ;
Exult and triumph. Thy worst shaft is sped.
Yet still th' unconquer'd mind with scorn can view
thee ;
With the calm sunshine of the breast can see
Thy pow'r unequal to subdue the soul,
Which Virtue form'd, and which the Gods protect.

DIONYSIUS.

Philotas, bear her hence ; she shall not live ;
This moment bear her hence ; you know the rest ;
Go, see our will obey'd ; that done, with all
A warrior's speed attend me at the citadel ;
There meet the heroes, whom this night shall lead
To

To freedom, victory, to glorious havock,
And the destruction of the Grecian name. [Exit.

EUPHRASIA.

Accept my thanks, Philotas; generous man!
These tears attest th' emotions of my heart.
But oh! should Greece defer---

PHILOTAS.

Dispel thy fears;
Phocion will bring relief; or should the tyrant
Assault their camp, he'll meet a marshall'd foe.
Let me conduct thee to the silent tomb.

EUPHRASIA.

Ah! there Evander, naked and disarm'd,
Defenceless quite, may meet some ruffian stroke.

PHILOTAS.

Lo! here a weapon; bear this dagger to him.
In the drear monument should hostile steps
Dare to approach him, they must enter singly;
This guards the passage; man by man they die.
There may'st thou dwell amidst the wild commotion.

EUPHRASIA.

Ye pitying Gods, protect my father there!
[Exeunt.

Scene the CITADEL.

CALIPPUS *and several* OFFICERS.

FIRST OFFICER.

What new event thus summons us together?

CA-

CALIPPUS.

'Tis great occasion calls ; Timoleon's ardor
Comes rushing on ; his works rise high in air,
Advance each day, and tow'r above our walls.
One brave exploit may free us---Lo ! the King,

Enter DIONYSIUS.

DIONYSIUS.

Ye brave associates, who so oft have shar'd
Our toil and danger in the field of glory,
My fellow-warriors, what no god could promise,
Fortune hath giv'n us. In his dark embrace
Lo ! sleep envelops the whole Grecian camp.
Against a foe, the outcasts of their country,
Freebooters roving in pursuit of prey,
Success by war, or covert stratagem
Alike is glorious. Then, my gallant friends,
What need of words ? The gen'rous call of freedom,
Your wives, your children, your invaded rights,
All that can steel the patriot breast with valour,
Expands and rouzes in the swelling heart.
Follow th' impulsive ardour ; follow me,
Your King, your leader ; in the friendly gloom
Of night assault their camp ; your country's love,
And fame eternal, shall attend the men
Who march'd through blood and horror, to redeem
From the invader's pow'r their native land.

CALIPPUS.

Lead to the onset ; Greece shall find we bear
Hearts prodigal of blood, when honour calls,
Resolv'd to conquer or to die in freedom.

DIONYSIUS.

Thus I've resolv'd : when the declining moon
Hath

Hath veil'd her orb, our silent march begins.
 The order thus:---Calippus, thou lead forth
 Iberia's sons with the Numidian bands,
 And line the shore.---Perdiccas, be it thine
 To march thy cohorts to the mountain's foot,
 Where the wood skirts the valley; there make halt
 Till brave Amyntor stretch along the vale.
 Ourself, with the embodied cavalry
 Clad in their mail'd cuirass, will circle round
 To where their camp extends its furthest line;
 Unnumber'd torches there shall blaze at once,
 The signal of the charge; then, oh! my friends,
 On every side let the wild uproar loose,
 Bid massacre and carnage stalk around,
 Unsparring, unrelenting; drench your swords
 In hostile blood, and riot in destruction.

Enter an OFFICER.

DIONYSIUS.

Ha! speak; unfold thy purpose.

OFFICER.

Instant arm;
 To arms, my Liege; the foe breaks in upon us;
 The subterraneous path is theirs; that way
 Their band invades the city sunk in sleep.

DIONYSIUS.

Treason's at work; detested, treach'rous villains!
 Is this their promis'd truce? Away, my friends,
 Rouze all the war; fly to your sev'ral posts,
 And instant bring all Syracuse in arms.

[*Exeunt. Warlike musick.*

Enter

Enter MELANTHON.

CALIPPUS.

Melanthon, now collect your faithful bands,

MELANTHON.

Do thou pursue the King; attend his steps:
Timoleon lords it in the captive city.

[*Exit* CALIPPUS.]

Enter PHILOTAS.

MELANTHON.

Philotas, vengeance has begun its work.

PHILOTAS.

The Gods have sent relief; dismay, and terror,
And wild amaze, and death in ev'ry shape,
Fill the affrighted city.

MELANTHON.

Tyrant, now
Th' inevitable hour of fate is come.
Philotas, round the dome that holds Evander
We will arrange our men; there fix our post,
And guard that spot, till, like some God, Timoleon
Still the wild uproar, and bid slaughter cease.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DIONYSIUS.

Why sleep the coward slaves? All things conspire;
The Gods are leagu'd; I see them raze my tow'rs;
My walls and bulwarks fall, and Neptune's trident
From its foundation heaves the solid rock.
Pallas directs the storm; her gorgon shield

Glares

Glares in my view, and from the fleet she calls
Her Greeks enrag'd.---In arms I'll meet 'em all.
What, ho! my guards; arise, or wake no more.

Enter CALIPPUS.

CALIPPUS.

This way, my liege; our friends, a valiant band,
Assemble here.

DIONYSIUS.

Give me to meet the Greek.
Our only safety lies in brave despair. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene the Inside of the Temple.

A Monument in the Middle.

EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, and Female Attendants.

EUPHRASIA.

Which way, Erixene, which way, my virgins,
Shall we direct our steps? What sacred altar
Clasp on our knees?

ERIXENE.

Alas! the horrid tumult
Spreads the destruction wide. On ev'ry side
The victor's shouts, the groans of murder'd wretches,
In wild confusion rise. Once more descend
Eudocia's tomb; there thou may'st find a shelter.

EUPHRASIA.

Anon, Erixene, I mean to visit,
Perhaps for the last time, a mother's urn.
This dagger there, this instrument of death,

Should Fortune prosper the fell tyrant's arms,
This dagger then may free me from his pow'r,
And that drear vault intomb us all in peace.

[Puts up the dagger.]

Hark! how the uproar swells! Alas what numbers
In Dionysius' cause shall yield their throats
To the destructive sword!---Aloft I climb'd
The temple's vaulted roof; the scene beneath
Is horrible to sight; the domes and palaces
Blaze to the sky; and where the flames forbear,
The Greeks enrag'd brandish the gleaming sword.
From the high roofs, to shun the raging fire,
Wretches precipitate their fall. But oh!
No pause, no mercy; to the edge o'th' sword
They give their bodies; butcher'd, gash'd with
wounds
They die in mangled heaps, and with their limbs
Cover the sanguine pavement.

ERIXENE.

Hark!

EUPHRASIA.

The Din
Of arms with clearer sound advances. Hark!
That sudden burst! Again! They rush upon us!
The portal opens; lo! see there; behold!
War, horrid war invades the sacred fane;
No altar gives a sanctuary now.

[Warlike music.]

Enter DIONYSIUS and CALIPPUS, with several Soldiers.

DIONYSIUS.

Here will I mock their siege; here stand at bay,
And brave 'em to the last.

CA-

CALIPPUS.

Our weary foes
Desist from the pursuit.

DIONYSIUS.

Tho' all betray me,
Tho' ev'ry God conspire, I will not yield.
If I must fall, the temple's pond'rous roof,
The mansion of the Gods combin'd against me
Shall first be crush'd, and lie in ruin with me.
Euphrasia here! Detested, treach'rous woman!
For my revenge preserv'd! By Heav'n 'tis well;
Vengeance awaits thy guilt, and this good sword
Thus sends thee to atone the bleeding victims
This night has massacr'd.

CALIPPUS. (*Holding Dionysius's arm*)

My liege forbear;
Her life preserv'd may plead your cause with Greece,
And mitigate your fate.

DIONYSIUS.

Presumptuous slave!
My rage is up in arms; by Heav'n she dies.

Enter EVANDER from the Tomb.

EVANDER.

Horror! forbear! Thou murd'rer hold thy hand!
The Gods behold thee, horrible assassin!
Restrain the blow; it were a stab to Heav'n;
All nature shudders at it! Will no friend
Arm in a cause like this a father's hand?
Strike at this bosom rather. Lo! Evander
Prostrate and groveling on the earth before thee;

He begs to die ; exhaust the scanty drops
That lag about his heart ; but spare my child.

DIONYSIUS.

Evander !---Do my eyes once more behold him ?
May the fiends seize Philolas ! Treach'rous slave !
'Tis well thou liv'st ; thy death were poor revenge
From any hand but mine. *[Offers to strike.]*

EUPHRASIA.

No, tyrant, no ; *(Rushing before Evander.)*
I have provok'd your vengeance ; through this bosom
Open a passage ; first on me, on me
Exhaust your fury ; ev'ry Pow'r above
Commands thee to respect that aged head ;
His wither'd frame wants blood to glut thy rage ;
Strike here ; these veins are full ; here's blood enough ;
The purple tide will gush to glad thy fight.

DIONYSIUS.

Amazement blasts and freezes ev'ry pow'r !
They shall not live. Ha ! the fierce tide of war
A flourish of trumpets,
This way comes rushing on.
(Goes to the top of the stage.)

EUPHRASIA. *(Embracing Evander)*

Oh ! thus, my father,
We'll perish thus together.

DIONYSIUS.

Bar the gates ;
Close ev'ry passage, and repel their force.

EVANDER.

And must I see thee bleed ? Oh ! for a sword !
Bring, bring me daggers !

Eu-

EUPHRASIA.

Ha!

DIONYSIUS. (*Advancing*)

Guards seize the slave,
And give him to my rage.

EVANDER. (*Seiz'd by the Guards*)

Oh! spare her, spare her,
Inhuman villains!

EUPHRASIA.

Now one glorious effort!

DIONYSIUS.

Let me dispatch; thou traitor, thus my arm----

EUPHRASIA.

A daughter's arm, fell monster, strikes the blow.
Yes, first she strikes; an injur'd daughter's arm
Sends thee devoted to th' infernal gods. (*He falls.*)

DIONYSIUS.

Detested fiend! Thus by a woman's hand!

EUPHRASIA.

Yes, tyrant, yes; in a dear father's cause
A woman's vengeance tow'rs above her sex.

DIONYSIUS.

May curses blast thy arm! May Ætna's fires
Convulse the land; to its foundation shake
The groaning isle! May civil discord bear

Her

Her flaming brand through all the realms of Greece;
And the whole race expire in pangs like mine.

(Dies.)

EUPHRASIA.

Behold, all Sicily behold!--The point
Glow with the tyrant's blood. Ye slaves, *(to the*
guards) look there;

Kneel to your rightful King: the blow for freedom
Gives you the rights of men! And oh! my father,
My ever honour'd fire, it gives thee life.

EVANDER.

My child; my daughter; fav'd again by thee!

(He embraces her.)

A flourish of trumpets.

Enter PHOCION, MELANTHON, PHILOTAS, &c.

PHOCION.

Now let the monster yield. My best Euphrasia!

EUPHRASIA.

My lord! my Phocion! welcome to my heart.
Lo! there the wonders of Euphrasia's arm!

PHOCION.

And is the proud one fall'n! The dawn shall see him
A spectacle for public view. Euphrasia!
Evander too! Thus to behold you both-----

EVANDER.

To her direct thy looks; there fix thy praise,
And gaze with wonder there. The life I gave her,
Oh! she has us'd it for the noblest ends!

To

To fill each duty ; make her father feel
The purest joy, the heart-dissolving bliss
To have a grateful child. But has the rage
Of slaughter ceas'd ?

PHOCION.

It has.

EVANDER.

Where is Timoleon ?

PHOCION.

He guards the citadel ; there gives his orders
To calm the uproar, and recall from carnage
His conqu'ring troops.

EUPHRASIA.

Oh ! once again, my father,
Thy sway shall bless the land. Not for himself
Timoleon conquers ; to redress the wrongs
Of bleeding Sicily the hero comes.
Thee, good Melanthon, thee, thou gen'rous man,
His justice shall reward. Thee too, Philotas,
Whose sympathizing heart could feel the touch
Of soft humanity, the hero's bounty,
His brightest honours, shall be lavish'd on thee.
Evander too will place you near his throne ;
And shew mankind, ev'n on this shore of being,
That virtue still shall meet its sure reward.

PHILOTAS.

I am rewarded : feelings such as mine
Are worth all dignities ; my heart repays me.

EVANDER.

Come, let us seek Timoleon ; to his care

I will

I will commend ye both : for now, alas !
Thrones and dominions now no more for me.
To thee I give my crown : yes, thou, Euphrasia,
Shalt reign in Sicily. And oh ! ye Pow'rs,
In that bright eminence of care and peril,
Watch over all her ways ; conduct and guide
The goodness you inspir'd ; that she may prove,
If e'er distress like mine invade the land,
A parent to her people ; stretch the ray
Of filial piety to times unborn,
That men may hear her unexampled virtue,
And learn to emulate THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER !

E P I L O G U E :

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

Spoken by Miss YOUNGE.

*THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER's compliments to all;
Begg that for Epilogue you will not call;
For leering, giggling, would be out of season,
And hopes by me you'll hear a little reason.*

*A father rais'd from death! a nation sav'd!
A tyrant's crimes by female spirit brav'd!
That tyrant stabb'd, and by her nerveless arm,
While Virtue's spell surrounding guards could charm!
Can she, this sacred tumult in her breast,
Turn Father, Freedom, Virtue, all to jest?
Wake you, ye fair ones, from your sweet repose,
As wanton Zephyrs wake the sleeping rose?
Dispel those clouds, which o'er your eye-lids crept,
Which our wise bard mistook, and swore you wept?
Shall she to MACCARONIES life restore,
Who yawn'd, half dead, and curs'd the tragic BORE?
Dismiss 'em smirking to their nightly haunt,
Where dice and cards their moon-struck minds enchant?
Some muffled like the witches in Macbeth,
Brood o'er the magic circle, pale as death!
Others the cauldron go about---about!
And RUIN enters, as the FATES run out.*

*Bubble, bubble,
Toil and trouble,
Passions burn,
And betts are double!*

*Double, double!
Toil and trouble,
Passions burn,
And all is bubble.*

*But jest apart, for scandal forms these tales;
Falsehood be mute; let justice hold the scales.
Britons were ne'er enslav'd by evil pow'rs:
To peace and wedded love they give the midnight hours.
From slumbers pure no rattling dice can wake 'em:
Who make the laws, were never known to break 'em.*

*'Tis false, ye fair, whatever spleen may say,
That you down folly's tide are borne away.
You never wish at deep distress to sneer;
For eyes, tho' BRIGHT, are BRIGHTER through a TEAR.*

*Should it e'er be this nation's wretched fate,
To laugh at all that's good, and wise, and great:
Let Genius rouse, the friend of humankind,
To break those spells which charm, and sink the mind:
Let Comedy, with pointed ridicule,
Pierce to the quick each knave, and vicious fool:
Let Tragedy---a warning to the times,
Lift high her dagger at exalted crimes;
Drive from the heart each base, unmanly passion;
Till Virtue triumph in despite of Fashion.*

ALZUMA,

A

TRAGEDY.

A M U S I A

T R A G E D Y

A L Z U M A,

A

T R A G E D Y.

Performed at the

T H E A T R E R O Y A L

I N

C O V E N T G A R D E N.

—— Si quis sinus abditus ultra,
Si qua foret Tellus fulvum quæ mitteret aurum,
Hostis erat; fatisque in tristia Bella paratis,
Quærebantur opes.

Petron. Arb.

A. J. Z. U. M. A.

A

T. R. A. G. E. D. Y.

By Edward...

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT GARDEN.

— Si quis sine actibus...
Si quis forte...
Hic est...
Quod...

Per...

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE precept, which directs a poet to keep his piece nine years, has been fully observed in regard to the following *Tragedy*; but the *Author* will not claim the merit of voluntary submission to critical authority. The delay he acknowledges, did not arise from choice: It was rather the consequence of difficulties that stood in his way, and prevented an earlier access to the public.

The Play was written in the year 1762, at the point of time when the British forces were actually doing at the HAVANNAH, what ALZUMA prays for, with a prophetic spirit of revenge, in the third act. The subject appeared of the first importance to the interests of humanity. In perusing the history of the Spanish conquests in AMERICA, the AUTHOR found, amongst unenlightened savages, such instances of generosity, truth, justice, courage, and even clemency, as would have done honour to those who profess'd in that part of the world to spread the light of truth and civilization. The behaviour of ATA-HUALPA, (called by English writers ATABALIPA) the last INCA of PERU, in his intercourse with FRYAR VINCENT, appeared particularly striking. He heard the SPANISH MISSIONER with calm attention, and replied, *that it was absurd on the part of the POPE to grant away a territory which did not belong to him: he would still continue to venerate the gods of his ancestors; and if the christians worshipped a god that died, he adored the sun that never died.* He viewed the prayer-book, which the fryar had put into his hands; he applied it to his ear, expecting to hear articulate sounds; and finding that it conveyed to him no information, he threw it down with a smile. By this honest simplicity, which would have gained the affections of a generous

nerous mind, FATHER VINCENT, enraged to a degree of phrenzy, gave the word of command, crying out, "*Kill the dogs, who trample under foot the word of God.*" An incident like this could not fail to excite indignation: that indignation rose still higher, when it appeared that articles of high treason were in form exhibited against ATAHUALPA. Pizarro, with other associates, sat in judgement, and, after that execrable farce of state, the prince of a world just discovered suffered as a rebel to the Emperor Charles the V.—When GUATIMOZIN, who was raised, soon after the death of MONTEZUMA, to the throne of MEXICO, lies stretched upon the rack, and, hearing the groans of his fellow-sufferer, asks him in perfect tranquility, *Am I upon a bed of roses?* The heart, that does not melt with tenderness for the American prince, must be as hard as FRYAR VINCENT's. Not to multiply instances, the story of a people massacred because they abounded in gold-mines, and had not heard in another hemisphere the important truths of the christian religion, seemed of all others the fittest for the English stage, tending in a strong degree to that pathetic distress, and that vigour of sentiment, which constitute the essential beauty of tragedy.

The author regretted that such a genius as DRYDEN had not left a play, free from the jingle of rhyme, and of a more legitimate kind than either his INDIAN QUEEN, or *Indian Emperor*. In that case the present attempt would have been superseded. From DRYDEN's time, the poets of this nation seem to have abandoned the poor Americans to their fate. That FRANCE is in possession of a beautiful play, founded upon the subject of the Spanish ravages in America, is well known to all, who are conversant with the Drama: but the taste of LONDON and PARIS being very different, the late Mr.

AARON

ADVERTISEMENT.

AARON HILL's translation of that piece, appeared upon the English stage and vanished.

The present writer was of opinion that so interesting a subject ought not to be neglected. His first design was to new mould the ALZIRE of VOLTAIRE, not in a vain presumption that he could excel a writer so justly admired throughout Europe, but with an idea that he could in some instances work up the scenes to the relish of an English audience. That plan, however, was soon deserted: it occurred, that if a play were formed upon the model of MONSIEUR DE VOLTAIRE, the words, FRENCH TRANSLATOR, UN-BLUSHING PLAGIARY, would fill the columns of every news-paper. To civilities of this kind the author has been used. If the persons who have been so liberal, feel themselves disposed to lavish their favours on the present occasion, they will perhaps be glad of a hint, that may supply ample materials. Let them look into the plays of SOPHOCLES and EURIPIDES: they will there perceive (if they can perceive) in what school the writer of ALZUMA has studied the art of constructing a fable.

Aspice ut exuvias veterumque insignia nobis

Aptemus—————

VIDA POETIC.

There was another reason for not adhering to the plan of VOLTAIRE: In a country like this, it was thought that our scene ought not to stand indebted to a foreign writer for a play, which involves the first great point of human liberty, namely, the right of man to think for himself. Add to this, VOLTAIRE did not, COLUMBUS-like, explore this new region of the Tragic Muse: DRYDEN had brought treasure enough from thence to shew that there were rich

ADVERTISEMENT.

viens in that part of the world; and OROONOKO, from some striking points of situation, and some features of character, may not unfairly be supposed to have furnished the GREAT POET of FRANCE with many useful hints. ALZUMA was, therefore, formed upon a new fable, and (except a few minute corrections which occurred to the author in the course of the rehearsals) was, in its present form, ready for the stage above ten years ago.

There were, indeed, at that time certain reasons, which made the writer of the following play unwilling to precipitate himself into a dealing with managers. Those reasons subsisted till Nov. 1767, when this tragedy was put into the hands of Mr. GARRICK. It was copied out by the prompter of Drury-Lane theatre, but remained in suspense till Sept. 1770, when the Author found it upon his table, without a letter, or even a card. The play, it is true, was not pronounced unworthy of representation, but certainly was treated as a piece that did not deserve the least dispatch. Delay was studied, and the reasons for that delay existed no where but in Mr. GARRICK's imagination. A certain political society, he was sure, would damn any production known to come from the pen of the present writer. Time, however has shewn that he had not given umbrage to any set of men whatever. In political controversy he had not dipt his pen for a number of years, and he takes this opportunity to declare, that in his whole life he never was the author of one clandestine line. Whatever he writ, he had the spirit and honour to avow. Mr. GARRICK was told this, but without effect: the play was thrown back upon the author's hands. He submitted to it, and would have consigned all the circumstances of that transaction to oblivion, if the same policy had not been practised upon him, in another instance, this very winter.

That

ADVERTISEMENT.

That ALZUMA has at length appeared, is owing to the friendship of Mr. HARRIS. He desired to draw forth the piece from the author's closet: Mr. COLMAN accepted it, and from that instant the necessary preparations went right forward without cavil, without duplicity, without equivocation. The author takes this opportunity to thank all the proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre for the fairness of their dealings. The rest is before the public.

He cannot conclude without declaring, that he has long had reason to be disgusted at the internal occurrences of a theatre. It is, therefore, probable that he will never again be a candidate for Theatrical Fame. From the farce of the APPRENTICE, to the tragedy of ALZUMA, his endeavours have at all times met with a most generous reception: he feels the obligation with the warmest sensibility, and not without some tincture of that pride, which perhaps, does not misbecome the man, who has repeatedly experienced the Public Favour.

Lincoln's Inn,
Feb. 27, 1773.

P R O L O G U E:

Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.

*WHEN first COLUMBUS left the Spanish shore,
In western climes new regions to explore;
Soon a new world, beyond the Atlantic main,
Disclos'd the wonders of it's vast domain;
A race of men unletter'd, and untaught,
Strangers to science, yet with virtue fraught:
No school they had of philosophic pride,
And simple reason was their only guide:
That reason in the paths of nature trod,
And worshipping the Sun, they meant a God;
Free from the ills in polish'd life that spring,
And gold with them was a neglected thing.*

*But Europe's sons felt gold's resistless sway;
To the new hemisphere they bend their way;
Through ev'ry region carry sword and fire,
And bigot rage and avarice conspire:
Zeal bore the cross and poniard in it's hand,
And massacre unpeopled half the land.*

*Yet to unhappy men, to heroes slain,
The British muse denies her tragic strain.
Dryden alone let fall the gen'rous tear,
And bade on Albion's stage the FEATHER'D CHIEFS appear.
His voice suppress'd, no bard their fate has sung,
Silent our scene, and mute each tuneful tongue;
While GREECE and ROME swell our theatric state,
And only classic heroes can be great.*

*This night our author, an advent'rer grown,
Dares trace the virtues of the Torrid Zone.*

If

P R O L O G U E.

*If in his scenes well painted passion glow ;
If there you view the draught of human woe ;
Britons will mark, from fierce religious zeal,
What dread calamities weak mortals feel ;
Will bear the INDIAN, tho' in error blind,
Against the pow'r that would opinion bind,
Assert the freedom of the human mind.*

*Ye critics, to whom poets must be civil,
As Indians worship, out of fear, the devil,
Of mod'rate principles you'll own the merit,
Nor hither bring a persecuting spirit.
Let modes of wit some TOLERATION share ;
Rome KILLS for error ; be it yours to spare.*

DRA-

Dramatis Personæ.

ALZUMA,
PIZARRO,
DON CARLOS,
OZMAR,
GONZALEZ,
EZMONT,

Mr. SMITH.
Mr. HULL.
Mr. BENSLEY.
Mr. PERRY.
Mr. GARDNER.
Mr. THOMPSON.

ORAZIA,
ORELLANA,
EMIRA, }
ZILIA, }

Miss MILLER.
Mrs. HARTLEY.

two Attendants on Orellana.

*Virgins of the Sun, Miss PIERCE, Mrs. WIL-
LEMS, Miss WEWITZER, Miss BROWN, &c.*

Scene at Cusco, the Capital of PERU.

A L Z U M A.

ACT the FIRST.

Enter EMIRA.

WEARIED at length by their own raging toil,
Her spirits sink to rest: kind sleep affords
The only boon the wretched mind can feel,
A momentary respite from despair.

Enter ZILIA.

EMIRA.

Who's there? That look alarming!--Zilia, say
Wherefore this sudden haste? How fares it now
With Orellana?

ZILIA.

Still a calm repose
Suspends the tumult of the mighty passions,
That war within. Nature, quite harrafs'd down,
Repairs the waste of grief.

EMIRA.

But oh! to soon
With keener sense to waken her again
To the strong agonies that rend her soul.
How wears the night?

ZILIA.

ZILIA.

It verges to the dawn.

EMIRA.

Then 'tis th' accustom'd hour, the only hour
Of all that circle time's diurnal round,
When Orellana knows suspense from pain.

ZILIA.

The sun that form'd her lent his brightest rays,
His purest elements of sacred fire.
Hence all the virtues that but dimly shine
In breasts of common mould, in her sublim'd,
Burn to a fierce extravagance of soul.

EMIRA.

Yet what avails the great indignant spirit,
The generous flame for Freedom and Peru?
The fever of her mind too soon must end
Her sickly frame. The live long day it rages,
And each returning night, when all things else
Thro' wide creation's round feel wonted rest,
She only wakes to misery: forlorn she sits
With streaming eyes, while unrelenting cares
Waste all within; and ever and anon
In short distracted dreams wild fancy acts
New scenes of terror in her blatted mind.

Enter ORELLANA.

OERLLANA.

Horror! Protect me! Save me; seas of blood
Run purple round the altar: 'tis my brother;
Barbarian, hold!—It is Alzuma bleeds;
Inhuman murd'ers! Oh! (*faints*)

EMI-

EMIRA.

'Tis ever thus:
 Sad visionary terrors rack her brain;
 Too wretched mourner, victim of despair!

ORELLANA.

Oh! 'tis too much, too much to suffer: Zilia,
 Art thou there? ever friendly, kind, and good!
 Emira too!--Why, sister virgins, why
 Must you still labour with my weight of woe?

EMIRA.

Attending thee we but obey the call
 Of duty and of love. Dispel thy fears,
 And hush this tumult of disorder'd fancy.

ORELLANA.

Would Heav'n I could! But these imaginings
 Were terrible indeed! Round yonder couch
 Such horrid phantoms rose!

EMIRA.

Vain shadows all!
 You've nothing now to fear.

ORELLANA.

Alas! the wretched
 Have ev'ry thing to fear. Methought Pizarro
 With fury dragg'd me to his Christian altar;
 There urg'd imperious to renounce my gods,
 And wed Don Carlos: with apostate zeal
 My mother join'd her aid, conspir'd against me;
 When, oh! distracting sight! my brother, rushing
 To save a sister from the vile dishonour,
 Receiv'd Pizarro's dagger in his heart.

The altar smok'd with gore ; the cruel Spaniard
 Look'd a grim joy to see the only hope
 Of desolate Peru, a prince descended
 From a long race of Kings, ignobly fall,
 And welter in his blood before him,

EMIRA.

Yet
 These are but fancied ills : Alzuma lives
 Safe in obscurity, far hence remote.
 Prostrate Peru may lift her head again,
 And Heav'n restore a brother to your arms.

ORELLANA.

Delusive thought ! Yet let me fondly cherish
 The soothing flattery. Oh ! Sister virgins,
 Should e'er the hero bless my longing eyes,
 I could embrace him with a sister's love,
 And in his sight forget my sorrows past.
 But oh ! vain hope ! he would not know me now,
 Thus with'ring in my bloom. As yet an infant,
 I number'd scarce ten years, when hence he went
 To Chili's realms, ere the foe burst upon us,
 To learn the course of ev'ry orb above,
 And all the myst'ries of his parent sun.
 Mean time the Spaniard---but I'll not retrace
 That tale of horror. Since that hour accurst,
 Ten times the sun hath made his annual circle,
 Nor yet Alzuma reigns ! Alas ! my virgins,
 Distinction's lost amongst us, and the last
 Surviving Inca of undone Peru
 Sinks to a slave, a wand'rer o'er the land !

EMIRA.

Rekindle not the fury of your soul.
 For lo ! with purple light the Orient morn
 Glows in yon Eastern clime ! Don Carlos soon,

As

As is his wont, with early importunity
 Will press his ardent suit. Be timely cautious,
 Nor let him find pale grief and discontent
 For ever dwell in Orellana's breast.
 'Twill rouse the Spaniard's rage. A cloyster'd virgin
 With thee, I worship'd the eternal fire.
 'Tis friendship prompts, if I presume to wish
 You'd not provoke the foe.

ORELLANA.

I know thy truth,
 Thy constancy approv'd; and Carlos too
 I grant has qualities that claim respect.

EMIRA.

Tho' other gods he worship, yet in him
 Religion wears a gentler mien, nor serves
 To sanctify rapacity and murder.
 'Tis love perhaps, for sure he fondly loves!
 'Tis love perhaps, not virtue, that allays
 His fiercer passions; but whate'er the cause,
 He is our shield from stern Pizarro's rage:
 To him unnumber'd millions lift their hands,
 And thank him with their tears for life preserv'd.

ORELLANA.

'Tis true, Emira: oft I've known him check
 The rage of warring war; oft at his voice
 E'en Persecution rests upon her altar,
 Thirsting for blood in vain. And yet this heart
 Was never form'd for him. Yon radiant God,
 Tho' each revolving day he rise to view
 His once lov'd region, now a land of slaves,
 To see the Spaniard triumph in his guilt,
 Nor rolls th' avenging thunder o'er his head;
 Nor sends the rapid light'ning down to blast him;
 Tho' he disdain not still to shine alike

On vice and suffering virtue---Ha! no more;
 'Twere impious madness---Thou creat'st us all,
 Refulgent luminary! thou, the source
 Of light, and life, and universal good!
 From thee we issue, and to thee return!
 Thou mighty parent! (*kneels down*) Thou bright
 Godhead! Thou
 Still inexhausted lead'st the radiant years,
 Thro' wide creation pour'st thy golden flood,
 Thy vivid energy! without thee, nought
 Or fair or useful springs; to thee all nature
 Wafts up her orizons; to thee I swear,
 Whate'er shall prove the fate of Orellana,
 Thy sacred beams shall never, never see her
 Leagu'd with her country's foes; shall ne'er behold her
 A vile apostate from her holy vow.

Enter EZMONT.

EMIRA.

Ezmont, why thus with sudden haste? and hark!
 [A flourish of trumpets.]

ORELLANA.

What means that musick, that triumphant joy?

EZMONT.

With early zeal Pizarro seeks the altar
 To celebrate his foreign rites.

ORELLANA.

And fire
 His unrelenting heart to new exploits.

EZMONT.

A captive band from various prisons led
 Walk in his train, and follow to the temple,
 There

There to abjure their country, and their gods,
Or meet their instant doom.

ORELLANA.

And does my mother
Attend the guilty pomp?

EZMONT.

She does: with her
All their whole courtier-band attend Pizarro,
All but Don Carlos: with a lover's speed
This way he bends his steps. My swiftest zeal
Could scarce outstrip him.

ORELLANA.

Leave me virgins, leave me.
Ezmont I thank thy care. [*they go out.*] Now sum-
mon all
Thy calmest patience, and thy firm resolve.

Enter DON CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Let this auspicious morn dispel thy cares,
And each successive hour on balmy wings
Bring peace, bring health, and beauty's roseate bloom.
Does Orellana shun me? hither turn
Thy gracious aspect; let those azure eyes
Beam with their gentlest radiance.

ORELLANA.

Those eyes
With galling tears have long since lost their lustre.
They, like the daughters of rapacious Spain,
Have not yet learn'd to gild the cloud of woe,
Inspire

Inspire the look, and animate the glance,
While misery lays desolate the heart.

CARLOS.

Let love diffuse his cordial o'er thy spirits;
Soon shall each grace awaken, soon thy heart
Beat sprightly notes of rapture and of joy.

ORELLANA.

Oh! talk not, Carlos, to a wretch forlorn,
And lost as I am, do not talk of joy.
No more shall pleasure visit this sad form,
This breathing statue of despair.

CARLOS.

Despair
But ill requites th' indulgent care of Heav'n,
That now invites thee to enjoy with me
Your share of love, and empire.

ORELLANA.

Take again,
Take back your vows of friendship and of love;
I do entreat you take 'em; bear 'em hence
To the bright dames that grace your native land.
Worthier they'll listen to you; they have hearts
Prone to thy soft impressions; they have hearts
That never bled to see the ruthless sword,
Thy sword, Don Carlos, lay their country waste.
Thou hast not injur'd them; but oh! respect
A captive wretch, a wretch that has full cause,
Yet pours no curses on thee!

CARLOS.

Wilt thou thus,
Relentless fair! wilt thou then wound me thus

With

With stern reproach? under a father's banner
 I wag'd the war; and if her purple wing
 Propitious victory wav'd o'er my head,
 The world can witness, who by me have fall'n,
 All bravely fell in the embattled field,
 Not naked and disarm'd: in me the vanquish'd
 Have found a friend; 'twas Orellana's will.
 Her conqu'ring eyes have half aveng'd her country,
 And made the victor beauty's willing slave.
 His laurels bloom for thee; he lays his trophies,
 His scepter at your feet: thy native realm
 Wooes thee to sov'reign sway, and bids thee rule
 The Western world, when to her softer clime
 Spain shall invite thy mother.

ORELLANA.

Name her not:
 I would not think upon her crimes! become
 The conqu'ror's wife---oh! shameless guilt! become
 The frantic votarist of Spanish gods,
 She fires his haughty soul to tenfold rage.
 This day prepares new victims: oh! my Lord,
 If your religion does not quite suppress
 The voice of nature, save the lives of wretches;
 Plead thou their cause; let me not see again
 The streaming blood of innocence.

CARLOS.

I move
 By thy command alone; and oh! bright maid,
 The pity I extend will surely claim
 The soft return of thine.

ORELLANA.

Alas! My Lord,
 Much I esteem thy goodness; much I honour
 Thy many virtues: but a holy vow

Forbids

Forbids my love ; and tell me, should I grant it,
 Would'st thou receive an interdicted wretch
 With counterfeited smiles to thy embrace?
 Believe me, Sir, who dares renounce her gods,
 Will dare be false to man.

Enter PIZARRO, ORAZIA, Attendants, &c.

PIZARRO.

Come near, my son ;
 Thou seest thy father with assiduous care
 Spreading the glories of his King and God
 O'er this new world.

CARLOS.

My father's fervent zeal
 Shall stand time honour'd in the rolls of fame.
 Vanquish'd Peru thro' all her cities mourns
 Thy vast renown in arms ; it now were time
 That weary conquest should abate her rigours,
 And peace begin to harmonize the world.

ORAZIA.

As yet, young warrior, our untutor'd race
 To thee is little known : an Indian mind
 Is wrapp'd in error's mists ; from fabling priests
 Hears impious legends ; in each falling show'r,
 Each cloud that fails upon yon azure deep,
 Conceives the present deity ; in dreams,
 Which fever'd fancy forms, still thinks it hears
 Loud oracles, commercing with the gods.
 The dæmons and the human faculties
 Are then in dark conspiracy, and all
 Is bigot rage, and cruelty, and horror.
 This gloom must be dispell'd ; and force, my son,
 'Tis force must execute the holy work.

CAR.

CARLOS.

And think we then our duty unperform'd
 Unless we imitate with furious zeal
 Heav'n's vengeance, not it's mercy?

PIZARRO.

Justice calls
 For vengeance on a blind offending world.
 I know my mission here: beneath the Tropic
 The holy cross I've borne, and in that sign
 Pizarro still shall conquer: be it mine
 To stretch the ray of truth, and bid the Indian
 Kneel and adore!

CARLOS.

Almagro's conqu'ring arm
 In Chili's realm hath crush'd the savage war.
 The western world hath heard the hideous ruin,
 And suppliant courts the yoke.

PIZARRO.

But still Alzuma
 Lives for new tumult.

ORAZIA.

Lives to bid his mother
 With tears and burning blushes hear his name.
 Proud, uncontrollable, and fierce of spirit,
 Ev'n in his earliest youth, his boyish days,
 When the grim tiger from the thicket rush'd,
 Did he once fly? did he not ev'n then
 Dare the encounter? the fell monster gor'd
 His youthful breast, and if his father's arm
 Had not transfix'd the savage to the earth,
 Alzuma then had died. Since that he bore

The tiger's mark, and ere the down of manhood
 Sprung on his cheek, went from his mother far,
 Grew up implacable of soul, and now
 With dire alarms shakes all the Western World.

CARLOS.

And if our crimes provoke---

PIZARRO.

Our crimes, my son!

ORAZIA.

That thought to Orellana owes its birth.
 In soft captivity she holds him bound:
 Her beauty leads him with a single glance,
 Moves with a sigh, and softens with a tear;
 And love and grace by turns dispute his heart.

PIZARRO.

Hear, Orellana: say, thou beauteous mourner,
 How long shall tears and slow consuming grief
 Deform thy native graces?

ORELLANA.

Pardon, Sir,
 If the rough manners of my native clime
 Form'd me in plain simplicity: unskill'd
 In all the studied elegance of feature,
 I only know to look my honest meaning;
 An artless savage, a forsaken wretch,
 Whom joy has long forsworn!

ORAZIA.

In Cusco's court,
 Where ev'ry face but thine is deck'd with smiles,
 Such persevering sorrow ill befits

Orazia's

Orazia's daughter. While your mother still
 Ev'n with the victor shares her ancient sceptre,
 You have full cause of joy. And tell me, does not
 That gen'rous youth, Pizarro's gallant son,
 Breathe gentlest vows, and languish for your love?

ORELLANA.

Ay, Madam! love and tendernefs he brings,
 But sighs and tears are all I have to give.

ORAZIA.

Away with vain excuse: thou trifler hear;
 Spain's pure religion calls: this moment yield,
 And rank thee with the faithful.

ORELLANA.

That command----

ORAZIA.

Must be obey'd.

ORELLANA.

Alas! full well you know
 Force has already dragg'd me to your altar.
 There while the censer wreath'd its fragrant clouds,
 While pealing organs swell'd the solemn note,
 And through deep lengthen'd isles consenting choirs
 Harmonious hymn'd their God; not to your Heav'n
 My pray'rs were offer'd. No! ye holy pow'rs
 Whom long Peru hath worshipp'd, in that hour
 You rush'd between me and their Christian pomp,
 Bore my rapt soul to your own orbs on high,
 And shrines, and burning lamps, grew dim before me.

ORAZIA.

Invincible in ignorance.

Enter GONZALEZ.

GONZALEZ.

My Lord,
The slaves remain obdurate.

PIZARRO.

Ha! reject
The terms of proffer'd life!

GONZALEZ.

Their eyes intent
Gaze on two leaders, from whose fierce demeanour
They gain new courage, obstinate in guilt.
Their chiefs, by my command, attend your presence.

Enter ALZUMA, and OZMAR.

PIZARRO.

Say, what art thou, who with indignant spirit
Hast dar'd to mock our laws?

ALZUMA.

One born in freedom!
One who, while yet he lives, like freedom's son,
Will dare to think.

PIZARRO.

Reflect, rash youth, and take
New life from this auspicious day.

AL-

ALZUMA.

The day,
That sees a man crouch in ignoble bondage,
Sees ev'ry virtue lost.

PIZARRO.

Beware, thou slave!
Know'st thou that instant death awaits you both?

ALZUMA.

We know it; we expect it; we invoke it;
'Twill end our misery.

PIZARRO.

Thou insolent!
All gracious Heav'n, that still delights in mercy---

ALZUMA.

Mercy! delights in mercy!

PIZARRO.

Yes; his word
Gives life and peace to all.

ALZUMA.

And dar'st thou then,
Thou fell destroyer! ravager of earth!
And dar'st thou then in horrid contrast stand
To infinite benevolence?

PIZARRO.

No more
I'll parley with obdurate guilt. Gonzalez,

Guard

Guard thou those miscreants; see they suffer death,
And by their torments warn an impious race.

[Exit with Orazia, and Attendants.]

ORELLANA.

Oh! Carlos, gen'rous youth! if any spark
Of love dwell in thy nature, quickly fly,
Pursue your cruel father, haste, prevent
The horrid murder. What have they committed?
What is their crime? Oh! do not see them bleed,
For daring to be true to Heav'n.

CARLOS.

I go,
Thou gen'rous maid, to execute your will.

[Exit.]

ORELLANA.

Or gain their liberty, or else the hour
That sees 'em fall, will end this wretched being.
[Exit after Carlos.]

ALZUMA.

And are there feelings here for human woe?

GONZALEZ.

Guards, lead your pris'ners hence.

ALZUMA.

Spaniard a word:
Wilt thou indulge one moment to the wretched?
I thank thee. Ozmar, we have walk'd together
The rugged paths of honour; to the last
Grappled with fate; against the foe have strain'd
Bold virtue's nerve: oh! let it never slacken,

But

But bear us strongly up, like men, who boast
Souls ever prompt for liberty or death.

OZMAR.

Sunk as we are, our country bleeding round us,
Our cities sack't, our very gods dishonour'd,
Death is relief, is victory and triumph.

ALZUMA.

But let us entertain our doom, my friend,
In silent dignity: amidst our pangs
Let no dejected passion tell the Spaniard
Alzuma dies in me!

OZMAR.

Not all the tortures
Their vengeance can inflict, shall e'er extort
One secret from me.

ALZUMA.

Let him shudder still
With dire conceptions at Alzuma's name;
Still let him think Alzuma roams the forest,
Climbs the steep mountain's brow, or down the lake
Glides in the swift canoe, to rouse the war,
And call the nations to a great revenge.
Let that pursue him still: oh! let that thought,
And the dire furies of detested guilt
With ceaseless pangs inhabit in his heart:
Alzuma dies content!

OZMAR.

The tyrant's pow'r
Is short liv'd o'er us, and his murd'rous rage
But sets the hero free.

AL-

ALZUMA.

His pow'r may shackle
These mould'ring limbs ; but the unbodied spirit
Shall bear its native liberty along,
To the blest'd vale behind the cloud-capt hill,
The silent region of departed souls,
That region undiscover'd by the Spaniard !
Where our forefathers, in unfading blifs,
Prepare the roseate bow'r, and weave the chaplet,
For deeds heroic done in life ; for all
Who, firm in honour, by distress unconquer'd,
Have smil'd in woe, and to their graves have carried
The sacred charter of the free-born mind.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT the SECOND.

*Scene at the Gate of the Temple of the Sun.**Enter ALZUMA.*

ALZUMA.

DOST thou not hear me, lost Peru? Not hear
 The clank of these vile chains that fetter thus
 Your rightful sov'reign? Wherefore thus again
 Led to their Christian temple? Why their guards
 Plac'd at each pass? Is this, just gods, a lot
 For your own progeny? Yet even here,
 Here still is room for fortitude and honour.
 Yes, ye calamities of this bad world,
 Pour all your destin'd malice on my head;
 Ye storms, ye tempests, roar! Each change of fortune
 Is but a change of virtue.

Enter OZMAR.

ALZUMA.

Valiant Ozmar,
 Let me embrace thee. Ozmar, spite of all
 My heart's best firmness, it drops blood for thee.

OZMAR.

Alzuma! Tears! And dost thou think me then
 So poor of soul?

ALZUMA.

Ozmar, I will not weep;
 I will not stain a righteous cause with tears.

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And

And yet frail nature thus will gush it's way.
 Oh ! there's a cause that consecrates each drop
 That burns it's channel down the foldier's cheek !
 Ozmar, to see a nation bleeding round us,
 Yet fetter'd thus in chains---I cannot speak ;
 Thy own great heart will tell thee.

OZMAR.

Embitter not the cup of woe.

ALZUMA.

To die
 Inglorious ! Unreveng'd ! My father's death,
 Thy savage massacre, lamented shade !
 Oh ! Atabalipa, yet unaton'd !
 His queen Orazia, my much honour'd mother,
 How has fate dealt with her ? My sister too,
 Poor Orellana ! 'Tis a long, long time
 Since last these eyes beheld her. Breathes she still
 The vital air ? And oh ! what happy clime
 Affords her innocence and truth a shelter ?
 Alzuma knows knows not, and that piercing thought
 Unmans my soul, and gives a sting to death.

OZMAR.

The gracious pow'rs, who watch o'er innocence---

ALZUMA.

No pow'r protects it now. Where were ye gods,
 In that black period when the Spanish spoiler
 First spoke in thunder to us ? Not your own
 Thrice honour'd temples then contain'd ye ! No !
 Your sacred temples, and your hallow'd groves,
 You left defenceless. You have lost your rites,
 Your kings their empire, and Peru her freedom.

Oz-

OZMAR.

If deeds heroic could have fav'd the state,
Thy own great patriot toil---

ALZUMA.

Where were ye, gods,
When late in Chili's wide extended plains
I fought the embattled foe? From ev'ry quarter
I brought the Western world in arms. The sun
Beneath the burning line beheld my course,
Back to the Tropic saw my rapid march;
The queen of night, and ev'ry vivid planet,
Walking in brightness their empyreal round,
Saw my unwearied labour; saw me guide
Down the broad Amazon my rapid bark,
Each island visiting; on ev'ry shore
Invoking vengeance. Heav'n beheld it all,
Yet left me in th' extreme; to hostile gods,
Th' unjust, revengeful, cruel gods of Spain
Betray'd a faithful unsuspecting race.

OZMAR.

Yes, all, all's lost, all ruin'd! That last battle
Has giv'n 'em up the world. Almagro's arms
Heap'd hideous ruin on us.

ALZUMA.

Ozmar, there,
There liberty, amidst that purple heap
Her gen'rous bosom grac'd with honest scars,
Groan'd and expir'd. Oh! City of the Sun,
Ye sacred ashes of my friends, who perish'd
In your lov'd country's last expiring blaze!
Oh! seat of empire! Witness in your fall
I have dar'd nobly for you.

U u 2

Enter

Enter GONZALEZ and Guards.

GONZALEZ.

Be those chains
Instant releas'd, and set the pris'ners free.
[Soldiers unchain them.]

ALZUMA.

Ah! that soft virgin form appears again!
This way she bends her steps. What may this mean?

Enter ORELLANA.

ORELLANA.

There is your warrant, Sir; Pizarro's hand
Hath sign'd their freedom.

GONZALEZ.

I obey the mandate. *[Exit with Soldiers.]*

ALZUMA.

Tell me, thou fair unknown! to what new scenes
Our fate reserves us both?

ORELLANA.

Humanity
And justice plead your cause.

ALZUMA.

And does thy heart
Feel the soft touch of nature for the wretched?

ORELLANA.

Stranger, my heart is feelingly alive

When

When misery claims a tear: that fruitless tribute
Is all I can, and Heav'n demands it of me.

ALZUMA.

I pray ye mock me not. A Spaniard's heav'n
Inspires revenge, and cruelty and murder.

ORELLANA.

In me you see a daughter of Peru,
And nature and religion bind me to you.

ALZUMA.

Then our own gods watch o'er affliction still,
And at their hands I do accept my life.
Oh! gen'rous virgin, I respect thy virtues;
The pow'rs that gave them will reward them too:
If not in ev'ry state, in death or conquest,
They are their own sweet recompence.

ORELLANA.

That mien!
That prompt heroic ardor! Stranger, say,
Whence and what art thou?

ALZUMA.

By my birth obscure:
Almagro late beheld me grasp the javelin,
And mid't the gen'ral carnage of the day,
Seek death in vain thro' all the paths of war.

ORELLANA.

Ah! tell me then---I tremble while I ask;
Where is Alzuma? Lives he? Does he yet
Elude the tyrant's search? Or has he fought
The vale of fleeting spirits? Quickly tell me,
For oh! I long to hear.

AL-

ALZUMA.

Support me, Ozmar.
Her tender sympathy!

OZMAR.

Now summon all
Your wonted firmness: she's a stranger yet.
Let prudence guard thee.

ORELLANA.

Ah! distract me not.
Why art thou pale! Why gath'ring in thy eye
Stand those round drops? Alas! he is no more.

OZMAR.

Alzuma lives!

ORELLANA.

Lives!

OZMAR.

But far hence remote
Seeks a retreat for misery and freedom.

ORELLANA.

Then I am bless'd indeed!

ALZUMA.

Aborb'd in wonder,
My flutt'ring soul feels all her functions lost.

ORELLANA.

Weep'st thou, brave youth? Ah! say what hidden
cause---

AL-

ALZUMA.

Thy gen'rous tendernefs. Like you I'm born
With too much fenfibility of heart.

ORELLANA.

Indeed you feem to bear a noble nature.
Say, will you undertake like men, and dare
A hardy enterprize, that tends at once
To your own fafety and the general weal?

ALZUMA.

Speak thy intent: ev'n ruin'd as we are
We boast the virtue ftill to ferve thee, virgin.

ORELLANA.

Then mark my words: anon, when in the palace
All court the Spaniard's fmiles, and do the work
Of low ambition, then with cautious ftrep
Repair ye both to yonder facred temple,
In happier days the temple of the Sun!
Now other worship, other rites prevail.
Employ'd in fecret duty there you'll find me.

Enter GONZALEZ.

ORELLANA.

What would Gonzalez?

GONZALEZ.

With determin'd hafte
The emprefs feeks you.

ORELLANA.

Lead your captives forth,

[They bow and are going out.]

Enter

Enter ORAZIA.

ORAZIA.

These are the insolents whom thy entreaty
Has fav'd from justice.

ORELLANA.

To Don Carlos' goodness
I bow in gratitude.

ORAZIA.

Take heed, rash men,
Or vengeance waits you.

(They go out.) Orellana hear:

Don Carlos languishes with gentlest passion,
And wooes you to his arms. A mother's voice
Commands thee to abjure fictitious gods,
And make thee lineal to our ancient sceptre.

ORELLANA.

What, while my brother lives?

ORAZIA.

Pizarro sees,
At length with indignation sees his slave
Suspend the progress of our righteous faith.

ORELLANA.

His slave! A robber's slave! Is that befitting?
Is that my mother? These are virtue's tears;
They mean you no offence.

ORAZIA.

Ungrateful child!
Still with incessant rage to steel your heart

Against

Against a victor, whom high Heav'n approves,
Against a mother, who would save you still.

ORELLANA.

The tyrant has my curses; I avow it:
My bitterest imprecations on him! but
A mother claims respect. Then hear my pray'r:
Let not your Christian worship, while it gives
New modes of faith, oh! let it ne'er efface
The virtues of humanity! [Exit.

ORAZIA.

Oh! blind
And fatal superstition!--fix'd in error,
Alas! she sees not that by Heav'n commission'd
To chase credulity Pizarro came,
And reigns by right divine o'er ev'ry heart.
Oh! happy state! Christian Orazia now
Glow's for the honour of eternal truth;
To that bows rev'rent down, and joys to see
Awful religion bare the sword of justice. [Exit.

Scene the Temple of the Sun.

Enter ALZUMA and OZMAR.

ALZUMA.

Thou sacred dome! thou venerable pile!
Where erst the pious daughters of the Sun
In meditation dwelt, and sacred song!
No more for you those rites; no more you'll hear
Their pious vows, and their melodious strains.
The Spanish robber violates your altars,
And foreign gods possess you.

OZMAR.

Yet, Alzuma,
Who knows what that bright maid----

ALZUMA.

Some deep intent
Rolls in her bosom. Hark! a feeble sound
Comes slowly winding thro' yon lengthen'd isle.
[*Musick is heard at a distance,*
It gains upon the ear. And lo! a train
Of supplicating nymphs! ye host of Heav'n!
Our own solemnities! how my heart glows
With piour ardour! let us hence, my friend,
Lest we intrude upon their virgin choir.
[*They retire.*

*Enter ORELLANA, EMIRA, ZILIA, and other Virgins.
An Image of the Sun, the Moon, &c. in their Hands
a Censer of Fire, and some strewing Flowers.*

O D E.

I.

Bright orb, that rul'st th' ætherial way,
And pour'st the radiant flood of day;
Thou sister regent of the night,
Who shed'st o'er all thy sober light;
Ye stars, that gleam from pole to pole;
Ye thunders o'er our heads that roll;
Ye lightnings, rains, ye storms on high,
That speak the present deity:

Hear your own servants; hear our virgin throng;
Oh! save Alzuma; hear our mystic song.

II.

Ye band of venerable just,
Ye warriors long since laid in dust; Whether

Whether in silent groves ye stray,
 Glow in the stars or solar way,
 Assemble all ye mighty dead,
 And stalk around the Spaniard's bed;
 In his fell heart with dismal yell
 Awaken all the fiends of hell;

Affist Alzuma; arm each honest hand,
 And tear a guilty tyrant from the land.

[They go out in procession.]

Enter ALZUMA and OZMAR.

ALZUMA.

For me their vows ascend! the pious train
 Warble their orisons for lost Alzuma!
 Oh! Ozmar, oh! my friend! the melting notes
 With thoughts that burn expand my glowing soul.
 Ha! that sweet maid approaches!

Enter ORELLANA.

OZMAR.

Now be hush'd
 Each sudden transport: to disclose thy name
 Might fatal prove.

ORELLANA. *(coming forward)*

Alas! my spirits sink,
 Cold tremors shake my frame.

ALZUMA.

Your pardon, virgin,
 That thus encroaching on the hallow'd hour---

X x 2

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Strangers! you're welcome both. The wretched ever
 Bear their own passport to me. Train'd myself
 In sad affliction's school, and wanting much
 Some charitable aid, these hands are ready
 To wipe the tear from the pale cheek of care.

ALZUMA.

Alas! misfortune, as we rise to life,
 Prepares her chalice for each human lip:
 We all are doom'd to weep.

ORELLANA.

Ye gen'rous youths,
 I see you both are apt to melt at woe:
 I will not trouble you.

ALZUMA.

If there is aught
 May serve you, virgin, trust your faithful slaves.
 These tears but strengthen virtue: speak thy will.

ORELLANA.

There is a business lab'ring in my heart
 That calls for firmest vigour.

ALZUMA.

If to drench
 A dagger's point in the fell Spaniard's blood---

ORELLANA.

It wants no bloodshed. Tell me will you serve me?

ALZUMA.

By Heav'n I will.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Say, will you traverse o'er
 The forests wild, and continents of sand,
 To bear a message to much-lov'd brother,
 On whose dear life my happiness is grafted?

ALZUMA.

Direct our course: we'll seek him straight.

ORELLANA.

Alas!

Banished far hence, dear youth! he little thinks
 How here I drag the Spaniard's galling chain,
 And neither live nor die. But here I've form'd
 In braided colours the sad tale of woe.

[Takes out a braid of colours.]

He knows not letters, which th' inventive Spaniard
 Has hither brought: but this will tell him all;
 This will instruct him to avoid this place;
 Let me be wretched, I'll endure it all;
 But bless him gods; watch over all his ways;
 My woes must end me soon.

ALZUMA.

No, thou shalt join
 Our flight: we'll bear thee to him.

ORELLANA.

Weak of limb
 My strength would fail me. Wilt thou give him this?

ALZUMA.

I will; by every Pow'r above, I will.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Then take it, youth, and bear it to Alzuma.

ALZUMA.

Alzuma!

ORELLANA.

Yes; to him.

ALZUMA.

Ye gracious powers!
And bear it to Alzuma!---Orellana!

ORELLANA.

Those trembling accents! and the various meanings
Of ev'ry feature---Ah! that look of thine---

ALZUMA.

I am, I am, Alzuma. Oh! my sister!
I, I am he! this fond embrace attests it.
She faints, she faints. Oh! could'st thou e'er have
hop'd it?
'Tis Orellana!---'tis, it is my sister.

ORELLANA.

That air! that face! just so my father look'd!
I scarce can think it yet: thou art not---tell me---
Say, art thou he?---Peru's surviving heir?
Art thou Alzuma?---does thy breast retain
The tyger's fang?

ALZUMA.

It does, it does.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Have I so long
Forbore to wander o'er him with my kisses?
To clasp thee close, and own thee with my tears?
[*Embraces him.*]

ALZUMA.

Grow to thy brother's heart, thou virtuous maid!
Ozmar, the Gods are here; they have not yet
Deserted innocence. Thou watch, my friend,
That none intrude upon this hour of joy.
[*Exit Ozmar.*]

ORELLANA.

Why didst thou venture to this place of danger?
Oh! quickly fly; of all the Sun beheld
In his own city, by immortals rear'd,
This temple only stands.

ALZUMA.

Where is Orazia?

ORELLANA.

She lives.

ALZUMA.

Then to her honour and her gods
She still lives true: I know her virtue well.

ORELLANA.

This fide the grave no mortal virtue's known.
She's married to Pizarro.

Al-

ALZUMA.

Married to him!
False to her faith, and married to Pizarro!

ORELLANA.

She shares his tyrant sceptre.

ALZUMA.

Oh! may Heav'n---
Yet she's my mother still---Forgive her, gods!
If your dread sway can bear such crimes, forgive her,
And keep your red'ning vengeance for the Spaniard.
Say shall I see Orazia?

ORELLANA.

At yon portal
You met her dreadful frown.

ALZUMA.

Was that my mother?
Unnatural woman!

ORELLANA.

In her ruin'd mind
Sits blind enthusiasm, with'ring ev'ry virtue.
Zeal forgets fetters for a free-born race,
And murder's blade gleams in religion's hand.

ALZUMA.

Bright orb! thou hear'st it! I make no appeal
To you against her. But to find thee thus,
Thou best of sisters, 'midst a mother's crimes
That rend my soul, it mixes tend'rest joy,
And makes these tears a transport. Tell thy brother,
What

What force upheld thee? how hast thou sustain'd
Thy faith inviolate?

ORELLANA.

The Spaniard's rage
Lifts ev'ry passion on the side of virtue.
Thou wer't far hence, know'st not the horrid night
That heav'd this mighty empire from its base.

ALZUMA.

Ev'n now I shudder for thee!

ORELLANA.

Cloyster'd here,
Two hundred chosen virgins of the Sun,
Here in this very temple pour'd their praise
In midnight harmony to ev'ry god,
And bore thro' glimm'ring isles th' eternal fire;
When the foe rush'd upon us; burst the sanctuary
Which since the world's foundation 'till that hour
Man never dar'd profane. With virgin shrieks,
And female lamentation rung the dome;
Devouring rage, and pale dismay, and death,
Ran wild in horrid forms; the crimson pavement
Floated with gore; no check their fury felt,
'Till weary slaughter stopt at last for breath,
And spar'd a wretched few.

ALZUMA.

Thou virtuous maid!
What pitying God preserv'd thee?

ORELLANA.

'Twas in wrath,
In vengeance I was sav'd, to greater ills
Alas! reserv'd! to see my father murder'd----

ALZUMA.

Oh! blessed be his shade!

ORELLANA.

E'er since Pizarro
Urges to change my gods, and join his son
In impious wedlock.

ALZUMA.

May his soul be plung'd
In ever-burning floods of liquid gold,
And be his avarice the fiend that damns him!

[Music heard.]

ORELLANA.

End we our conf'rence here: the virgin band
Wait my return: I would not have thee known.
Retire my brother.

ALZUMA.

And must we part so soon?

ORELLANA.

Alas! too sure we must: a faithful friend
Shall lead thee to the grove where oft I walk
In bitterness of soul.

ALZUMA.

Yet ere you go,
Here kneel, and swear by all the holy pow'rs
Whom with firm constancy Peru adores;
By the dear shades of long-departed heroes,
Whom av'rice slaughter'd, or religion stabb'd;
Swear here, by all those great, those awful sanctions,
That never you'll betray your plighted vows.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Yes, Orellana ratifies the oath!

ALZUMA.

Now once again come to this fond embrace.
We'll meet anon.

ORELLANA.

We shall.

ALZUMA.

Farewell, farewell! *[She goes out.]*
Protect, ye pow'rs, that struggling innocence.
In your own holy cause she suffers all.
Are ye no more the gods of peace? no more
Affliction's friends? If that excelling goodness,
If she is wretched thus---yet let me not,
Like the base Christian foe, with pious rage,
Who deals destruction round, and deems his murder
Grateful on high, oh! let me not, like him,
With horrid attributes affront my God!
Yes, Heav'n is bounteous still! ye gracious pow'rs!
Of you and your just ways I'll not complain.
You've made us virtuous, and have done enough!

End of the SECOND ACT.

Y y 2

A C T

A C T the T H I R D.

*Scene the Temple.**Enter CARLOS and GONZALEZ.*

CARLOS.

THOU hast my thanks, Gonzalez: my fond heart
 But for thy watchful care had been the sport
 Of a fierce savage beauty. Now I know
 The minion of her soul. Oh! that reflection
 Shoots all the fires of disappointed love
 Thro' my distracted heart.

GONZALEZ.

Forgive, my lord,
 If I unwittingly have fix'd a pang
 That preys upon your peace. In yonder grove
 I saw them meet in secret interview.

CARLOS.

I saw them too; thy vigilance inform'd me.
 These eyes beheld them in close amorous parley,
 In ardent gaze; beheld a peasant slave
 Familiar with that luxury of charms,
 With Orellana's charms! It fires to madness.
 I saw that wretch whom I redeem'd from death,
 At her request redeem'd, unthinking fool!
 I saw him meet her in the conscious grove,
 Embracing and embrac'd!

GONZALEZ.

Perish the thought,

That

That thus disturbs your breast: you know, my lord,
By your command I seiz'd the slave, and now
Far other chains than those of love infold him.

CARLOS.

By Heav'n he dies: this very hour shall see him
A Christian, or a victim to his errors.

GONZALEZ.

The guards now lead him forth.

CARLOS.

Was it for this
The tyrant fair oppos'd ev'n Heav'n itself?
Oh! at the altar's foot her lov'd idea
Was present still, and zeal for heav'nly truth
A tear from those bright eyes dissolv'd away.
But false compassion rules my heart no more.
I saw her meet the slave; at my approach
Fierce indignation darted from her eye,
And straight she turn'd with high disdain away.
Ah! see! she comes! still lovely in her guilt!

[Exit Gonzalez.

The haughty fierceness of untutor'd virtue
Beams savage graces round her. Yes, by Heav'n
She shall be mine; my heart adores her still.

Enter ORELLANA.

ORELLANA.

You have done this, Sir, and I thank you for it.

CARLOS.

Think not I urg'd severity against thee;
But oh! do justice to that gentle nature

That

That governs here; that now throbs wildly for you,
With all the soft solicitude of love.

ORELLANA.

What has a wretch like me to do with love?

CARLOS.

Dost thou avoid me then, thou cruel fair?
Dost thou avoid me? Now I know the cause
That made thee unrelenting to my sighs;
I know your paramour; now know for whom
Don Carlos' vows were all dispers'd in air;
For years who held dominion o'er your heart,
And made me languish at your feet in vain.

ORELLANA.

And if I cherish'd a long hidden flame,
Who claims a right to tyrannize my heart?

CARLOS.

Think'st thou a breast susceptible as mine,
That swells with rapture if thou deign'st to smile,
Or by a frown is tortur'd in the extreme;
Think'st thou a heart like mine will e'er permit
A conquer'd slave to win thy least regard?
Oh! there's an avarice in love, that claims
Each gentle grace, each amiable air,
Claims the noble hoard of sweets, and will not bear
A word, a look directed to another.

ORELLANA.

And mean'st thou then to choak the voice of pity?
Is that thy purpose? Know the injur'd youth,
Whom thy fell rage but now has doom'd to death,
Is miserable; therefore dear to me.
Know he is virtuous; therefore has my love.

CAR-

CARLOS.

Thy love! does he possess it? he,
 Inhuman fair! but yet recall the word.
 Our laws that spare no infidel----

ORELLANA.

Thou Spaniard!
 Thou fierce barbarian from a world unknown!
 But all our sacred rites thou hast profan'd,
 And well may'st violate love's altar too.
 Come, point thy dagger at this virgin breast,
 And conquer hearts as you would force our faith.

CARLOS.

You wrong me much. Hear Orellana, hear
 Thy tenderest suppliant.

ORELLANA.

Never: woman's weakness
 With pity saw thee kneeling at my feet,
 And sighing fruitless vows. But this last outrage
 Against a helpless captive---Witness Gods!
 If Orellana hear this Spaniard more,
 Or listen to the tale of impious love,
 Deep down in earth may she alive be buried,
 Her spirit doom'd to wander o'er the world,
 And never reach the mansion of her fathers.

CARLOS.

Your minion dies; my rage is up in arms,
 And the soft voice of love shall plead no more.

[Exit.

ORELLANA.

Barbarian go!---Ah! there's a sight indeed
 Afresh that opens ev'ry source of grief.

Enter

Enter ALZUMA in chains.

ORELLANA.

Oh! Let me seek thy mother; tell her all;
With the strong eloquence of filial tears,
I'll throw me at her feet, and in her heart,
Lost as it is, I'll find some hidden fibre,
Where all the mother trembles for her offspring.

ALZUMA.

Restrain this rage; Alzuma would not owe
A second favour to her. She, alas!
Is dead to nature. That accursed fiend,
Fanatic fury, blasts each moral virtue.
She has pronounc'd my doom. Let her not know
She kills a son. Oh! let me never add
That guilt atrocious to a parent's crimes.

ORELLANA.

Are there no means to save thee?

ALZUMA.

Look not thus:
Ennobled by thy virtues, by distress
Endear'd, each glance thou send'st, unmans me quite,
And ev'n a brother's fondness akes to view thee.
Thy goodness charms, and by each heart-string
draws me
Back to this hated world. For thee, my sister,
When I should boldly tread the ridge of peril,
And dare the depth below; for thy dear sake
I cling to life; extend my feeble arms;
But thou no aid can'st give.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Distracting thought!
Must I survive thee helpless and forlorn,
A victim to the Spaniard's hated love?

ALZUMA.

There lies the pang that bids these drops of anguish
Fall in this copious stream. Not for myself
I feel, but oh! when I am gone, when fate
Has stretch'd this body on the flinty earth,
Who shall defend thy weakness? Must I leave thee
A prey to ruffian force? Must that rare beauty,
Shall that conspire against thee? Must those eyes
Obedient roll to a fierce conqueror's will?
Inflame his hot desires, to plunge thee deeper
In shame and servitude?

ORELLANA.

Unpitying gods!

ALZUMA.

Perhaps to waft thee from thy native land
To foreign altars, and a foreign bed!

ORELLANA.

There is but one, one only refuge.

ALZUMA.

Name it.

ORELLANA.

I'll perish with thee. Lo! behold a weapon!

[Shows a dagger.]

ALZUMA.

Ha!

ORELLANA.

Where'er thy spirit wings it's happy flight,
I'll hail thy triumph; soar on trembling wing,
And distant eye thy radiant tract of glory,
To ev'ry kindred star.

ALZUMA.

Relentless pow'rs!
No other boon you've left me to bestow.

ORELLANA.

Ah! me! they come; the fell Pizarro comes.

Enter PIZARRO, ORAZIA, CARLOS, Guards, &c.

ORAZIA.

Now, Orellana, we demand compliance.
Provoke our wrath no more: the vested priest
Waits at the altar; there Don Carlos' love
And Heav'n indulgent claim thee for their own.

ALZUMA.

Unnatural, barbarous mother!

[*Aside.*]

ORELLANA.

For his love
Don Carlos has my thanks. Spain will not think
Her lustre tarnish'd, that a wretch like me
Feels no ambition for her proud alliance.
The gods of Spain----

ORAZIA.

This arrogance----

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Indulge
 A favourable ear. The gods of Spain
 Will not be jealous that no fragrance rolls
 Around their shrines from me. If error's maze
 Misguide my steps, their all-pervading eye
 Will read the honest purpose of my soul,
 And mercy win the thunder from their hands.

ORAZIA.

This wilful disobedience! Who has taught
 The vain delusive dream?

CARLOS.

That slave! 'Tis he,
 Who rules her wayward fancy.

ORAZIA.

Ha! that traitor!
 Dost thou presume to spread sedition here?

ALZUMA. (*looking at her*)

Oh! thou apostate! These hot burning tears
 Will burst their way.

PIZARRO.

And does thy fullen eye
 Dart the fierce glance of treason on your Queen?

ORAZIA.

Who and what art thou?

ALZUMA.

I've no rank or name,
 To plead my cause in thy obdurate heart.

Z z 2

To

To your own child unnatural as thou art,
I have no claim to mercy.

PIZARRO.

Base reviler!
Within the Tropic all must think alike.

ALZUMA.

Betwixt us both the sacred shaft of war
Has long been shot, and enmity prevails,
Fierce, inextinguishable!

ORAZIA.

My example
May teach thee, slave, to yield to sacred truth,
And Spain's imperial mandate.

ALZUMA.

Thy example!
Full well you judg'd, thou traitress to thy country!
To fly to gods who can forgive thy crimes.
Ours shudder at them!

PIZARRO.

To the altar drag
The impious slave. *[Guards seize Alzuma.]*

ORELLANA.

Oh! wretched Orellana!

ALZUMA.

Barbarians hold! Yet Spaniard ere I die
Hear my last fervent prayer. 'Twas lust of gold,
Not zeal for truth and love of human kind,
That brought you to Peru: and may that gold,
Oh! may it prove to Spain the direful spring

Of

Of worse calamities than we have felt ;
 May it unnerve your arm ; dissolve in sloth
 Laborious industry ; ne'er let your plains
 The toiling hand of cultivation know ;
 Kindle fierce war ; and may some happier state,
 Whose sons with love of gen'rous freedom glowing,
 Preserve their civil and religious rites,
 The foes of tyranny ! who found their laws
 On the broad base of reason and of nature ;
 Oh ! may that happy state (if such there be)
 With bolder prow triumphant o'er the deep,
 Pursue you hither with avenging thunder ;
 In your own harbours wrap your ships in fire,
 And bow ye down to seek detested gold
 For others uses ! Be that curse upon you !

PIZARRO.

His blasphemy pollutes the air : forthwith
 Give him the death he merits.

ORELLANA.

Once again
 Let me embrace him ; one last sad farewell
 No pow'r on earth shall hinder. [*Embraces him.*

CARLOS.

Ha ! that insolent !
 Perdition seize the slave ! Shall he enjoy---
 By Heav'n this sabre cleaves him to the ground.
 [*Going to strike.*

ORELLANA.

Now by the vital air, by ev'ry pow'r
 That guides, impels, or melts the human heart,
 By yon bright orb of day, by your own gods,
 Enough of blood they've had, by them I ask,
 They

They will approve soft pity ; spare his life,
Oh ! spare his innocence, nor murder me.

CARLOS.

Tear off her hold : by Heav'n the slave---

ORELLANA.

Now strike,
Now execute your purpose ! with the blow
This ready dagger plunges to my heart.

CARLOS.

Hold, Orellana ! This abhorred steel
[*Takes the dagger from her.*
Was never meant to wound thy tender form :
Thou hast disarm'd my vengeance ; by yon Heav'n
I would not see thy beauteous bosom gor'd
For the extended empire of the world.

ORELLANA.

If ought of cruelty the pris'ner suffer,
This hand shall set me free.

CARLOS.

Dispel thy fears :
I will not urge his fate ; I will not urge
Thee to compliance : guiltless of his death
I leave this temple, leave this scene of horror,
Where persecution draws the unhallow'd sword,
And murders for belief.

PIZARRO.

Yet Carlos stay,
I charge thee stay, nor dare again traduce
A father's deeds.

CAR-

CARLOS.

My heart at length revolts,
 Nor will I see that youth, whoe'er he be,
 A victim to the blind insensate rage
 That sheds man's blood, and dares to think it virtue.
 [Exit.

PIZARRO.

Ha! the time calls for rigour; feeble laws
 And government relax'd might hazard all
 The laurels this good sword has reap'd in war.
 Rash and presumptuous boy! By my command
 He shall retrace his steps. This very hour
 Sees Orellana his. Ourselves will seek him.
 Mean time, Orazia, be it thine to see
 That traitor die a victim to his crimes. [Exit.

ORAZIA.

Yield, Orellana, or thy mother's love
 Turns to vindictive rage.

ALZUMA.

Dishonour blast
 The horrid counsel. Rather brave with scorn
 Their fiercest hate. Not all the worst of ills
 The purple tyrant has in store for virtue,
 Can plead for pardon with your gods abjur'd.
 Oh! shun the guilt of treason to your soul!
 On the mind fix'd, and obstinately just,
 Ev'n ruin falls in vain.

ORAZIA.

It falls this moment
 On thy devoted head.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Orazia, hear me ;
 Restrain this rage ; all nature starts with horror ;
 Humanity is shock'd ; if he must die,
 Of all who live, thou should'st be innocent.

ORAZIA.

Cling not about me thus.

ORELLANA.

Forbear, forbear
 The horrid stroke ! Not all the dews of Heav'n
 Will wash the barb'rous murder from your hands.
 Remorse and anguish follow ; peace of mind
 Will ever shun thee ; fiends will haunt thy brain,
 And all the madness of despairing guilt.

ORAZIA.

Thou plead'st in vain : my soul expanding feels
 The glowing rapture, the exalted purpose
 That swells above the infirmities of nature,
 And burns with all it's god.

ORELLANA.

Ye host of Heav'n !
 Seize Orellana ; drag her to your altar ;
 In horrid union bind me to Don Carlos,
 Rather than break, by one atrocious act,
 All the eternal ties that link the world.

ALZUMA.

Thou break them not ! Our country and our gods,
 Those are our first connexions ! For my life
 It is not worth my care : who dies for freedom,
 Has liv'd his course of nature and of glory,

And

And who survives it but a single hour,
Has liv'd that hour too much.

ORELLANA.

My soul resumes
Her strength ; I will not yield.

ORAZIA.

The traitor dies ;
He dies this moment.

ALZUMA.

Undismay'd I come.

ORELLANA.

No, never, never ; here these hands shall hold him ;
[*A soldier lays hold of her.*

He shall not die. Tear, tear me piecemeal first ;
I'll perish with him rather ; let the blow,
That ends his life, unite us both in death.

[*She is torn from him, a soldier stands
at the altar with a lifted sabre.*

ALZUMA.

Now Atabalipa, where'er thy spirit
Roams in uncertain being, with thy firmness
Inspire my soul ; teach me like thee to die.

ORAZIA.

Ah!---wherefore should the slave invoke that name?

[*She goes near the soldier.*

ALZUMA.

Lo thus I bare my bosom !

[*Goes up to the altar.*

ORAZIA.

Ha !

ORELLANA.

Yet hold !

[Held by a soldier.]

Thou wretched mother ! It is---forbear ;

It is the purest blood of all Peru !

A vengeful god, a god of wrath beholds

The barb'rous deed ; I hear his thunder roll ;

It bursts the roof ; the pillar'd temple falls ;

It falls to crush ye all.

ALZUMA.

Here strike at once,

And with my life-blood glut her frantic rage.

ORAZIA.

Forbear (*holding the soldier*) I charge thee ; stop the
bloody stroke ;

Oh ! wonder-working pow'rs !

[faints away.]

ORELLANA.

The well-known token

Grav'd on his breast has mark'd him for her son.

*(Aside)**Enter* PIZARRO.

PIZARRO.

No, nought shall shake the purpose of my soul.

Orazia ! why thus sinks her drooping spirit ?

ALZUMA.

Does justice triumph o'er the gods of Spain ?

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Recall her Heav'n, and o'er her waking sense
Pour down your gentlest influence. (*Assists Orazia.*

PIZARRO.

Rebel slave !

Th' extirminating wrath of Heav'n pursues thee ;
Still shalt thou meet thy fate.

ORAZIO.

Oh ! lend your aid,
And lead me, guide my steps. My Lord Pizarro,
Remit the cruel rigour of the law,
And spare a wretch's life.

PIZARRO.

She too rebels ;
She pleads for heresy.

ORAZIA.

Oh, no ! I plead
For mercy, and for justice.

PIZARRO.

Would'st thou save
That wilful obstinate ? Reflect Orazia ;
Is this your faith ? Is this your promis'd zeal ?

ORAZIA.

Zeal in excess is vice, 'tis impious ;
Horrid repugnance to the will of Heav'n ;
Subversive of each virtue ; foe to all
The tender laws of charity and love ;
Those laws that raise. and dignify our being,
Nature's great edict in the human heart.

A a a 2

Pi-

PIZARRO.

Thy words are treason.

ORAZIA.

No ! 'tis justice speaks :

Thanks to th' eternal pow'rs, at length I see
That each religion, truth itself may have
Its wild enthusiasts, and its frantic zealots.

PIZARRO.

By Heav'n some hidden meaning lurks beneath
This sudden revolution of thy heart.

ORAZIA.

Oh ! spare his innocence ; have mercy !

PIZARRO.

Yes,

The slave shall live, till from that stubborn spirit
Torture hath wrung each deep, each hidden purpose.
See him secur'd in the deep dungeon's gloom.

ALZUMA.

Yes, lead me hence, where I no more may see
This hated race. But oh ! when I am gone,
Spare Orellana ; spare that tender form ;
From death I shrink not : Nature at my birth
Condemn'd me to it : soon the hour shall come
When truth, when conscience shall condemn thy deeds.

Exit.

PIZARRO.

The rebel's doom is fix'd : I burn to see
Each shackled slave thro' our extended realm
Or live a Christian, or embrace his fate.

Exit.

ORA-

ORAZIA *and* ORELLANA.

ORAZIA.

Oh! Orellana; 'tis, it is your brother!
The wound indented on his youthful breast---
Plainly I saw it; 'tis my child, my son.

ORELLANA.

It is Alzuma---oh! I know it all;
This day reveal'd it to me.

ORAZIA.

Was it just
To leave him thus expos'd?

ORELLANA.

He will'd it so.

ORAZIA.

Wretch that I am! I tremble at it still.
Oh! whither was I plunging! What a depth
Of woe and guilt, unutterable guilt,
What endless misery have I escap'd!
Murder my son! Barbarity unheard of!
It shocks my soul! And did he, could he think,
Could my child think me dead to human nature?
The thought distracts, it rives a mother's heart.
To thee I've been ungentle; thou hast cause
To doubt my love; but come to my embrace.

ORELLANA.

Oh! blest'd event! And do I live to taste
This unexpected joy, this dear delight?

ORA-

ORAZIA.

The brink of horror, on which late I stood,
 Recalls from error ev'ry wand'ring sense.
 Alzuma shall not die : the Christian's God
 Beams the sweet smiles of universal love
 On all his fair creation. Haughty Spain
 Perverts his holy laws ; but still the pow'r,
 That warn'd my erring virtue, may inform him,
 Truth only triumphs when it conquers hearts,
 And never gains by carnage and destruction.

End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT

ACT the FOURTH.

*Scene the Palace.**Enter ORAZIA.*

ORAZIA.

OH! Unexpected day of grief and joy!
My child, my child! I have not yet forgot
To shed the tear of natural affection;
To know for whom I bore the child-bed pang;
I am not grown the horror of the world.

Enter ORELLANA.

ORELLANA.

Alas! all's lost; Don Carlos rages; stern Pizarro
Thirsts for Alzuma's blood.

ORAZIA.

A mother's love
Shall still protect her offspring; Oh! my daughter,
Affection, long an alien to this heart,
Gushes in tumult thro' each panting vein.
Despair and anguish too o'erwhelm my spirits.
Yet oh! returning nature! yet thy griefs,
Thy very tears are tinctur'd still with joy!
'Tis misery delightful.

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Yet ev'n now
The fell Gonzalez leads Alzuma forth.
Ah! whither do they lead him?

ORAZIA.

'Tis to me
They lead your brother forth: One interview,
Unconscious of his name, Pizarro grants.
Heav'ns! what an interview! A son enslav'd,
And a fond mother, who usurps his rights!
I cannot see my child! And yet I must,
I will behold him! hear his sad, sad story;
Gaze on each feature, clasp him to my heart;
And perish with him, if he's doom'd to bleed.
Thou fly to Carlos, soothe his troubled mind;
Exert your influence, or your brother's lost.
Each moment's big with death.

ORELLANA.

Protect him, Gods!
Now virtue struggling in the last extreme
Calls for your guardian care.

[Exit.]

ORAZIA.

Ye blendid colours, both of guilt and virtue,
Ye strong emotions mix'd of grief and joy,
Oh! how your conflict racks my tortur'd soul!

Enter GONZALEZ.

GONZALEZ.

The pris'ner from his dungeon waits your will.

ORA-

ORAZIA.

Give him admittance. [*Exit Gonzalez*] Now, all-gracious Heav'n!

Support a mother; aid me, touch my lips
With thy resistless energy of speech,
That I may calm the mighty storm of passions,
And reconcile a son to life and truth.

Enter ALZUMA.

ORAZIA.

His awful stern regard-----

ALZUMA.

My firmness fails,
And guilty as she is, yet filial love,
Yet nature tells me, she's my mother still.

ORAZIA.

Approach my son: embrace your-----

ALZUMA.

Conscious shame,
The sense of vile misdeeds, yes, goading conscience
Choaks up thy voice, and tells thee that thou art---

ORAZIA.

A tyrant! an usurper! That's the name
Of horror thou would'st utter: Yet Orazia
Is not so far abandon'd o'er to guilt,
But my heart bounds with transport, even thus
At length to see my son. You weep Alzuma!

ALZUMA.

Thou source of light! Bright majesty of Heav'n!

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B b b

Thee

Thee I attest, from thee implore forgiveness,
That thus I own a traitress ; that these tears
Confess the sacred character of son
You stamp'd upon my nature.

O R A Z I A.

Oh ! Alzuma,
Did I command thy murder ? Earth and Heav'n !
A mother ready to imbrue her hands
In her child's---Horror ! Why did'st thou conceal
The secret from me ? Why not rush for shelter
To these maternal arms ? But oh ! I knew thee ;
Parental instinct gave the sure alarm,
And now to hear thee, view thee thus, it wakes
Unutterable throbbings in my breast.

A L Z U M A.

Well may'st thou view me ; well may'st thou survey
Thy son return'd ! He brings no foul dishonour.
But thou, can'st thou---Indelible reproach !
Oh ! stain to virtue ! Rage and indignation
Burn in my soul, and kindle madness there.

O R A Z I A.

Let not impetuous rage disturb thy reason.
Heav'n on the Spaniard's arms hath smil'd success ;
Thence on Peru shone forth the ray of truth,
Sublimer faith, and pure exalted morals.

A L Z U M A.

Morals ! Each word plants daggers in my heart.
Oh ! give me daggers rather ; arm my hand
With their own deathful steel, that I may hold it
Crimson and glowing with the tyrant's blood,
Aloft to view, and call my country free.

O R A -

O R A Z I A.

Controul this phrenzy ; it were impious murder.

A L Z U M A.

Murder ! A sacrifice ! a glorious sacrifice
To injur'd men, and violated laws.
What ! he whose hand reeks with my father's blood ?
And yet she pleads a fell destroyer's cause !
Hold heart-strings, crack not yet : A curs'd invader,
Who thins the race of man ! Ev'n now the cries
Of infants murder'd at the fost'ring breast,
The shrieks of virgins, dying heroes groans,
Sound in my ear ; imperial palaces,
The temples of our gods, all wrapt in fire !
Oh ! image not, my soul, the horrid scene.

O R A Z I A.

I cannot bear his strong, his keen reproach.

A L Z U M A.

Yet wedded to him ! Well those tears may gush,
Well may those blushes glow upon thy cheek.
Detested perfidy ! My father's heart,
That heart, which ever beat with love of thee,
Dust as it is, awakens in his tomb,
Alive and sensible to guilt like thine ;
It stirs, it rouzes in the shroud of death,
With horror at thy name, and feels it's pangs,
It's tortures o'er again.

O R A Z I A.

Obdurate son !
Thus to transfix and rend a mother's heart.

B b b 2

Al-

ALZUMA.

Am I upon a bed of roses ? Lo ! in chains
My bleeding country ! Mark in ev'ry region
The desolation that lays waste the land !

ORAZIA.

Why wilt thou urge me to despair and horror ?
Oh ! kill me rather ; let the deadly point
Pierce to my heart ; I'll arm thee for the blow :
Avenge my crime ; avenge your country's fall.

ALZUMA.

What says Orazia ?

ORAZIA.

Stifle in my blood
The pious love I bear the Christian's God.

ALZUMA.

Would'st thou debase me to the Spaniard's guilt ?
If thou indeed believ'st the Christian's God,
It is not mine to stab for human error.
Farewell ! farewell ! Live happy if thou can'st ;
Oh ! Heav'ns, if happiness can dwell with guilt.

[Going.]

ORAZIA.

Yet stay, my son ; one moment--

ALZUMA.

Pow'rful nature !
Thy tender strugglings ! Oh ! while thus thy hand
I bathe with tears, and print my kisses on it,
Let me implore thee, own your gods again.

My

My father's spirit calls ; the ghastly shades
Of martyr'd millions, martyr'd for their faith,
All lift their hands and call aloud for vengeance.

ORAZIA.

Arise, my son, arise.

ALZUMA.

Let me not sue
And clasp your knee in vain.

ORAZIA.

Oh ! strong contention
'Twixt grace and nature, 'twixt my God and thee!

ALZUMA.

Resume your dignity, your native honour.

ORAZIA.

But Heav'n prevails !

ALZUMA.

Think of your bleeding country !

ORAZIA.

I cannot, must not hear thee. Oh ! Alzuma,
Thy mind is lost in darkness.

ALZUMA.

How !

ORAZIA.

Thy gods
Are superstition's dreams.

AL-

ALZUMA.

Away ; no more ; [Rising hastily.]
 I would not hear the voice of profanation.
 Go tell your tyrant, all his threats are vain.
 Tho' sprung from thee I still can die with glory.
 Farewell ! we part for ever.

ORAZIA.

Hear me, hear---

ALZUMA.

Oh ! Heav'ns, Orazia---'tis the last, last time
 That e'er---May the just gods forgive thee all.
[Exit.]

ORAZIA.

Go, cruel, fierce, inexorable son !
 Go, rush on death ; 'twill break thy mother's heart.

ORAZIA, and DON CARLOS.

ORAZIA.

Well, Sir, Pizarro now has heard your counsel.

CARLOS.

That treach'rous slave, and Orellana too,
 They both have heard your counsel. All
 Thy arts are known ; thy fair hypocrisy
 To varnish treason.

ORAZIA.

Oh ! thou wrong'st me much.
 Another cause, a cause of tend'rest import,
 It is the cause of ev'ry Christian virtue ;

Love,

Love, justice, and humanity are in it,
All that the earth holds dear, and heav'n approves.

CARLOS.

Treason, rebellion, perfidy are in it!
For Orellana's husband all your cares
Are tremblingly alive. This very day
But for thy artifice, the slave had died.

ORAZIA.

Misguided youth! Alas! you little know
Th' eternal bar divine and human laws
Have fix'd between them. Orellana's husband!
Oh! no, believe it not.

CARLOS.

And wherefore then
Alarm'd and wild with fear? Why ev'ry art
Of tears, of shrieks, and female lamentation,
To snatch the rebel from the stroke of justice?

ORAZIA.

Alas! these tears flow from the tend'rest source,
That wakes soft pity in the human heart.
Carlos, I cannot speak----

CARLOS.

Ha! now by Heav'n
I see it all; guilt can no more dissemble:
That look betrays the secrets of thy heart;
The fraud stands manifest to view.

ORAZIA.

Yet hear me;
Oh! Carlos, hear me, nor afflict thyself

With

With false, with vain surmise. Orazia's cares
Are busy for the wretched.

CARLOS.

Has she then,
Perfidious fair ! has Orellana married
That base-born peasant ? Does the rebel hope
With her, in evil hour, to claim the crown ?
That is your aim ; for that I am deceiv'd ;
That care you colour with the specious name
Of gen'rous sympathy for human kind.

ORAZIA.

I feel it here ; these are unbidden drops.
'Tis you, rash youth, you, Carlos, that can give
Fair virtue's semblance to each wild emotion,
That prompts the sudden deed. Ere now 'twas love,
That tyrant of thy soul, capricious love,
Nay, gen'rous if your will ; 'twas that which sav'd
The lives of men, if Orellana smil'd ;
And now she looks averse, the baleful charm
Still shoots delicious poison through thy soul,
And persecuted virtue pays the forfeit
Of maiden blushes, and of coy disdain.

CARLOS.

Think'st thou Don Carlos means to live the slave
Of idle charms, and tyrant beauty's frown ?
No, let her charms neglected fade and perish.
May sorrow wither ev'ry nameless grace,
That revell'd once in those deluding eyes ;
Then let her lover gaze on faded beauty,
Let him enjoy---Oh ! no ; the slave shall die ;
Then shall his pale inanimated corse
Glare in her view, an offering from Don Carlos,
The token of his love.

ORA-

ORAZIA.

Away, no more;
Inhuman that thou art!

CARLOS.

Then let her shriek,
And rend her hair, and to his clay cold breast
Rivet her panting bosom---No! the traitress
Shall to the altar; thou shalt lead her thither;
And there her blood shall expiate her guilt.

ORAZIA.

Thou tiger, nurs'd with gore! away, nor dare,
With savage threats to wound a mother's ear.

CARLOS.

The storm is gather'd, and the thunder soon
Shall burst in ruin on their guilty heads. [Exit.

ORAZIA.

Inhuman, barb'rous man!---And must I lead
'Midst songs of triumph, and thro' festive bands,
My daughter crown'd with garlands to the altar?
Shall there the priest, fell minister of wrath,
Force her to nuptials, which her soul abhors?
Which never---No---she'll perish rather; first
Give to the cruel ax that tender form!
And must her mother, must I then return
Alone, heart broken, desolate, without
My child? thro' arches rais'd with pomp for her?
Thro' ways still redolent of ev'ry flow'r,
Which, as she went, they strew'd beneath her feet?
I will not lead her; no, she shall not go.
Alzuma then---Oh! misery supreme!
Shall he too bleed? Thou murd'rer! hold thy hand!

C c c

It

It is Orazia's blood thou shed'st ! The God,
 Who died for all, will not demand his life.
 He speaks, he menaces, but see, see there !
 He dies, he dies !

Enter ORELLANA.

ORAZIA.

Who's there ? What would'st thou ? ha !

ORELLANA.

Haste thee, Orazia, haste, and instant think,
 Think of some means to ward th' impending stroke.
 Enrag'd Pizarro comes : Avow your son,
 Peru's undoubted heir.

ORAZIA,

It must not be :
 That fatal truth would overwhelm us all.
 Distraction ! nought remains, no pow'r can save him.

Enter PIZARRO, DON CARLOS, and Guards.

PIZARRO.

Yes, bring the traitor forth. The sanctity
 Of laws, the policy of our new state,
 As yet unfix'd, forbid all dull delay.

Enter ALZUMA, GONZALEZ, and Guards.

ORAZIA.

Angels of light protect him, save my son. [*Aside.*

PIZARRO.

That once again I deign to parley with thee,

'Tis

'Tis gentle pity prompts. Take heed, rash youth,
Or certain death.---

ALZUMA.

Death is the only boon
That Spain can give, or I will deign to ask.
Come bloody bigot! reverend affassin!
Come on at once, here wreak thy pious rage,
And in the name of heav'n commit a murder!

PIZARRO.

Dost thou reproach us? thou, who oft hast seen
Blind superstition offer human victims,
To your own senseless, to your monstrous idols?

ALZUMA.

Polish'd Barbarian! what dost thou do less?

PIZARRO.

Beware, nor tempt my vengeance!

ALZUMA.

Thou art he
Who com'st to teach thy doctrine sword in hand;
To tyrannize our souls; from free-born men
Withhold the sacred privilege of thinking!
Thou hast unchain'd, to spread destruction round,
Two fiends accurst: Lo! where insatiate avarice
Enslaves mankind! Lo! Spanish hierarchy
Erects her scarlet head; with pious rage
Bears in her breast a poinard, and with blood
Incarnadines the altar of your god.

PIZARRO.

Slave mark my words: No more I'll waste the hours
In vain debate; resign thyself to Spain;

C c c 2

Abjure

Abjure thy errors, and embrace the truth ;
 Or else this moment sweeps thee from my sight,
 To die, in view of thy deluded friends,
 A terrible example of our vengeance.

ORAZIA.

No, by the pow'rs above he shall not die.
 The voice of heav'n restrains the murd'rer's hand ;
 A voice that's heard thro' all the peopled earth,
 Resounding to the limits of the world.

PIZARRO.

Beware, beware, Orazia !

CARLOS.

Still she favours
 That insolent, who spurns the light of heav'n.

ORAZIA.

Oh ! 'tis the light of heav'n informs my soul.
 These strong emotions by the Pow'r Supreme
 Are waken'd here. The spirit that impels
 To blood and murder, cannot be from heav'n.
 Nature, thou lead'st me on ! My child, my child ;
 I will protect thee. Now, inhuman men,
 Now come, and tear him from a mother's arms.

OPELLANA.

Yes, both, my brother, both will perish with thee.

PIZARRO.

By heav'n this treason---

CARLOS.

Orellana's brother !
 And not her husband ! Then my heart's at peace.

[*Aside.*

PI-

PIZARRO.

What means this mystery ? Say, art thou Alzuma ?

ALZUMA.

Behold me, Spaniard. Let thine eye survey me,
Shrinks not thy heart within thee ? Read'st thou not
A royalty of nature here ?

PIZARRO.

Forthwith
Say, wilt thou take thy life on our conditions ?

ALZUMA.

There are conditions that may win my soul
Not wholly to abhor thee.

PIZARRO.

Name thy terms !

ALZUMA.

Lay down at once the persecuting sword;
Relieve from slavery a groaning world ;
Ask what we suffer, not what we believe ;
Display your morals, not your bigot faith.
If avarice is your god, take gold enough,
Freight well your ships, and may propitious gales
In safety waft you to your native shores.
That done, in time we may perhaps forget,
We may at least forgive you.

PIZARRO.

Stubborn slave !
And to a conqueror dar'st thou thus to utter
This rebel strain !

AL-

ALZUMA.

Back to your native shores!
What do you here, amidst a virtuous race?

PIZARRO.

The laws of conquest, and the laws of Spain---

ALZUMA.

And dar'st thou, homicide, alledge the laws?
The laws of Spain? Know there's a prior law,
To which weak mortals are not trained, but born;
Not form'd by science, but endow'd by instinct:
Great nature's law! that best, that surest guide,
That emanation from the pow'rs above;
O'er all diffus'd, immutable, eternal!
This who shall silence? who shall dare repeal?
Who strives to do it, abdicates his nature;
Renounces all the honours of his being,
And by the act, tho' justice ne'er o'ertake him,
Pays full atonement; he's a wretch indeed.

PIZARRO.

I'll hear no more: Since thus thy heart is steel'd,
Thus obstinately fix'd in wilfull guilt,
The justice that pronounc'd thy father's doom
Awaits thy crimes. No dark assassin's stab
Ended his days; to our tribunal call'd,
In full assembly of the conquering chiefs,
He was arraign'd, was heard, and died for treason
To Spain's imperial crown.

CARLOS.

And shall that mockery,
That stain to justice, that black scene of horror,
Be acted o'er again?

Pr-

PIZARRO.

And dost thou too,
Dost thou rebel, confed'rate in their guilt!
Our will is fix'd. Ere yonder sun decline---
Hear me thou slave! or yield to truth and Spain,
Or else yon sun, that idol of your worship,
Shall see thee on the rack in pangs expire. [*Exit.*

CARLOS.

Thou brave heroic youth, thy every virtue
Demands my wonder. By yon heav'n I swear
Thou shalt not suffer: My soul eager pants
To know, to love, to burn in friendship with thee.
[*Exit.*

ORAZIA.

Alzuma, Oh! my son, in this distress
How shall the wretched mother save her child?

ALZUMA.

Waste not a thought on me. Thy own misdeeds,
Repent of them: And since the gods withhold
A brave revenge, 'tis left us still to die,
And greatly perish in our country's ruin.

GONZALEZ.

He must not linger here; my duty bids me
Convey him hence.

ORAZIA.

Thou busy meddler! here
Orazia now commands: I lead him forth;
And who shall dare oppose a mother's voice?
[*Exit with Alzuma.*

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Yet grant us vengeance, heav'n ! Oh ! give us still
To conquer ev'n in death ; then mix triumphant,
With pensive ghosts, and roam the shadowy plain,
Where all is peace, all blifs in endless train ;
Where with the hunter's cry the valleys ring,
And fragrant zephirs breathe eternal spring ;
Where spicy groves immortal sweets unfold,
And no pernicious Spaniard thirsts for gold.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T

A C T the F I F T H.

*Scene the Temple of the Sun.**Enter ORAZIA and ORELLANA.*

ORAZIA.

GO, cruel, go, and leave me to my woes.

ORELLANA.

I feel them all ; but what, beset with ills,
Can Orellana do ?

ORAZIA.

What can she do ?
Prevent the stroke ; assuage Pizarro's fury ;
That canst thou do ; yet obstinately fix'd----

ORELLANA.

But fix'd in honour : Oh ! thou little know'st
Alzuma's soul : he will not take a life
Purchas'd by vile disgrace ; will ne'er survive
To see Don Carlos seize my plighted hand,
That he may linger out his days in bondage.

ORAZIA.

And if his ardour, if his ev'ry virtue
Swell o'er their bounds, and bear his reason down,
Vol. I. D d d Wilt

Wilt thou unpitying---The bare image strikes---
Weep'st thou my daughter? Let the gen'rous sorrow
Melt thy hard heart, and bid Alzuma live.

ORELLANA.

Would Heav'n I could ; but if my brother fall,
With him 'tis fix'd to die ; thrice happy both
If ev'n in ruin our unshaken zeal
Our country honours, and our gods approve.

ORAZIA.

Then go, rush on, unnatural as thou art !
Go since thou wilt, and see a brother bleed.
I'll to the altar too ; the blow that sheds
Alzuma's blood, shall end this wretched being.

Enter CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Let joy succeed and triumph in your hearts.
I bring ye gladfome tidings.

ORAZIA.

Speak thy purpose.

CARLOS.

I've seen your son : at length each raging passion
To peace subsides, and takes a milder tone.
His errors vanish, and with sense reclaim'd
He dedicates his soul to truth and Spain.

ORELLANA.

What do I hear? The tale of infamy!

ORAZIA.

Then is Orazia blest ; my son shall live.

But

But tell me, does Alzuma---tell me all;
Means he this day---

CARLOS.

This very hour he means
To offer up his vows at yonder altar,
He and his chosen friends: he only asks,
That while Pizarro views the solemn act,
The gazing multitude may stand aloof,
Nor interrupt him in his holy work.

ORAZIA.

All bounteous Providence! Now, now indeed
You give me back my son. Upon the wing
Of love and rapture let me seek Pizarro;
Tell him this unexpected blest'd event,
That saves at once a mother and her child. [Exit.

ORELLANA.

Thou hear'st it, radiant Deity! thou hear'st
This worst of crimes, nor yet thy orb makes halt;
Nor turns his course back on the astonish'd east,
Nor impious mortals dread eternal night!

CARLOS.

Suppress this storm of passion: smiling peace
Comes with her gentle train, and love prepares
His torch to brighten all our future hours.

ORELLANA.

All truth is fled; Alzuma is a slave!

CARLOS.

Henceforth esteem and dignities await him,
New joys, and all that lavish hearts can pour.

ORELLANA.

Let him accept them ; let him meanly stoop
 To take a conqueror's gifts. These are your arts,
 The arts of tyranny, by which you draw
 With baleful luxury, with bland allurements,
 Each captive mind, till weak deluded men,
 Grown the voluptuous slaves of ev'ry vice,
 Become the slaves of ev'ry master too.

CARLOS.

A moment brings him to you ; then you'll see
 He comes with mind enlighten'd. Truth divine
 Will from his lip more welcome touch thy ear,
 And hush to peace this tumult of thy soul. [*Exit.*

ORELLANA.

The tumult of my soul will ever rage.
 Well, injur'd deities, you fly a land,
 Where not one virtue's left. You have full cause ;
 Ev'n your own progeny betrays your rights,
 To hostile gods betrays. Yet let those gods
 Boast of their proselyte ; to them he'll prove
 A young, a subtle hypocrite ; each vow
 The traitor offers at their Christian shrine,
 To his own heart, to universal nature
 Will give the lye, and stamp the guilt upon him,
 By men and gods abhorr'd, the tenfold guilt
 Of daring to equivocate with Heav'n !
 I will not live to see it. Ha ! he comes.

Enter ALZUMA.

ALZUMA.

My sister ! why is this ? Thou shun'st me then ?
 Thou shun'st thy brother ?

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Thou hast ruin'd all.

ALZUMA.

Distract me not with thy unkind disdain,
All that is great in nature leads me on,
And my heart labours with the vast conception.

ORELLANA.

Vain effort to dissemble! Even now
The strong expressive characters of guilt
Glare in thy eye, and shoot their livid fires.

ALZUMA.

Talk not of guilt: thou little know'st---

ORELLANA.

Not talk,
When faith and truth, the sense of ancient honour
Are trampled down? when in base abject fear
A brother derogates from all his race,
Abjures at once his country and his gods,
And with the foe capitulates for life?

ALZUMA.

Thy virtue charms me; but thou ill dost chuse
This awful period: 'tis a moment big
With desperation, with disastrous change,
And horrible intents. I see thee now
Perhaps for the last time.

ORELLANA.

What say'st thou? Ha!
That look terrific!--But too plain I read.
And yet they told me---

AL-

ALZUMA.

Who?

ORELLANA.

Don Carlos.

ALZUMA.

What?

ORELLANA.

Of gods abjur'd.

ALZUMA.

And did'st thou hate thy brother?

ORELLANA.

And can'st thou blame me?

ALZUMA.

I do thank thee for it.

ORELLANA.

Still thou art true?

ALZUMA.

As heav'n's foundation fix'd!
Fix'd as the marble pillars of the world.

ORELLANA.

Have I then wrong'd thee? Oh! Alzuma.

ALZUMA.

Come,

Thou

Thou best of sisters ! daughter of the sun !
 Worthy thy character ! come to my heart.
 And yet is this a time, this hour of horror,
 To pour the softest transports of the soul,
 And mingle tears with madness and despair ?

ORELLANA.

Thy words, thy looks, appall my frightened sense.
 Alas ! my brother, ere we part---

ALZUMA.

No more ;
 I charge thee urge no more. Whate'er my lot,
 Thou'lt wonder and applaud.

ORELLANA.

Yet boding fears !
 Let me attend thy steps.

ALZUMA.

It must not be.
 Wait here thy mother's coming. With apt speech
 Beguile her stay : I would not have her near me.
 Time flies ; the hour draws nigh ; immortal pow'rs !
 The genius of Peru ! The fates are busy !
 All nature pauses for the great event.

ORELLANA.

Thy words portentous---Ha ! Pizarro comes !

Enter PIZARRO.

PIZARRO.

At length, Alzuma, with serene influence
 Grace lights upon thee. Come, the altar blazes ;
 Thy

Thy friends are rang'd around ; the brazen gates
Exclude the busy throng ; all things are ready.

ALZUMA.

All ready said'st thou ?

PIZARRO.

All ; we wait but you.

ALZUMA.

Horror ! You wait but me ! Go on ; I follow.

PIZARRO.

Approving Heav'n smiles on the just design.
This holy work perform'd, all will be well.

[Exit Pizarro.

ALZUMA.

Be firm, my heart, and you, my trembling sinews,
Hold, hold awhile. What hollow voice is that ?

ORELLANA.

'Tis silence deep, and solemn stillness round.

ALZUMA.

“ Now is the time,” it cries---I come, I come.
The sacred impulse---Hark!---it calls again.
Ye crimson spectres ! and ye gleaming fires !
Ye spirits of revenge, who point my way !
Lead on, your mortal instrument I come !

[Exit.

ORELLANA.

Oh ! how my heart---Who's there ?

Enter

Enter ORAZIA.

ORAZIA.

And will you still
With scorn reject a lover's tend'rest vows?
Let me prevail.

ORELLANA.

'Tis not an hour for love!

ORAZIA.

Not when your brother---

ORELLANA.

He approves it not.

ORAZIA.

Has he not call'd Pizarro to the altar?

ORELLANA.

He wish'd to meet him there.

ORAZIA.

He wishes too
To see his sister recompence at length
Her lover's faithful fires. Where is Alzuma?
Hast thou not seen him?

ORELLANA.

He went hence but now.

ORAZIA.

Then he has sought the altar: let us thither.

ORELLANA.

I'll come anon; not now; it were not fit
You should be there. Far other work impends,
The work of fate! 'Twere best remain; you must
not go.

ORAZIA.

What mean those falt'ring accents? ha! what noise?

ORELLANA.

Defend me, heav'nly pow'rs, defend me.

ORAZIA.

Hark!

PIZARRO within the Scene.

Perfidious traitor! cleave him to the ground.

ORAZIA.

They murder him; they kill my son; forbear;
Hold, ruffians, hold. [Exit.

ALZUMA within the Scenes.

The gods, the injur'd gods
Demand his blood.

ORELLANA.

'Tis my brother's voice!
Yes, strike Alzuma; with redoubled blow
Avenge a father's death. Look down ye pow'rs
And shield my brother's life. [Exit.

Enter

Enter GONZALEZ.

GONZALEZ.

Wild tumult fills
The spacious temple. Ha! again I hear it!

Enter CARLOS.

CARLOS.

Treason and murder! sound there, sound th' alarm!
[*The bell tolls.*]

GONZALEZ.

Alas! what new event, what have the fates---

CARLOS.

Oh! 'tis a spectacle of woe and horror!
My father dies a victim to their fury.
With treacherous arts Alzuma hath deceiv'd us.
The rites were all prepar'd: the lawn-rob'd priest
Stood reverend at the altar; tapers blaz'd,
Incense arose, and organs fill'd the choir;
When forth Alzuma came, with solemn pace,
Looking submission; we scarce saw the blow;
Wing'd with the light'ning's speed, he sheath'd his
dagger
Deep in my father's heart.

GONZALEZ.

What says my Lord?
Recall the word.

CARLOS.

Oh blind and fatal rashness,
E e e 2 That

That drew me unsuspecting to the altar !
 No sword, no weapon to defend his life !
 Yet with what force I could, with desp'rate rage
 I rush'd amidst their throng : Ev'n that was vain.
 The traitor's friends that instant clos'd around me,
 And I no aid could give. Why lingers thus
 The tardy foldier ? Will no friend supply
 An instrument of vengeance ?

GONZALEZ.

Soon the guards
 Shall stop each avenue : Alzuma then
 Shall pay the forfeit of his horrid treason.

CARLOS.

With lion rage he dash'd him on the ground ;
 With his left hand grasp'd the dishevell'd hair,
 And round his arm the plaited locks intertwining,
 In gore he dragg'd him to the altar's base ;
 And I the while could only rend the air
 With piercing cries ; they held my feeble arms.

GONZALEZ.

And is he martyr'd thus by savage hands,
 His conquest stopt, and all his laurels wither'd ?

CARLOS.

Orazia comes ; she raves, she screams, she flies
 Wilder than winds ; upon her mangled Lord
 Throws her extended body, clasps him close,
 Then looking piteous up with streaming eyes,
 " Forbear, my son, forbear ; thou shalt not murder."
 But nought can save Pizarro from his rage.
 " Die, monster, die," he cried, then tore him from
 her

Along the crimson marble ; in despair
 Upward she sprung, and darting round his neck

With

With circling arms, intreats, implores, beseeches,
 Bathes his broad chest with tears, and vainly strives
 To save a husband from a murd'rer's rage.

GONZALEZ.

Detested, treacherous villain !

CARLOS.

Arm my friends,
 Arm all Peru, and give the means of vengeance.

GONZALEZ.

This way, my Lord, revenge will now be ours :
 At yonder gate I see the faithful bands.

CARLOS.

Do you go forth and let the troops invest
 The temples round. Let ev'ry path be clos'd,
 That none escape my fury. [*Exit Gonzalez.*]
 Righteous heav'n !

Now in your cause stern justice lifts the sword,
 And the fell murderer from the altar dragg'd
 Shall meet his instant doom. [*Exit.*
 [*Flourish of trumpets and bell tolls.*]

Enter ALZUMA and OZMAR.

ALZUMA.

Brave Ozmar---ho !
 To ev'ry injur'd god this reeking blade
 Pour'd hot libation of the tyrant's blood.

OZMAR.

Immortal spirits crown him, crown the hero ;
 The godlike blow for liberty is struck.

AL-

ALZUMA.

The murd'rer of mankind has breath'd his last.

Enter ORELLANA.

ALZUMA.

My Orellana, ha! what means that look,
Ghaſtly and pale? Wherefore that trembling ſtep?
Thou art not wounded?

ORELLANA.

Oh! too deep, too deep;
Thou too, Alzuma, born to bitter woe!
Deep in thy heart is fix'd the mortal ſtab.
The altar bluſhes with forbidden blood.
Thy wretched mother---

ALZUMA.

Speak; diſtract me not.

ORELLANA.

Ev'n now ſhe dies.

ALZUMA.

By the dread pow'rs of vengeance,
Whoe'er has dar'd---I here atteſt the gods---

ORELLANA.

Atteſt not heav'n againſt yourſelf. Thy arm,
Alas! thy deſp'rate arm---

ALZUMA.

What doſt thou mean?

OREL-

ORELLANA.

Too plain I saw; as round your neck she clung,
 And sued for mercy to Pizarro's life;
 You then, unconscious, bent on other mischief,
 As still she struggled to restrain thy arm,
 Then gush'd the sacred blood that gave you being.

ALZUMA.

Open thou earth, and take me, take me down
 To scare the fiends below.

*The back Scene draws, and discovers an Altar, Pizarro
 lying dead, and several Indians standing round.*

ORAZIA is brought forward.

ORELLANA.

And lo! see there!
 See where the miserable victim comes.

ORAZIA.

Oh! I am faint; I die; soft, lay me down.

ORELLANA.

Disastrous fate!

ALZUMA.

Have I deserv'd this misery?

ORAZIA.

I die! alas! I die. Where are my children?
 My Orellana---nearer---Oh! Alzuma!
 Wilt thou not know me? in this last distress
 Not lend a pitying hand?

AL-

ALZUMA.

'Tis red with blood,
With horrid parricide ! its touch will blast
The sad remains of life.

ORAZIA.

Approach, Alzuma ;
Support me, lend your hand ; your's, Orellana,
your's ;
Life ebbs apace ; I leave ye both, I leave
My dear, dear children. Yet to hold ye thus
Makes ev'n languor smile, and softens all
The pangs of death.

ALZUMA.

I call each god to witness,
Each cruel god, I never meant to harm
That matron-breast that gave its nurture to me.

ORELLANA.

Alas ! the agonies of death are on her.

Enter CARLOS.

CARLOS.

There fix your station, guards ; Orazia too !
Deform'd and gash'd with wounds ! in death's em-
brace !
Fell savage monster ! Torture waits your guilt.

ORAZIA.

Forbear, forbear ; the warning hand of heav'n
With these events repays our thirst of blood.
Too much has flow'd already. Let my child
Now live in peace ; it is my dying pray'r.

AL-

ALZUMA.

Dost thou forgive thy horrible assassin?

ORAZIA.

'Twas not thy guilt; mischance, 'twas dire mis-
chance

That wrought the deed. I thought they murder'd
thee,

I flew, thy mother flew to save her child:

In that sad moment---Oh!----

ORELLANA.

Yet spare her, heav'n!

ALZUMA.

She dies in torment.

ORAZIA.

No, Alzuma, no;

I feel no pain, my child. In me thou seest

How an expiring Christian suffers death.

Thou God of mercy! ha!----hold!----raise me up.

Alzuma, where, where art thou?---Yet a word;

If ever I was dear, if ever---Oh! [Dies.

ALZUMA.

She's gone; she's gone; and with her dying breath

Pardon'd her murderer! Could she then forgive me?

Is that a Christian virtue?

CARLOS.

'Tis the virtue

Which you have spurn'd; but since th' expiring
faint

Granted her pardon, Spain accords it too!

ALZUMA.

Strike me, just gods, deep to the center : here
 I stand a parricide ! a mother's blood
 Still glows upon this hand ! and are ye not
 Gods of just vengeance ? Will your wrath permit
 A wretch like me to stalk the groaning earth ?
 Ye mountains hide me ! Oh ! no place can hide
 A deed accurs'd like mine ! *[Falls down.]*

ORELLANA.

And do I live
 To see my mother thus ?---A ghastly form !
 A little while and those dead lips had utt'rance !
 That heart beat warm with gen'rous affection !
 Thus do I see thee ? Is this mangled corse
 All that is left me of thee ?

ALZUMA. (*Rising on his knees.*)

She gave me being, and this impious hand
 Hath giv'n a stab to nature ; to the womb
 That brought me forth, bore the assassin's knife !
 I wait just pow'rs for your dread pleasure ; strike,
 Here at once ; launch your red vengeance down :
 Punish and pity me !

CARLOS.

His woes are great,
 And his heart lab'ring with the strong compunction
 Speaks the soul big with ev'ry gen'rous instinct,
 Wild nature's growth. Forgive me, oh ! my father,
 Who there liest stretch'd in death, if I respect
 The virtues of a foe. Alzuma, rise,
 Repentance may efface-----

ALZUMA.

Away, nor talk (*starting up*)

Of

Of fruitless penitence. No gods can pardon
 A crime like this. See there those glaring orbs !
 That bosom gor'd by this destructive hand !
 Orazia !---oh that look, that smile in death,
 Damns me beyond all depth---And yet I must,
 I will approach her---(*kneels down by her*) I no more
 can murder thee.

Where are your tortures, Spaniard ?---Lo ! that
 fight !

Tear out, dissect my heart.

CARLOS.

Alzuma hear me.

In thee I have beheld the fierce extreme
 Of savage virtue : for a father lost
 You've laid a scene of blood ; but now behold
 A Christian's virtue : By thy fatal arm
 My father there lies dead, and I forgive you.

ALZUMA.

Forgive !---Forgive me said'st thou !

CARLOS.

Yes ; nay more,
 I pity your misfortunes. For your country
 You've bravely fought, and I applaud your valour.
 For the mistaken zeal which here by slaughter
 Would plant the worship of the God of peace,
 I do disclaim it all. That righteous God,
 Who gave the sun its light, and from his hand
 Launch'd forth the stars into the void immense,
 He tells weak erring man, we may persuade
 Our fellow creatures to embrace their good,
 But ev'n for truth itself must not destroy.

ORELLANA. (*Rising up.*)

Oh ! wherefore, Carlos, were those godlike virtues

To this said hour concealed ! Christians and Indians
 Both, both have err'd alike. The cruelty
 That mark'd its way with blood, provok'd revenge :
 But this your effort of unheard of goodness,
 Bids us repent ev'n of our country's love,
 Ev'n of our gods, and Orellana's heart
 Turns Christian at the thought !

ALZUMA.

Oh, lost Peru !
 Fall'n, fall'n indeed ! thy foe was hitherto
 A robber, and a murderer ! now he conquers ;
 Now his religion triumphs : all thy gods,
 Oh, land belov'd ! thy gods prepare for flight,
 They yield to some divinity unknown,
 Some great first cause of all ! And shall yon sun
 Move at a maker's will his stated round,
 No longer now ador'd ! The host of stars,
 Shall they be deem'd his work ? The rainbow too,
 That over arches the wide tracts of air,
 Is his the hand that bent it ? I am lost
 In doubt and wonder ! Spaniard, mark my words ;
 If such the virtues which your God inspires,
 We'll learn of thee to live ; and oh ! we'll learn,
 Thou murder'd excellence ! of thee to die.

CARLOS.

Enlighten'd hence, ye rulers of each state,
 Learn to extinguish fierce religious hate ;
 Truth came reveal'd from the eternal mind,
 To bid us love, and not destroy mankind ;
 Not blast the work, which heav'n with pleasure owns :
 Hear, bigot kings ! and tremble on your thrones.

End of the FIFTH ACT.

E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Mrs. HARTLEY.

*O*UR Play thus o'er, now swells each throbbing breast
With expectation of the coming jest.

By Fashion's law, whene'er the Tragic Muse
With sympathetic tears each eye bedews ;

When some bright Virtue at her call appears,

Wak'd from the dead repose of rolling years ;

When sacred Worthies she bids breathe anew,

That men may be, what she displays to view ;

By Fashion's law, with light fantastic mien

The Comic Sister trips it o'er the scene ;

Arm'd at all points with wit and wanton wiles,

Plays off her airs, and calls forth all her smiles ;

Till each fine feeling of the heart be o'er,

And the gay wonder how they wept before.

Say, do you wish, ye bright, ye virtuous train,

That ev'ry tear that fell, should fall in vain ?

If this night's scenes soft pity could impart,

'Tis your's to set the fashion of the heart.

'Tis your's, ye fair, to aid Alzuma's cause,

His ruin'd empire, and expiring laws.

E P I L O G U E.

*For Orellana may I dare to plead?
My faults will all your kind indulgence need.
On you my hopes are fix'd : One smile from you
To me is worth the treasures of Peru.*

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